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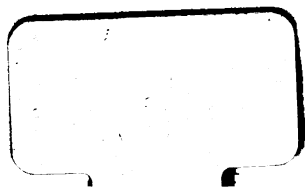
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THE MONTHLY M I R R O R :

REFLECTING
MEN AND MANNERS;
WITH STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,

The Stage.

Let them look in the Mirror, which I hold up to them, a Mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves.

Dr. Johnson on Coriolanus.



VOL. VII.

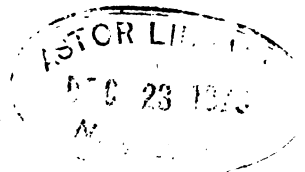
NEW SERIES.

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1810.

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THE MONTHLY MIRROR. FOR JANUARY, 1810.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF LORD VALENTIA, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN,
FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Preface	4
Memoirs of Lord Valentia ...	5
Scrapiana	7
Hoaxing	8
Sketch of Dresden and its En- viroons	9
Historians, No. III.	11
Invention	13
Ansonianus on the Structure of the Sonnet	14
The Pedigree of Milton	17
Miss Edgeworth	20
Notes on Athenæus	23
Endymion the Exile	25

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Miss Porter's Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza ...	29
Fernandez' Aventuras de Gil Blas de Santillana	34

BRITISH STAGE.

The Theatres	37
Anecdote of M. Larive	39
Dangle in his Senses	40
On the Alterations of Shak- speare	41
Illustrations	42

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Horace in London, Book II. Ode XI.	44
....., Book I. Ode XXXIV.	45
....., Book I. Ode XIX.	46
The Rival Roses.....	48
On her asking me why I loved her	ib.
Arithmetic	49
The Loves of the Plants	50
Nautical Quibble	51

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

Covent-Garden Theatre	52
Lyceum	61
Theatrical Chit Chat	66
King's Theatre	67
Oratorio	68
Olympic Pavilion	ib.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Sunderland	68
Shrewsbury	69
Croydon	70
Worthing	ib.
Newcastle	71
North Shields	72
Description of Covent-Garden Theatre	73
Literary Intelligence	79
Correspondence	80

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P R E F A C E
TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME
OF THE
NEW SERIES.

We are not in a stage of promise, and to boast were now useless, if not impertinent. The gratuitous improvements, which we have made in the shape of new types and two additional half-sheets of letter-press, are here in the hands of our subscribers, and no reader can, we should think, require any other index than his own eyes and understanding to do justice to our merits. The Latin epitaph on SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, in St. Paul's, says, If you seek his monument, look round! And these words may serve for our introduction and recommendation to the present Volume.



Painted by Hall. Engraved by Freeman.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Valentia.

Published by Wm. Wood & Sharpe, Printers, Feb. 1st 1830.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JANUARY, 1810.

37

MEMOIRS OF LORD VALENTIA.

(With a Portrait.)

LORD VALENTIA was born at Arley-Hall, one of the seats of the Lyttelton family, on the fourth of December, 1770. He is the eldest son of Arthur, Earl of Mountnorris, by his first wife, Lucy Fortescue Lyttelton, only daughter of George Lord Lyttelton, of which family she became the representative on the death of her brother Thomas, the late lord. His Lordship's descent on the father's side is ancient and noble, and on that of his mother is of royal origin; her family being descended from the legitimated daughter of John of Gaunt, by Catherine Swinford. The larger proportion of the considerable family property is in Ireland.

Lord Valentia received the early part of his education at Upton on Severn, under the tuition of the clergyman of that place. He was subsequently removed to Stanford, in Worcestershire, and placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Butt, one of the King's chaplains, till he reached his thirteenth year; at which period he went to Rugby school, then raised to a very flourishing condition by the abilities and excellent management of Dr. James, the master.

At sixteen his Lordship was entered at the university of Oxford, and became a gentleman-commoner of Brazen-Nose College, where he continued only a short time in consequence of his entering the army. In 1789, he visited France, and fixed his residence chiefly at Strasbourg, with the view of facilitating his acquirement both of the German and French languages. On the appearance of the troubles in France, and the prospect

of a speedy rupture between her and England, his Lordship returned to his native country; and soon afterwards married Miss Anne Courtenay, one of the daughters of the late William Viscount Courtenay, by whom he has one son, George, now about seventeen. Upon his marriage, he quitted the army, and settled at his estate of Arley, bequeathed to his Lordship (then Mr. Annesley) by his uncle, Thomas Lord Lyttelton, upon his death, in the year 1779.

At this beautiful and picturesque spot Lord Valentia continued occasionally to reside until the month of June, 1802; at which period he embarked for the East Indies, with the intention of putting in execution his long-formed and favourite project of visiting the principal districts of those celebrated and extensive regions, together with many other interesting and remote countries. He was attended in his travels by his draftsman and secretary, Mr. Salt, a gentleman every way qualified for the situation, and the nephew of his Lordship's former tutor and friend, Dr. Butt.

His Lordship returned to England at the close of the year 1806, and in 1809 gave the result of his travels to the public.

Our limits and the nature of our plan forbid us to enter into the merits or demerits of his Lordship's work; we shall therefore content ourselves with merely recommending its perusal to such, as may be anxious to acquire a knowledge of many interesting parts of the globe, which had been hitherto only very imperfectly noticed by former travellers. It is but justice to add, that the second and third vols. of the work are in every respect greatly superior to the first. About two years after Lord Valentia's arrival in England, he was returned to parliament for the Borough of Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, and supported the Duke of Portland's administration. His Lordship has for many years been a member of the Royal, Antiquarian, and Linnean Societies; and was one of the original proprietors of the Royal Institution.

London, Jan. 25th, 1810.

SCRAPIANA.

M. CHAPELAIN.

M. CHAPELAIN was very severe on the female character. He used to say, that the most ingenious women were but half rational. He did right in not marrying; or perhaps he would have met with a woman, who would have possessed wit sufficient to have found employment for his temper. He was very avaricious towards the end of his life, and always a good economist. In his last illness his pleasure was to arrange his money in sacks round his bed, and continually look in them to see that the money did not mould. M. D——, who attended him in his last moments, met me in his way from his deceased friend's lodgings: "Poor M. C. has just expired, like a miller among his sacks."

REFORMATION.

The following verses were written on M. des B——, who in his old age affected to boast of his reformation from his former debaucheries :

Des Barreaux ce vieux débauché,
Affecte une réforme austère :
Il n'est pourtant retranché,
Que ce qu'il ne sauroit plus faire.

IMITATED.

Des Barreaux impotent and old,
Assumes a very solemn brow;
The man is alter'd we are told,
How much reform'd we cannot know.

When reformation thus begins,
With legs so weak, and eyes so dim :
Tis doubtful if he quits his sins,
Or if his sins have quitted him.

GALILEO.

Galileo Galilei died at Florence, January 7, 1642, new style, at the age of eighty. He was a great mathematician, and supported the doctrine of Copernicus, that the sun stood still, and the earth moved. The Inquisition at Rome made him recant this opinion; though the most learned men still retain it.

FRACASTORIUS

Was born without a mouth. There was only a small cleft, which was enlarged by a surgical operation. One day, whilst his mother was carrying him in her arms, and walking in the garden, she was scorched by lightning, and the child received no harm. His poem called Syphilis is well known, and of high repute. In his latter days he wrote a poem on the Adventures of the Patriarch Joseph: but his poetic fire seems then to have left him; and the saint was celebrated with less éclat than the disorder.

HOAXING.*

MR. EDITOR,

IN a late number of your very entertaining magazine, you gave an account of a curious HOAX on Mr. Griffiths of Bedford-street. Now, sir, another hoax has been played off on Mr. Gustard, a woollen-draper, next door to Mr. Griffiths, whose shop was broke open last night, and robbed of £.1400 worth of cloth, and as it is strongly suspected that the same persons who were guilty of the hoax, committed the above robbery, have you any objection to inform me who they were?

Your obedient servant,

Bedford-Street, Jan. 6.

JOHN GUSTARD.

* See Vol. VI. Our correspondent, † † is requested to give the information required.

SKETCH OF DRESDEN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

DRESDEN has at all times commanded a large share of the public attention. In times of peace, the charms with which it has been so abundantly gifted by nature, the pageantry of a court, and I will add also, the tone of hospitality which reigns throughout every circle, have rendered it a favourite resort of strangers. But, in times of war, this city has become an object of more peculiar interest; for nature, as well as art, have made it a most important focus in the operations of continental warfare. As the bulwark of his own dominions, a key to those of his opponents, and a point, whence he could command the fertile resources of Saxony, Frederick of Prussia struck the first blow by making it his own at the dawn of the seven years' war; and I need not recall to the reader's recollection, how fiercely its possession was alternately contended for, during the whole of that war, by the Austrian and Prussian courts.

Nor has less importance been attached to it in the momentous struggle, which at the present hour involves the future destinies of Europe: twice has it been captured by the Austrian, and as often recaptured by the French and Saxon forces. It has been seized as eagerly by the former to cover their flank, as it has been retaken and maintained by the latter, to protect their rear, and, in the event of future operations, to assail their adversary on the side of Bohemia.

These considerations have emboldened me to trespass the observations of a short residence in Dresden on your indulgence, and on that of your readers, who may as well look for the eloquence of a Burke in the boisterousness of a F—r, as for the sprightly elegance of a Montague, the warm pencilling of a Radcliffe, or the manly vigour of a Coxe, in the crude sketch now before them. With this warning, I shall now sit down more comfortably to my task, and I trust, the reader also, more indulgently to his.

B—VOL. VII.*

The tumult of Leipzig's Michaelmas fair still dinning in my ears, and its motley scenes still impressing on my mind's eye, the eager rush of Jew, Turk, Christian, and Heaven knows whom from every clime in Europe, to the shrine of Plutus; I committed myself to the slothful guidance of a Saxon postillion, who brought me one sultry evening, at an easy pace of four miles an hour!, to Meissen. Hence, after I had paid a visit to the castle, and its far-famed manufactory of porcelain, I set out for Dresden, and crossed the Elbe, over a highly sonorous wooden bridge.—How our feelings vary with time, circumstance, and place! A few short hours before, I as much abominated, as I was now disposed to bless, the dog-trot of a Saxon post-horse; for it afforded my sight leisure to feast itself on scenes, superior in picturesque, if inferior in romantic beauties to those, which rise on the majestic banks of the Rhine.

I had heard and read much of the delightful region between Meissen and Dresden: my expectations were spanned to their acmé: yet, so far from the reality falling short of its conception, I confess for the first time in my life it equalled my warmest imaginations. I had conceived two chains of mountains, running parallel to the proud Elbe, the one on my right, covered with clustered vineyards, and the other on my left, with thick, impervious woods, whilst a fertile valley on either bank filled up the intermediate space:—the scene itself here smiled before and round me. But when I had compassed half the distance between Meissen and the Saxon capital, not all the boasted, glowing imagery of the East, can paint the fairy land, that revealed its beauties to my sight. The same woods and vineyards, the same proud Elbe still composed the scene: but here the eye lost itself in a more circling range of enchantment: now it rested on the thickly scattered villas, which art and nature seemed exhausted in adorning; and now it roamed to where, embosomed in luxurious glades,

The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Evults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

As you approach nearer to Dresden, the country loses its variety: but still it has always some point worthy of contemplation.

The character of those who inhabit this Eden, partakes in no small degree of the harmony, which nature has here so largely diffused throughout her works. There was such a kind-heartedness and a willingness to oblige, smiling on the ruddy face, and flowing from the lips of its rustics, as few perambulators in the streets of London or Paris ever meet with. Whenever I was at a loss in my rambles at Dresden, or in its neighbourhood, I needed but to accost a fellow-passenger, and the very porter in the streets has put down his load, made himself my conductor, and quitted my side only, when he found there was no danger of my going astray a second time. "Well, good Mr. Traveller," the reader will say, "*what wonder is there in this: I suppose the man pulled off his hat, and hoped I would not forget him?*"—Good Mr. or Mrs. Reader, I assure you he did no such thing: he neither attempted to charm me into generosity, by a look, a word, or a gesture!

I have permitted myself this digression, as it strongly marks the lower classes in and about Dresden: that of the higher orders of society is tinged with a similar cast of *bonne homie* and hospitality.

[To be continued.]

HISTORIANS.

No. III.

LORD TOWNSHEND.

HE was a most ungraceful and confused speaker in the House of Lords, inelegant in his language, &c.

His manners were coarse, rustic, and seemingly brutal, &c.
Chesterfield.

He had great parts, had improved these by travelling, was by much the most shining person of all our young nobility, &c. — *Bishop Burnet* on Lord T.'s being chosen Plenipo. to the States, in 1709.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

The gay statesman was changed into a philosopher equal to any of the sages of antiquity. *Lord Orrery.*

Even a difference of opinion upon a political subject would provoke, and prove him no practical philosopher at least. *Chesterfield.*

He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence, &c. *Chest.*

His letters on the *Spirit of Patriotism*, &c. contain little more than common-place declamation. His *Patriot Prince* is no better than a mere school declamation, &c. *Ruffhead.*

The wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace, appeared in all his writings. *Lord Orrery.*

A judicious person will easily unmask the political *charlatan*, and detect his pretended erudition and veracity. *Walpole.*

It is not to be wondered that his Lordship should harbour such a pitiful resentment, when his character is considered ; which was vain, arrogant, and vindictive.

Ruffhead on his calumniating *Pope* when dead.

He had noble and generous sentiments. *Chest.*

He had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge. *Chest.*

His learning cannot be said to have been any other than superficial. *Tindal.*

In his youth he had been *intemperate*. *Tind.*

His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all

decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night, and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. *Chest.*

He resided at Battersea, where he was visited like a sainted shrine. *Smollett.*

• •

INVENTION.

THERE is a sapient remark which has been lately made, that the moderns have no merit in the invention of printing,* because the *ancients* had led the way by their seals and other stamps. The fact has been long noticed, and its tendency to introduce printing remarked.

But the merit consists in the *application*, after the art had been dormant in these, its elements, for so many ages.†

There is the *Mercury* with his winged hat, and his winged sandals, prefixed to the *Remarques* of Vaugelas; the same Mercury with the same symbols had existed more than two thousand years before. There was merit in the application generally to a *grammatical* essay, or any *hermeneutic* work. But the thought is much more refined and ingenious when with the title, *πρὸς τὴν ἀκριβείαν*‡, the same figure untying his sandals, and taking off his winged hat, is allegorically applied to denote the analysis of those *abbreviated* words, conjunctions, &c. by which *speech* is *expedited*.

* See *Notes on Athenæus*, in Vol. VI. p. 274.

† Archelaus Physicus, the preceptor of Socrates, touched on moral discipline, before his pupil, "sed ita emendavit, adauxit, et ampliavit Socrates, ut τὸ ἀνεξήσται αὖς τοῦ πρὸς ἀκριβείαν, inventoris famam reportaret." Preface to Plato. Cantab. 1673. *Editor.*

‡ *Frontispiece* to Part I. of Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*.

AUSONIANUS

ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE SONNET.

THE legitimate sonnet is divided by the Italians into two quadernarj, called *basi*, and two *terzetti*, called *volte*.

As the word quatrain, derived from the French, signifies, at least in English, a stanza of four verses rhyming alternately ; it will be necessary to adopt some other word to express the quadernario ; i. e. where the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth, and the second, third, sixth, and seventh lines rhyme together. Having already in our language the word quaternary, evidently derived, as well as quadernario, from quaternarius, Latin ; I have thought it proper to use it, in the following remarks, in this more definite sense ; particularly as it signifies only the number four ; is seldom used ; and has not been already appropriated to any precise and individual idea.

A distinction somewhat similar to that between a quatrain and a quaternary, I propose to make between a triplet and a tiercet. The former means three lines rhyming together ; on the latter, derived from terset, French, evidently borrowed from the very word *terzetto*, I wish to bestow the same signification as the Italian word.

The first rude idea of the sonnet was originally borrowed from the Provençal poets ; which was afterwards brought to perfection by Guittone d'Arezzo. The arrangement of the rhymes has varied in some degree at different periods, and even the number of lines has undergone some change ; but at present they may be considered as fixed. This may principally be ascribed to Petrarch ; though he has in one or two instances deviated from the present regular form.

I believe the quadernarj were called *basi*, and the *terzetti* *volte*, for this reason : in the quadernarj was contained the *base*, groundwork, or subject of the poem ; and in the *terzetti*, the *turn*, point, or ingenious deduction. This opinion is corroborated from the circumstance that almost all the poets agree in the necessity of condensing the substance (*il buono*)

of the sonnet in the quaternaries. But though others of inferior rank thought that the following tiercets might be less attended to, Petrarch and Costanzo invariably bestowed the utmost attention on this part, and more especially on the close.

Mazzoni, in his Defence of Dante, imagines that the sonnet is taken from the Greek ode. That the first quaternary corresponds with the strophe, the second with the antistrophe, and the tiercets with the epode. This perhaps is more ingenious than true.

It cannot be supposed, however, but that the inventor, or improver of it, was regulated by certain principles : and these principles I shall hereafter endeavour to develope ; but shall first attempt to correct an error or two, into which some of our critics and poets have fallen with respect to this poem.

A sonneteer is considered as a term of reproach, synonymous with rhymer, or scribbler of verses. Doctor Johnson considers the sonnet as " not very suitable to the English language ;" and to prove this, he selects one of Milton's worst as a specimen. Though Milton brought blank verse to its utmost perfection, rhyme was not fully perfected till the days of Dryden and Pope. Milton's compositions, therefore, ought not to be considered as the only criteria of the powers of our language in this respect ; not but that his first sonnet on the Nightingale is extremely beautiful. Pope has taught us that the different musical pauses of which the couplet is susceptible, added to the change of corresponding terminations, produce a sufficient variety in rhyme, without having recourse to the interweaving of one line with another, which blank verse requires ; and which, indeed, is one of its greatest beauties.

But the character of rhyme and blank verse is so different, that what is melody in the one, is monotony in the other. The sonnet, of all poems, requires the highest finish, the most perfect polish. They, therefore, who have followed Milton, in giving it the freedom, and at the same time the harshness of

blank verse, though they still profess to write rhyme, shew themselves completely ignorant of its real nature.

The Italians look upon the sonnet as the most beautiful and most difficult of all the minor poems. Menzini says,

“ Questo breve Poema altrui propone
 Apollo stesso, come Lidia pietra
 Da porre i grand' ingegni al paragone.”

They compare it to a diamond, that is rendered but of little value by the slightest speck, though it would hardly be distinguished in any other precious stone.

One of our poets, considering, I suppose, that the essence of this poem consists in the number of its lines, has favoured us with a literary novelty—sonnets in *blank verse*. Others, and that the greatest number, have presented us with three quatrains, concluding with a couplet, under the like denomination. But of these writers, the former gives us as little idea of a real sonnet, as the musician, who plays the second by himself, gives us of a duet; and the other may be compared to one who plays the first part without the aid of his companion. In the former case, musical intervals may be discovered, and in the latter a degree of melody; but the harmony can never be enjoyed, unless both performers execute their parts together.

Indeed, as though their genius disdained all controul, not a few of our poets, with equal ignorance, have written irregular odes, and called them Pindaric. But if Pindar had any irregularity, it was in his unexpected and daring transitions; for the structure of his odes was almost as regular even as the sonnet.

To return then to the consideration of the principles upon which this elegant little poem may be supposed to be constructed.

[To be concluded in another Number.]

THE PEDIGREE OF MILTON.

(Continued from Vol. VI. p. 205.)

THE issue of this alliance was two sons and three daughters.

1. JOHN MILTON, the Poet. See below.

2. Sir Christopher Milton, knight, baptized on Dec. 3, 1615, at Alhallows church, in London. The father, in a branch of the law, bred this his younger son to the bar. The civil war unsettled the situation of those entering into their professions. It was injurious to Sir Christopher. A loyalist, he was persecuted by the Parliamentarians, who fined him for his "delinquency," 80*l*. He then resided at Reading, in Berkshire. In the catalogue of names of delinquents he has no prefix or addition to his names. His brother is said to have procured him protection. I do not know that it was in his power. Why he settled at Reading, or how long he remained there, is unknown. The Restoration must have been very acceptable to him. Blome, in his *Britannia*, published in 1673, calls him Christopher Milton, Esq. of Ipswich, in Suffolk. The reason of his removal to this town from Reading, no one notices. He is said to have honourably maintained himself by chamber practice during the usurpation; I suppose he was more fortunate after that event. We are not acquainted with the time of his settling in the capital, nor the reason of his going thither. He must have had some patronage, no doubt. The court at length promoted him, but I do not see that ever he received the coif, though he did the ermined robe. He was appointed, April 4, 1686, a Baron of the Exchequer, by James II. who previously knighted him. He was removed to the Court of Common Pleas, on April 24, 1687, but revoked on July 3, 1688. Dr. Johnson thought that he retired before

* Five pages have already been given. This single continuation running into a new volume will, it is trusted, be forgiven, an account of the merit and interest of an article, which throws some extraordinary light on the history of Milton. Edw.

he was "contaminated," but this seems erroneous; James II.'s preposterous conduct was well developed before this last date. The illiberal, virulent Oldmixon says, he was "the unworthy brother of the great Milton; that he was stained by his practice, and to mend his market, turned papist." If we believe this writer, he was one of the "dullest fellows that ever appeared with a bar gown upon his back in Westminster-hall; but, being of the king's religion, a phrase now used at court and elsewhere, he was thought fit to be made a knight and a judge." At his dismissal he retired to peace and safety. Tensou's edition of the *Paradise Lost* says, that Sir Christopher died soon after the revolution. We do not see him accused, even by Bishop Burnet. The mediocrity of his fortune shews that he was not rapacious: it is true, he had been but a little time a judge, but he had been long in the profession. It may appear extraordinary, that as he had not seemingly opposed the court, that he should be superceded; probably he had either declared he would not go further, or that James II. supposed he would not: in either case it does him honour. It may surprise many that a brother of Milton could be a courtier to James II. and resign the Protestant faith. Individuals of a family do not think alike. He might regard his family as having lost an estate by leaving the Romanish church; and that the contrary extreme to the faith she taught, led to the vilest opinions; that there was no union amongst Protestants, nor bounds to the extravagances of some of the sectaries. As to politics, he had seen that under pretence of liberty they had gone into the wildest scenes of anarchy, and that under the professions of loyalty they had led their sovereign to a scaffold, against every law, human and divine. If we might hazard a conjecture, he would exemplify all this by the conduct of his brother, which had involved him in ruin. To which side the father had gone, or whether to either, is uncertain, for he appears neither as a suffering loyalist, nor a triumphant republican; perhaps he, wisely, was between the opposite extremes, where prudence dictated—for the legal government of his country in church and state. It

is certain we can never commend the conduct of the elder son of his, in his religious or political behaviour, though he is our delight and our admiration as a poet: nor will any wise Briton praise the mean compliances of the Judge as to politics: his religion we can never decide upon: if he was sincere, and went to mass from conviction, we may think him superstitious, but who is to determine the proportion of another's faith? There is no stain upon his moral conduct. The marriage of Sir Christopher is not mentioned, but we know that he had a wife, who was by him the mother of three children, a son and two daughters. 1. Thomas Milton, Esq. Deputy, I suppose, certainly not Secondary, of the Crown-office*, to which he succeeded upon the death of his uncle, by marriage, Mr. Agar. We must suppose that he either did not change his religion, or renounced the ~~R~~emish creed, because, after the revolution, he could not have held the place, if he had not been a Protestant. His daughter, and I believe, his sole heir, Miss Milton, was living, unmarried, in the year 1749; she then resided in Grosvenor-street, in Westminster. 2. Mary, and 3, Catharine, daughters of Mr. Christopher, died, unmarried, at Highgate, near London.

3. Ann Milton, probably the eldest of all the children of Mr. Milton, the scrivener. She married twice, first to Edward Phillips, Esq. a native of Shrewsbury†; he was, I believe, Deputy of the Crown-office. Upon his death his friend Mr. Agar succeeded him as the husband of his widow, and as

* We are told that he was Secondary in the Crown-office, in Chancery. There is a Secondary in the Pipe-office; there is one in the King's Bench, and two in the Common Pleas and the Exchequer. In the Crown-office there are a Clerk of the Crown, a very lucrative place, a Deputy, and two Clerks. After all, the place Mr. Milton and his aunt's husbands, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Agar, held, may not have been Deputy, yet I think it most likely it was. I have examined several editions of Chamberlayne's Present State of England, but the persons filling the office are not named. It must be observed, that those who have given us lives of Milton, follow each other, without ever striving to prove whether those who preceded them were accurate.

† I think it is not unlikely that Mr. Phillips was related to, and, perhaps, who brought to London, the worthy, benevolent, Mr. Ed-

Deputy of the Crown-office, if that was the place Mr. Philips held. This gentleman does not appear to be nearly allied to any of the ennobled branches of the Agars. I suppose he was of the Agars of Kingston-upon-Thames, a very respectable family of professional men. There was issue from both of these husbands. By the former were Mr. Edward Philips, and Mr. John Philips. From this latter gentleman we have many very interesting particulars of his maternal uncle, the Poet, who educated him, and his brother. By Mr. Agar, the latter husband, were two daughters, but it does not appear whether the Miss Agars ever married.

4. Sarah Milton, baptized at Alhallows church, on July 15, 1612, and buried there twenty-two days afterwards.

5. Tabitha Milton, baptized at the same church, on January 30, 1613. She died at the age of two years and six months.

(To be continued.)

MISS EDGEWORTH.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S idea * of lines perpetually *approaching*, but which, notwithstanding, *never meet*, is geometrically correct.

ward Philips, Citizen and Merchant-taylor, born "in the parish of St. Martin, in the county of Salop;" I suppose in Shrewsbury, in Shropshire; April 27, 1586; came to London in 1674; served his Majesty King Charles II. and King James II. in the General Post-office. One of the hundred yeomen of the guard to his Majesty William III. Queen Anne, and King George I. Dying Dec. 26, 1724, he was buried in St. Ethelburga's church, in London. This information is given upon his monument. The inscription ends with,

He liv'd content with mean estate,

And long ago prepar'd to die;

The idle person he did hate,

Poor people's wants he did supply.

These Philips's were not; I believe, allied to the old Fabian Philips, Esq. the antiquary of Gloucestershire, who was Filazer of the Court of Records; the great stickler for prerogative. He died in 1690, aged 89.

* See our Vol. VI. p. 272.

These lines are called, for that very reason, *Asymptotes**; and, besides the curiosity of the theory, are of no small use both in speculative and practical mathematics.

They are either of *curves to each other*, or of *curves and right lines*.

Every *hyperbola* is an asymptote to every other *hyperbola*, having its axis coincident, and its *vertex* falling within it. The same even of any two *parabolas* having a common and coincident axis. This order converging from the vertex will perpetually approximate, but can never meet; if they could, they would be no parabola; at least one of them.

Two curves, one of which cannot have a right-hand asymptote, and the other can, as a *parabola* and *hyperbola*, cannot be asymptotes to each other.

Great part of the *cometary* theory depends on this principle of distinction, between *approximating curves*; and, perhaps, more that may be hereafter discovered.

Every *hyperbola* admits of *two* right-lined *asymptotes*, one to each of its sides.

No *parabola* admits of a right-lined asymptote.

In *parallels*, it is true, there is no concurrence; but there is no tendency to concurrence. They are, therefore, no more approximating *asymptotes*, than lines infinitely diverging are. But there is no occasion to impute an absurd meaning where there is a correct one.

Parodies, where a word or two is changed in lines perfectly familiar, may, I think, be not improperly marked as *quotations*.

Latin or *Greek* substantives, with *English* grammarians, are become frequent, under high authority, in *Botany*.—"Stamens, Nectariums," &c. instead of "*stamina, nectaria*." The *Greeks* themselves naturalized words in this manner; and so do the *Italians* and *French*.

Grammatical Hint.

If it is not too late, I would renew my remonstrance against

* *Asymptotæ*, asymptotæ, non concurrent.

two *rotaciōes*, which are in some danger of becoming fixed in our language.

The construction which makes the genitive plural, following a *singular* substantive, give regimen to the *verb*, thus,—*a tempest of cares distract* instead of “distracts me.”

This was a *Hebrew*, and is become a *French idiom* : but it has no such necessity or grace, that it should become an *English* one. The most perfect languages have their *anomalies* ; which are not to be transferred into others.

“*Future*,” where “*subsequent*” is the *proper* expression, is of the same kind. It steals more and more into our serious composition. Yet, surely, “*this he manifested in all his subsequent life*,” is more correct, consistent, and elegant, than—“*this he manifested in all his future life*.”

The well known aphorism,

PRINCIPIS ORITA : serò medicina paratur,

Quam mala per longas convalescere moras. Ov.
is no where more applicable than in *grammar*. And thus VAUGELAS, in his admirable *Remarques sur la Langue Française* * :

“A cause de “*recouvert*” force gens disant “*recouvrir*” pour *recouvrer*, et pensent avoir raison : mais il n’est pas encore établi comme *recouvert*, et il ne le faut pas souffrir. Car si au commencement deux ou trois personnes... se fassent opposées à “*recouvert*” quand il vint à s’introduire à la cour, on en eût empêché l’usage ; aussi bien que M. de MALHERBE l’a empêché de quelques autres mots très-mauvais qui commençoient à avoir cours.”

I am not acquainted with any new edition of Vaugelas, and I wonder at it. The justness and acuteness of that immortal work, contributed, perhaps more than any single publication, to fix the language, as the beauty and richness of the style of Amyot had done to form it. And it seems that the improper use of *recouvert* was not established, so as to prevent its gradually and silently sinking under the force of this remark !

* Paris, 1670.

A new edition of Vaugelas, with notes by some person properly qualified, is a treasure, if it exist; and if it do not, it is an acquisition, which ought neither to be neglected nor delayed.

Gentil.

"Genteel." This would be indeed a cold, insipid, and affected encomium on the pastoral poetry of the Author of "The Farmer's Boy." But gentil is not so in the Italian; its use in PETRARCA, BOCCACCIO, ARIOSTO, TASSO, ALFIERI, and generally the best authors, is most extensive. Scarcely any word is of such latitude. It might be applied to the "molle atque facetum," ascribed by Horace to the pastoral poetry of Virgil. Sweet, naïf, interesting, generous, noble, all that is most becoming and amiable in its kind, falls within the denomination of *gentil*. SPENSER, one of the illustrious pupils of the Italian school, begins his *Fairy Queen* with this epithet, "*A gentle knight*." C. L.

Troston-Hall, D. 10, 1809.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GREGORIUS.

No. XXVI.

"The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of besting over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."

It is recommended by modern composers, to those who deal in lyric poetry, to omit, as much as possible, the letter S. The same objection to it, for the sake of euphony, obtained in former times, as it appears by Aristoxenus.—See *Athen.* lib. xi. A. p. 467. The letter R. on the contrary was, for the opposite reason, in great favour with them.

They had a drinking-cup, called *Rhaphis*, the *Elephant*, which might, in some measure, tend to give credit to the story, p. 469. D. that *Hercules* sailed on the ocean in his cup, were it

not more naturally accounted for, by supposing it a jest of the Poets, in consequence of the hero's attachment to large potations,—“*magno de flumine mallet*”—*μεγαλοῖς ἐχάσει ποτήριαις* ὁ ἥρως. p. 469. D.

Amongst other idle phantasies, the offspring of ignorance, or, what is the same thing, *false philosophy*, it was believed that the sun was carried from east to west in a golden cup. See p. 469. E. and *Casaubon's Animad.* p. 789, where something equally wise is recorded, namely, a belief that the sun and the moon were ships, in which the souls of the dead were transported to the blessed regions. This imagination, however, is not, I think, so ingenious as it might have been. The peaceful moon should have borne the blessed souls to the Elysian Fields; and the burning sun, without the preparation of Phaëton,

“—*pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati*

Contigit, et rapidæ fecit patientia flammæ,”

might have conveyed the condemned to Tartarus.

In the last line but one of this page 469. F. for *φει* read *τελει*, and *ᾰδ'* for *ᾰδ*'. At p. 471. F. for *ἵππεδουσαν* the marginal note proposes *ἵππεβρουσαν*, and Dalechamp *ἵππεων*, p. 775. but *ἵππεδουσαν* seems to be the reading.

Having mentioned the *sun* and *moon*, I shall, for more general amusement, say a word or two of these great luminaries. The *sun*, according to CICERO, *de Nat. Deorum.* n. 68, is called *Sol*, “*quia cū exortus, obscuratis omnibus, solus apparet;*” because when risen, it obscures all the lesser lights, and appears *solus*. How true this derivation may be, I cannot tell; modern languages give it some proof, but the ancient only partially support it, as for instance; *ἥλιος* seems, says *Pasor*, to come from the Hebrew *הן*, *splendor*, Job. xxix. 3. whence we have *ἥλ*, *Hell*, whose situation has before been thought to be in the *sun*. HARRIS's notion, that the *sun* must invariably be masculine, and the *moon* feminine, according to the nature of things, has, with many other absurdities, been exploded by TOOKE; and his exposure is thus confirmed by Mr. WESTON: “To say nothing of the German language, in which the *moon*, it is well known, is unmas-

line, *Der mond*, and the sun feminine, I shall produce a passage from an Arabian bard of great celebrity, not hitherto much quoted, but very much to the present purpose, and he says—To be in the *feminine* gender is no disgrace to the *sun*, nor of the *masculine* any honour to the *moon*." *Fragments of Oriental Lit*: p. 114, 1807. I shall merely add that if we can translate the poet's "*silentem lunam*," *silent moon*, it is quite preposterous to think that *moon*, from the *nature of things*, can ever be of the *feminine* gender!

Jan. 4.

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

LETTER XXIV.

THE English, according to the good old custom handed down to them from Anacreon and Horace, are fond of singing the joys of love and wine, and possess several madrigals in no small request, informing all whom it may concern, that whosoever wishes to obtain the myrtle of Venus, must walk (as steadily as he can) through the vineyard of Bacchus to obtain it. When I declare that my only reason for dissenting from this established creed, is that it is not true, I shall perhaps be considered by these thirsty souls as dry enough to be burnt for a heretic; and yet such is undoubtedly my opinion, I am at this moment casting my eyes over a map of Europe, which decorates the screen I use to keep Boreas from my fire-side, and am forcibly reminded by it, that the potent Turk, the gallant Frenchman, and the amorous natives of Spain and Portugal, possess a track of territory fully sufficient to qualify them to vote upon the question, and are at least as much wedded to Venus as the English, without being altogether so very assiduous in their courtship of Bacchus. It is indeed a curious fact that the inhabitants of the Continent, like the asinine Midas, convert the juice of the grape into *aurum potabile*, and are content to resign their port and cla-

D—VOL. VII.*

ret, and to receive British guineas in exchange from those jolly dogs, who consider the third bottle as synonymous with the third heaven. Trelawny, whose pimpled visage begins to proclaim him a member of this guzzling fraternity, accosted me last Wednesday evening in the lobby of Covent-Garden theatre, and insisted upon taking me under his arm on the following day to dine with as honest a set of fellows as ever drew a cork. My respect for English honesty made me obey the summons with alacrity ; and as the clock struck five, I experienced the honour of an introduction to the president, a fat chubby man, cased in a red waistcoat and leather breeches. As he was in the act of squeezing lemons into a bowl, rivalling in magnitude that of the Devil at Brighton, his salutation was necessarily concise, consisting of a momentary elevation of his eyes, a grunt of " Sarvant Sir," and a return of his optics downwards to the object of their adoration. This laconic welcome was much applauded by my introducer, who observed to me in a side whisper, that business must be minded. We sat down at a quarter past five to a dinner consisting of pork in all its varieties of leg, spare-rib, and chop. It seems that a few years ago, one of the tribe of Levi broke the head of a carpenter in a dispute about the possibility of rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem, upon which occasion the club confined their future viands to the flesh of the unclean beast, as a polite mode of excluding the descendants of Abraham. The conversation was lively and diverting, and but for the frequent interruption occasioned by calling on the company for toasts and sentiments, would for two or three hours have highly amused me. I have not lived in England long enough to relish the giving of toasts and sentiments, so as to feel any diminution of the head-ache, from a jingling sentiment about champagne and real pain ; nor can I see the propriety of swallowing Lord Collingwood or Sir Sydney Smith, when they might be so much better employed in battling with my countrymen on the main, who by the bye stomach them at sea just as ill as I do in port. I have a great respect for Mr. Sheridan, but old sherry is very little improved by soaking him at the bottom of the glass, and I think I can venture to affirm that the Duke of Clarence is

not so ambitious of treading in the steps of his predecessor as to wish to convert my belly into a butt of Malmsey Madeira, that his highness may have the honour of floating in the middle of it. These sentiments, however, you may be sure I kept to myself. The songs and bon mots had for me the attraction of novelty, and in the members inspired that attentive respect which is due to old age. One thing was worthy of remark, the oldest and feeblest of the party were precisely those who boasted the loudest of their exploits in love and drinking. I longed to cite the instance of the Abbé Sieyès, who in our earlier days, in answer to a variety of declaratory plans for a new government, advised the proposers to spare their eloquence, with this reproof, "a good constitution acts but does not talk." A war-worn veteran on my left hand carried his glass to his head with a tremulous motion like the accidental meeting of two loyal streamers on a steeple in a high wind. Opposite to me sat another who shuffled into the room on two crutches, and whose lower extremities were of no more use to him, than those of the marble-thighed monarch in the Arabian Tales, and the vice-president at the foot of the table had his mouth so perverted by the palsy, that his head almost touched his left shoulder in his endeavour to bring his lips parallel to the horizon to receive their darling beverage. How laudable is the ambition of those men who sacrifice fame, health, and wealth, in wooing that tun-bellied deity who extracts the brains of his votaries through their palates! About nine o'clock conviviality had reached its climax; wit afterwards degenerated into buffoonery, and friendship frowned in hostility: confusion became the order of the night, and I thought myself lucky in reaching my lodgings at eleven without being detained to sojourn in the watch-house. Is it not lamentable, Ambrose, to see a race of intelligent beings—but I hate moralizing. The other sex are certainly wiser than we: they rarely indulge in the pleasures of the bottle, till those of love are beyond their reach. Ariadne would never have taken to Bacchus if she had not been deserted by Theseus. For myself I object to convivial clubs for several reasons. The very end they have in view is lost in their eagerness to obtain

it. Pleasure is a nymph by far too independent to come like an orange-wench at a bidding: she must invite herself or she will stay away, even though the first Monday in every month is appointed to receive her. "Let's be funny next Sunday," said Kit Chuckle to me last summer, "we'll hire a boat and dine at Greenwich. I've got a foolscap and bells, Muzz has hired a cat's-head mask, and Dick Dabble has promised to bring his pea-shooter to pepper the flats in the Gravesend hoy—Damme we'll keep it up in fine style." The day came, the party embarked at the Tower Stairs, foolscap, mask, pea-shooter and all, and during the whole voyage were as mute as so many mackerel—so much for pleasure as per appointment! But my objection to clubs would not be lessened were they as metry as they profess to be. I dislike any established evening amusement in which women have no share. Why, if I am married, should I and my wife; if single, I and my mistress, be thus kept apart, like the married couple in the weather-glass, she at home, I abroad, and vice versa? I consider a clever good-humoured woman (as handsome, and as much under thirty as she pleases) to be the sugar in the chequered punch-bowl of man's life. The mind of man intoxicated by the brandy of ambition, soured by the lemon of litigation and—so on to the end of the metaphor! Were Doctor Johnson alive, and writing his *Ramblers*, I think I could come in for a paragraph. I admit (what indeed it would be folly to deny) that woman was the cause of our exclusion from Paradise, but I am the less uneasy upon that score from finding that she can occasionally contrive to make the wilderness of this world look so like the garden of Eden, (as an atonement I suppose for the mischief she has done) that it requires no small skill in horticulture to find out the difference.

The Englishman spends his evening in the society of old port; the Frenchman in that of young women. What is the consequence? The former is often weary of life, though seated on the lap of plenty; the latter an exile and destitute, finds himself in a land of brothers, extracting the milk of human kindness, even from the bottom of indigence.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"Beaucoup de personnes lisent, mais il y en a fort peu qui sachent lire. Si l'on est prévenu en ouvrant le livre, tout ce qu'il contient est inutile; on fait penser l'auteur soi-même, ou on ne le lit que pour se moquer de lui."

Don Sebastian; or, the House of Braganza. An Historical Romance. By Miss Anna Maria Porter. 4 Vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. London. 1809.

THE history of Sebastian, King of Portugal, previous to the battle of Alcazar, in Africa, in 1578, where that youthful and enterprising, though unfortunate monarch, engaged the superior hostile bands of Muley Moluc, and suffered an entire defeat, is recorded with confidence, and evident truth, by numerous historians; whether he himself perished at that battle, so fatal and disastrous to the Portuguese forces, or escaped with life, has, ever since that event, been a matter of doubt; and probably will never be unquestionably decided. No evidence, on which perfect reliance could be placed, was adduced of his death; his disappearance, however, strengthened such a presumption.

It was to this young king that Camoens, at the close of his *Lusiad*, addressed the following compliment, unconscious of the fate that awaited him.

"Faxet, senhor, que nuncu os ammirados, &c"

Yet thou, Sebastian, thou, my king, attend;
Behold what glories on thy throne descend!
Shall haughty Gaul, or sterner Albion boast,
That all the Lusian fame in thee is lost!
Oh! be it thine these glories to renew,
And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue:

But such the deeds thy radiant morn portends,
Aw'd by thy sword, even now old Atlas bounds,

His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields,
Expect thy sounding steeds and rattling shields.

Sebastian's re-appearance was earnestly expected by his countrymen and subjects, and however absurd and remarkable such an expectation may seem, we are informed by Don Antonio de Moraes da Sylva in his *History of Portugal*, that in his time (1788) there still existed *Sebastianists*; there was a prophecy to which they gave credit, and which they applied to the return of Sebastian.

Vendra et incubierto,
Vendra cierto;
Entrera en el huerto,
Por el puerto,
Questa mas a ca del muro;
Y'lo que parasce escuro
Se ira claro e abierto.

An allusion to this event deprived the Conde d'Obidos, one of the most lordly nobles of Portugal, of the most valuable of human privileges. As the queen one day was sitting at the window of the palace, she observed some remarkable and peculiar motion in the sea, and jocosely remarked, that it was the king, Don Sebastian; the Conde d'Obidos observed, "that cannot be, madam, Don Sebastian is here already, and reigns absolutely." Two hours after this pleasantry, the Conde was arrested and conveyed to a tower in the fortress of St. Julian, where he remained for the rest of his life; such was the inflexible severity of the then prime minister of Portugal, whose name was Sebastian de Cavallo, Marquis of Pombal, under whose oppression the Portuguese groaned.

Much has been written to endeavour to find out the subsequent fate of Sebastian; two impostors had suffered for their guilt, when a person appeared who puzzled belief, and asserted his rights. As accounts of this extraordinary personage, who bore the natural marks of Sebastian, and whose fate every one must lament, may be seen in several histories, we shall

only here insert an anecdote relative to Sebastian, which Mr. Southey has favoured us with in his "*Letters from Spain and Portugal*." Writing of the dreary desart of Batuecas, and of the buildings in the neighbourhood, he adds, "I think I have discovered in this dismal spot, the place where the unfortunate Sebastian was confined and finished his days. The name given to the rock in front of the convent (the sepulchre of Don Sebastian) the stories calculated to deter people from visiting the place, invented in Philip II.'s reign, and not contradicted till a hundred years afterwards, the time of founding the convent (1599), the appearance of Don Sebastian at Venice (1598), and his consequent imprisonment in Spain, all tend to prove it." He afterwards says, "could I fully persuade myself that Don Sebastian lived here, that secluded from the world for a number of years, and those solely spent in acts of devotion, he might be so far reconciled to his fate, as to give up every idea of reclaiming his rights, partly from the impossibility of succeeding in the attempt, and partly from principles of religion and humanity, I could easily believe an anecdote given by a very grave historian, on the authority of John IV. to be strictly and literally true; at least the circumstances I have mentioned, and the vicinity of Villa Viciosa and Batuecas, conspire to render it extremely probable. John IV. told his favourite, the Duke of Cadaval, that when he was a lad, (he was born in 1604) his father, D. Theodosius, second Duke of Braganza, had a custom frequently of shutting himself up in a private apartment of his palace, at Villa Viciosa, and giving strict orders not to be disturbed by any person, or on any pretence whatever: that once he had the curiosity to peep through the key hole, or crevice of the door, in order to discover what his father upon those occasions could be doing: and to his great surprise he observed him kneeling, whilst a venerable looking old man was sitting before him. "If," says the historian, "the unfortunate Sebastian escaped from battle, which is not very improbable, this must have been he, conferring with the duke about the recovery of Portugal: if he did not, this must have

been some saint that, by divine permission, was suffered to visit him." Which alternative is the most credible? This fact, related by John IV. the Duke of Cadaval communicated to Caet. de Sousa, and it was published by him in his *Hist. Geneal. da Caza Real.* vol. vi. p. 554. It happened when Sebastian, if he were alive, must have been about seventy years of age, and consequently in figure and appearance, must have very much resembled the person here described."

A fate, at once so mysterious and unfortunate, arrested the public attention, and various publications upon so important an event appeared; in our own language there are many tracts upon this subject. In 1594 was published "the Battle of Alcazar, with Captain Stukeley's death, acted by the Lord High Admiral's Servants; it was printed in 4to." Stukeley was an English adventurer, who followed the fortunes of Sebastian, and perished in Africa; Baker is of opinion that Dryden took some of his hints for his tragedy of Don Sebastian from this old drama. In Evans's Collection of Ballads, an old one named "The Battle of Alcazar," is reprinted. In 1602 was published in London, "The true History of the late and lamentable Adventures of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, after his imprisonment at Naples, until this present day, being now in Spain, at San Lucar de Barrameda;" this was followed the next year by "A continuation of the lamentable and admirable Adventures of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, with a declaration of all his Time employed since the Battle in Africk against the Infidels, 1578, until this present year, 1603;" both these tracts are reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vols. iv. and v. There was a French novel appeared at Paris, 1679, intituled, "Don Sebastian Roy de Portugal, Nouvelle Historique, in three parts."

Miss Anna Maria Porter, the author of the justly admired novel of the Hungarian Brothers, commences her romance with the death of John Prince of Portugal, son of John III. who in his sixteenth year had espoused Joanna of Austria, the second daughter of the emperor, Charles V. and who died on the second day of January, 1554, seven months after his

marriage, leaving his princess with child of Sebastian, who was born in a short time afterwards : she accompanies her hero through a chequered field of numerous adventures, and at last, at the age of eighty, brings him home to die in peace. Miss Porter has displayed considerable ingenuity in introducing Sebastian to us. As the *Tales of Boccaccio* formed the amusement of a party, while the plague was raging in Florence, the adventures of Sebastian are made to dissipate that gloom, which the last longing look given to Portugal, and the tediousness of the voyage before them, as they proceeded to Brazil, flying from French rapacity, had excited in the breasts of the royal family and nobles of Portugal.

In her preface Miss Porter remarks, that she has consulted voyages and tours of former times, for descriptions of the countries of Barbary, Persia, and Brazil, and that the reader in his perusal must recollect that he is beholding those countries, as they appeared in the sixteenth century.

From all these materials Miss Porter has drawn her romance. The character she gives of Sebastian, is finely drawn throughout. "Surrounded in his court by people, whose opinions gave an impetus to his mind which was fatal to excellence ; nature had given him an excess of sensibility, requiring the rein rather than the spur ; his virtues were of themselves too much inclined to tread a precipice ; had he fallen into the hands of men of calmer feelings and cooler heads, he might have risen to the empyreal height of true glory ; as it was, he became the prey of passion and the slave of error."

Miss Porter's descriptions are fine and glowing, particularly when she brings the grandeur of the Moorish and Persian scenery to her assistance. She relates a train of amusing adventures to fill up the space between the battle of Alcazar, and the re-appearance of Sebastian at Venice, and her appeals to sensibility and feeling are every where touching and pathetic.

Aventuras de Gil Blas de Santillana, robadas á España y adoptadas en Francia por Monsieur Le Sage. Restituidas á su patria, y a su lengua nativa por un Español zeloso, que no sufre se burlen de su nacion. Revisadas en esta nueva Edición, por el Rev. Don Felipe Fernandez. 4 Tom. 12mo. Wingrave. 1797.

LAST month we finished our review of the labours of the learned Doctor Filippo Pananti, and now we have those of the erudite Don Josef Francisco de Ysla, to present to our readers. Both mighty braggarts, and both worthy of each other, that is, literally, "et tu vitulá dignus, et hic." Thou art worthy of a calf, and so is he! The title-page merits translation, not only for the benefit of country gentlemen, but as a tolerable specimen of Spanish pomposity:

The Adventures of GIL BLAS, of Santillana, stolen from Spain, and adopted in French by MONSIEUR LE SAGE; restored to their Country and to their Native Language, by a zealous (or jealous) Spaniard, who will not suffer his Nation to be tricked or imposed upon. These Adventures are in this new Edition, revised by the Rev. Don Philip Fernandez.

We confess that the Spanish manners and the country are so minutely described in *Gil Blas*, that when we heard of its being originally written in Spanish, we were very easy in our belief of the fact, and when we took up this work, we turned to the preface, perfectly confident that we should there learn where the MS., is deposited from which he stole *Gil Blas*—if not that, at least some certainty of its Spanish existence, or its real author's name. But no; nothing of this appears—no printed book, no MS. no author's name, no complainant up to this hour, till Don Josef Francisco de Ysla, "un Español zeloso," a jealous spaniel, most disinterestedly as it respects himself personally, sets up this furious howl. Instead of adducing any one proof not to be withstood, this is the lame evidence, which he brings forward to make almost the poorest case in our memory.

He begins with pouring precious ointment on the reader's

beard, as thus, "*No solicitando yo otros Mecenas que mis lectores,*"—soliciting no other Mecenas than my readers, &c. "*Señor lector, mi venerado dueño.*" Signor reader, my revered lord and master—and afterwards *veneradissimo*, and so forth.

Thus smoothing the way, and preparing the throat for a large swallow, he proceeds: Why is this work said to be adopted by M. *Alain René Le Sage*, and that he is not the father? Why?—because, it certainly does not belong to that *monsieur*." "*No lo fué ciertamente aquel monsieur.*" P. vi.

"*Pater est, quem nuptia demonstrant;*" but as in mental productions, there is no matrimony to make them legitimate, so are we not all obliged to believe that he is the true father who calls himself so in the title-page, p. vi. consequently *Le Sage* cannot be the author of *Gil Blas*!

But this, *all-sufficient* as it is, is not all. It is certain that the said M. *Le Sage* was many years in Spain, according to some as secretary, and according to others as a friend of the French ambassador, p. x. It is then very clear to Don Yala, that *many years* could not have taught him the manners of the people, but merely afford him time to steal a MS. This conclusive reasoning is backed by what is said in the *Dictionnaire historique portatif*. Amsterd. 1771. "*Il apprit l'Espagnol et gouta beaucoup les auteurs de cette nation, dont il a donné des traductions, ou plutôt des imitations qui ont eu beaucoup de succès;*" which proves nothing with regard to *Gil Blas*, whatever it may do, and has been admitted to do with respect to *El Diabolo Cojuelo*, &c. Granting even that the French wits did endeavour to tarnish his fame, is it not more easy to suspect them of jealousy than justice? Have we not in our own country, and recently, found an ingenious author labouring under the same odium? Has not Mr. *Lewis* been said to have translated his *Monk* from the German, with no other proof than because he was a long time in Germany, and could have passed his time there in no other way than stealing! Where is the German MS. or work? Like the Spanish, its existence is to be supposed. More, however,

can be done for *Mr. Lewis* than for *M. Le Sage*. His main story in the *Mank* is evidently founded on *Santon Barisa*, which was taken by *Steele*, no doubt in one of his usual fits of indolence, from the *Turkish Tales*. See the *Guardian*, No. 48.

One more piece of *Don Francisco's* precious logic and reasoning must close all we have, or rather wish to say, about this matter.

It may be said, he observes, that it is quite unlikely that if the author of *Gil Blas* had been a *Spaniard*, he would have made such a blunder as the following :

Gil Blas and his faithful servant, *Scipio*, having left Madrid to go to Asturias, slept the first night at *Alcala*, and the second in *Segovia*. Lib. iv. cap. 1 :—a thing impracticable, as *ALCALA*, with respect to Madrid, is perfectly opposed to *Asturias* and *Segovia*. Hence he adds it may be inferred that no *Spanish MS.* could have led the Frenchman into this error, and that of course the work is his own. Well, how does *Don Ysla* get out of this? "What trick? what device? what starting hole?" Marry, by this notable query :

"No pudo Mr. Alane Renato acribir muy de proposito este desproposito para ocultar mejor su hurto?" P. xiii. Tell me, veneradissimo señor lector, might not *Monsieur Alain René* have made this mistake purposely, the better to conceal his theft!!

Then follows a tame literal translation of the exquisite French of *M. Le Sage*, into the bald Spanish of *Don Josef Francisco de Ysla*, which, in this edition, is revised by the Reverend *Don Felipe Fernandez*, a Spanish Master in this town, with about as much taste as a Dutch burgomaster in any town in Holland.

BRITISH STAGE.

We acted a play, written by one of the actors, and I admired how they should come to be poets, for I thought it belonged only to very learned and ingenious men, and not to persons so extremely ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every body writes plays, and every actor makes drolls and farces; though formerly, I remember, no plays would go down but what were written by the greatest wits.

Quoted from the Life of Paul, the Spanish Barber.

THE THEATRES.

MR. EDITOR,

At length the theatrical hemisphere is clear. The managers have literally given up every point that seemed to be a popular objection; for though the insignia of the oppositionists, were the letters O. P. (meaning *Old Prices*), I really believe, that except the first two or three nights after the opening of the theatre, the new prices were but a secondary consideration with the public. It was the manner, Mr. Editor, in which the managers endeavoured to carry that point. It was indignation at the thought of being dragged like the most common felon, from a public place of amusement, merely from shewing their disapprobation of any circumstance or action of those, conducting the public places of amusement of a free nation: a liberty that has been enjoyed from the time such performances were first known; and because their rights as Britons and as men, were endeavoured to be wrested from them by managerial influence and by magisterial oppression and tyranny. This, sir, was the cause of a ferment so outrageous. It was this caused the nightly disturbance of a city, so famed for liberality and freedom as the city of London, for nearly three months, and not the new prices, private boxes, or *Madame Catalani*.

Now, however, the public voice is by the managers acknow-

ledged to be *their law*, and peace being restored, the town have again a theatre, in which they may enjoy their favourite amusement.

The Drury-lane company were certainly performing at the *Lyceum*, but that house altogether was very inconvenient, and of course the dramatic performances there, could not be seen in such perfection as at a house built expressly for the purpose. And indeed the stage management, as it respects dresses and decorations, is there very badly conducted. Mr. Arnold, the manager, does not exert himself to bring forward sufficient novelty. They perform dramas night after night which, though perhaps, good plays in themselves, are so well known, and so often repeated, that they become insipid; but the most material point, is the very slovenly and careless manner, in which the performers in general *walk through their characters*: this I suspect arises in consequence of the late disturbances at *Covent-Garden theatre*; from this circumstance, the *Lyceum* has almost every night been *overflowing*. But certainly such conduct is highly reprehensible, both in manager and performers. It is as much as to intimate, "we know your dislike to the noise and tumult of the other house; we are sure, while that noise lasts, of a *full house*, and why should we exert ourselves more than we please?" This is the only reason that I can find for the *very careless* manner in which the plays there have *been lately* represented. But now, Mr. Editor, there must be some amendment both in the management and performance, or they will soon find their receipts will scarcely defray the expenses.

Your *Mirror*, being the only periodical work that devotes itself almost exclusively, to a subject of such importance, as *theatrical performances*, will, I hope, be my excuse, for addressing this letter to you.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Dec. 18, 1809.

Your constant reader and admirer,

W. H. G.

ANECDOTE OF M. LARIVE,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DR. F. PANANTI.

THE voice is the echo of the thoughts and sentiments. Its sound occasionally makes a deeper impression on the memory, than the lineaments of the face. The celebrated actor, LARIVE, went, some time after playing the part of *Orosman*, to buy a steel chain. Enquiring for one, the woman in the shop started, and fixing her eyes upon him, remained in a state of immoveable astonishment, without making any answer. LARIVE repeated his question more earnestly. No reply. Impatient, and nearly in a passion, he exclaimed—"What the deuce is there wonderful in asking for a watch chain?" "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the woman, "but you really have such an extraordinary voice—tell me, sir, pray tell me who you are, and all I have is at your service." "My name," said he, "is LARIVE, and I am a tragedian." The woman had scarcely heard the name, when she caught Larive's head between her hands, crying out, "*Ah, malheureux! c'est vous qui avez assassiné Zaire!*" LARIVE not knowing whether to be angry or pleased, got into his carriage, and for some distance he could see her with extended arms, exclaiming—"Ah! mon dieu, mon dieu! qui l'auroit cru?"

Another time, the same LARIVE passed the night at an inferior sort of inn. In a neighbouring room was a capuchin, who chattered so much, that LARIVE could not sleep a wink. Getting up, he crept gently to the door, and putting his mouth to a hole, pronounced with all his force, these verses from *Mahomet*:

*Allez, vil idolâtre, et pour ne toujours l'être
Indigne capuchin, cherchez un autre maître.*

All was hushed. In the morning the host asked LARIVE whether he had heard any thing in the night? "No," said he, "I slept very well." The host sighed. "You seem very

sorrowful," said LARIVE, "what has happened to you?" "Oh sir," replied the host, "last night—last night a reverend capuchin came here to see us, and whilst he was drinking a cup of liquor, and discoursing with my children about religion, he heard a terrible voice, which seemed to issue from hell, and which inveighed so against the reverend father, that, almost terrified to death, he made his escape, and no one knows what is become of him."

DANGLE IN HIS SENSES.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU must needs remember me. I am your old friend, DAN-
GLE, who was formerly so soundly drubbed by another friend
of yours, called CATO,* but the wholesome discipline failed of
its effect, for my wit was diseased. Then I was, like Pa-
nanti,† the *Don Quixote of the Theatre*. The late conduct
of the players has, however, brought me to my senses. I
seem like the Spanish knight, as described by his immortal
biographer, to have slept six hours, and to have awakened
perfectly cured of my derangement or theatrical knight erran-
try. I can scarcely believe that I ever could have had such
monkeys for my gods! What! for seventy nights and more
to play unheard, and to suffer the further degradation and in-
sult of hissing, hooting, and pelting, merely for the receipt of
a few shillings per night! Are these my proud, my noble,
liberal-minded friends? Am I at last compelled irresistibly
to confess that what Dr. Johnson said to Garrick was no jest—
"*Feeling—PUNCH has no feeling!*" They are now degra-
ded lower by many degrees than ever they were in the memory
of man. PUNCH loses in dignity of character by comparison
with them. If he be guilty of any thing vile and base, he is

* See Vol. II. p. 133. 269.

† Vol. VI. p. 215.

an involuntary agent, but here the players for seventy nights perform the meanest acts, and exhibit the most pitiable contemptibility of mind, willingly and without expostulation.

I have had my *six hours sleep*, and I exclaim with the *knight*, Heaven be praised, for having restored me to my reason! "My judgment," said he, "is now free and clear of the shades of ignorance. I am the declared enemy of *Amadée de Gaul*, and of all his infinite and detestable lineage." Such is my case, and I say the same of the whole race of players!

The Spaniard was in his madness, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but in his senses he was *Alonzo Quixano, the Good*—and I shall follow the example, making any change rather than continue to be disgraced by the title of

Dec. 24, 1809.

DANGLE.

ON THE ALTERATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

"The rage for retouching, and, as it was said, correcting and improving our best authors, was the very error of the times."

Murphy's Life of Garrick.

KING JOHN. This play was originally written in two parts by Shakspeare, but it was afterwards compressed by him into one. Two other plays were written on the same subject; the first, called, "*the Troublesome Reign of King John*," is ascribed by Mr. Malone to Marlow; it does not appear ever to have been a popular piece, nor indeed was Shakspeare's, till Rich revived it in 1736. It had not been performed till that time for 120 years. In 1744, Cibber produced his *Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John*, which he says in his preface he has "endeavoured to make more like a play than what he found in Shakspeare." Cibber, after having quitted the stage for several years, performed the part of Pandulph, at the advanced age of seventy-three. Garrick, probably disgusted at Cibber's arrogance, in saying he had amended Shakspeare, got up the original play, and drove the new one completely off the stage. Davies observes that "Cibber's confidence in his abilities was extreme; he has not only mixed his cold cruelties and prosaïc efforts, with the rich food of Shakspeare,

V—VOL. VII."

but he has presumed to alter the economy of the scene by superfluous incidents.”*

King Richard II. The first alteration of this play was by Tate, intitled, “*The Sicilian Usurper.*” It was prohibited from being performed, on which account it was published by the author in 1691, with a preface, in which he protests against such prohibition. In 1720, an alteration of it was published by Theobald. It was performed at the Lincoln’s-Inn-Field’s Theatre, with tolerable success.

King Richard III. I know of no other alteration of this play than Cibber’s, on which I purpose at some future time to make some observations more at length than the present brief sketch will allow. A play, called the “*English Princess, or the Death of Richard III.*” written in 1666, was acted at the Duke of York’s theatre, but it does not seem to be much borrowed from Shakspeare.

King Henry V. A tragedy with this title was published by the Earl of Orrery in 1672; but as I have never seen it, I cannot say how much the noble author was indebted to Shakspeare. In 1723, Aaron Hill published a tragedy under the title of *Henry V. or the Conquest of France*, the plot and language of which are in many places borrowed from Shakspeare.

Henry VI. the First Part. Crowne, in 1681, published a tragedy under this title, which was acted with some success, till the Roman Catholic party at court had interest enough to get it suppressed.

Henry VI. the Second Part. A play under this title, which, like the foregoing one, was very much indebted to Shakspeare, was published also by Crowne in 1680. Nearly a century before had appeared an alteration of Shakspeare’s play, which was published without the author’s name, and was called *The Contention between York and Lancaster*. In 1721, Theobald printed a new edition of this play, but I believe it was never acted.

Timon of Athens has been twice altered. The first alteration was published by Shadwell in 1678; the second by Cumberland. Both these authors have taken considerable liberties

* Dramatic Miscell. Vol. I. p. 52.

with the plot, but what they have added serves only as a foil to what remains of Shakspeare's.

Coriolanus. Of this play three altered editions have been published. The first was by Tate in 1682, under the title of *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth*; the second by Dennis in 1720, and the third by Thomas Sheridan in 1755. In both the last plays the original title was preserved, but not one of them at present is remembered.

Mr. Kemble too, in 1806, attempted to adapt *Coriolanus* to the stage, but as I occupied two or three pages in a number of the Cabinet, with pointing out the defects of this alteration, I shall here simply content myself with mentioning it.

Julius Cæsar, with considerable additions,¹ was divided by the Duke of Buckingham into two plays. The first beginning as Shakspeare's does, and ending with the speech of Mark Anthony to the people. The scene of the second is laid at Athens for the two first acts, and at Philippi, during the remainder of the play. It begins the day before the battle of Philippi, and ends with it.

The few remaining plays of Shakspeare, which are still to be noticed, I shall reserve for another letter.

Norwich, Dec. 5, 1809.

T.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TRILUS and CRESSIDA, act 3, sc. i.

"*Pandarus*. He! no, she'll none of him; they *two* are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them *three*."

See this illustrated by the article "*Arithmetic*," in the present number.

Act 4, sc. ii.

"*With sounding Troilus, I will not go from Troy*."

Comment.—Steevens proposes to leave out "go, which roughens this line;" and to read elliptically, "I will not from Troy." This is forced and unnecessary. Read—"I'll not go from Troy. See in the next scene, "And is it true that I must go from Troy?"

* *

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE XI.

Quid bellicosus &c.

TO HARRY ———, ESQ.

CEASE, cease, my dear Harry, to trouble your brain,
 With Spain and the Tyrol, to liberty true ;
 Napoleon must cut off an arm of the main,
 Ere he or his arms can give trouble to you.

Our youth, like a rainbow, soon loses its charms,
 And with it life's flattering colours are gone ;
 Soft sleep, love, and pleasure, are scar'd from our arms,
 As age on his crutches comes tottering on.

The spring and its roses soon bend to the blast,
 The moon fades away, leaving darkness behind ;
 Since nature will change, why should misery last,
 Or care take a permanent lease of our mind ?

Dear Hal, if thou lov'st me, (as Falstaff would say)
 Let carking old Care be invaulted below ;
 And if he will rise when you wish to be gay,
 Bid him bring you a bottle of *Château-Margaud*.

Then let him, when Bacchus and pleasure combine
 To banish the woes of this whirligig world,
 Like Clarence obtain his quietus in wine,
 So in the Red Sea shall his spirit be harl'd.

The bibbers of water are drunkards, not we,
 The tide overwhelming their reason divine,
 For man's like a beast drinking water, and he
 Must be senseless indeed who refuses his wine.

Let Lydia, the lovely enchantress, appear,
 And breathe to her harp the effusions of Moore :
 Enjoying these transports, Oh, what should we fear,
 While wit can exalt us, or beauty allure ?

Then cease, my dear Quidnunc, to groan at the news,
 Nor mourn o'er the records of national sorrow,
 But if you *must* study, Oh study to lose,
 In this day's enjoyment the thought of to-morrow.

H.

In the concluding stanzas of this ode, Horace in London has availed himself of the privilege reserved in his introductory dialogue, and has presumed to alter the form, which he could not becomingly embellish.

BOOK I. ODE XXXIV.

Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens, &c.

INVEIGLED by Hume from the Temple of Truth,
 From Piety's sheepfold a stray lamb,
 I laugh'd and I sang, a mere reprobate youth,
 As seldom at church as Sir Balaam.

But now thro' a crack in my worldly wise head,
 A ray of new light sheds a blaze,
 And back with the speed of a zealot I tread,
 The wide metaphysical maze.

Of late through the Strand as I saunter'd away,
 A curricie gave me new life,
 For O in that curricie, spruce as the day.
 Sat Cœlebs in search of a wife !

Majestic as thunder he roll'd thro' the air,
 His horses were rapidly driven,
 I gaz'd like the pilgrim in Vanity-fair,
 When Faithful was snatch'd into Heaven.

Loud bellow'd the monsters in Pidcock's abyss,
 Old vagabond Thames caught the sound,
 It shook the Adelphi, amaz'd gloomy Dis,
 And Styx swore an oath underground.

The Puritan rises, Philosophy falls,
 When touch'd by his Harlequin rod,
 The Cobler and Prelate from separate stalls,
 Chaunt hymns to the young Demigod.

The beardless reformer leaves London behind,
 He wanders o'er woodland and common,
 And dives into depths Theologic to find,
 That darkest of swans—a white woman.

The Pilgrim of *Bunyan* felt wiser alarms,
 His darling at home could not bind him,
 'Twas Death and the Devil when lock'd in her arms,
 'Twas Heav'n—when he left her behind him !
 J.

BOOK I. ODE XIX.

Mater sacra Cupidinum, &c.

DAME Venus, who lives but to vex,
 And Bacchus, the dealer in wine,

Unite with the love of the sex,
To harass this poor head of mine.
Sweet Ellen's the cause of my woe,
'Tis madness her charms to behold,
Her bosom's as white as the snow,
And the heart it enshrines is as cold.

Her gay repartees have a grace,
Good humour alone can impart,
The roses that bloom in her face,
Have planted their thorns in my heart.
Fair Venus who sprang from the sea,
Despising the haunts of renown,
Leaves Brighton, to frolic with me,
And spends the whole winter in town.

I sang of the heroes of Spain,
Who fight in the Parthian mode,
The goddess grew sick at my strain,
And handed to Vulcan my ode.
"Forbear," she exclaim'd, "silly elf,
With haughty Bellona to rove,
Leave Spain to take care of herself,
'Thy song is of Ellen and love."

Come, Love, bring the graces along,
That Ellen may melt at my woes,
Let fluent Rousseau gild my tongue,
And Chesterfield turn out my toes.
Ah no! I must wield other arms,
Sweet Ellen, to reign in thy heart,
When Love owes to Nature his charms,
How vain are the lessons of art.

J.

THE RIVAL ROSES.

Long time two rival roses led,
Britannia's sons to fight,
Still flush'd with anger bloom'd the red,
Still pale with rage the white.

"O silly flow'rs! in friendship live;"
Cried Mary, "nothing loth,
For know henceforth I mean to give
My *countenance* to both."

Her words their ancient ire efface,
War ceas'd his stormy weather,
And now both flow'rs—on Mary's face,
Blend lovingly together.

J.

ON HER ASKING ME *WHY* I LOVED HER.

Your face possesses all the charms,
That "poets fancy when they love,"
And sure, to lie within your arms,
Is joy, all other joys above.

Maria, yet 'twas not your face,
That lur'd my truant heart astray,
Ah no—it was that nameless grace,
That round your features seems to play.

For tho' a cheek be like the rose,
Its blushes whisper me, beware!
Unless it with good humour glows,
And laughing Cupids dimple there.

And eyes may be, as morning, bright,
 Yet if they frown contempt the while,
 I'd rather they were dark as night,
 Unless they sparkle with a smile :

And tho' a cherry lip I spy,
 I will not form a wish to press,
 Unless it breathe a melting sigh,
 The warm and mutual kiss to bless.

Those charms, I hate then, where I trace,
 The impulse of a heart unkind,
 And if I love that heavenly face,
 'Tis 'lumin'd with an angel's mind!

P. G.

ARITHMETIC.

ANSWER TO A LADY, WHO SEEING SOME SYMPTOMS OF COURT-
 SHIP, WROTE—

“ May you ere long united be,
 And *en famille* soon number THREE.” K. L.

LA REPONSE:

*Un et une font deux,
 C'est nombre heureux
 En la galanterie ;
 Mais quand une fois,
 Un et une font trois,
 C'est une diablerie !*

Says COCKER, One and one make two ;
 And that I own in love will do,
 If folks are kind and civil ;
 But O ! when one and one make *three*,
 By Jove, sweet Kate, 'twixt you and me,
 It is the very Devil !

Christmas.

OLD NICK.

G—VOL. VII.*

THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

AIR—"Said a smile to a tear."

A *hair-bell* one day,
To a *jonquil* did say,
(The sun beaming bright in spring weather :)
Let's set off to yon bower,
And beguile half an hour
In amorous pastime together.

The blushing *jonquil*,
At first took it ill,
That to her he such language should use, sir,
But at last, (silly plant !)
Overcome by his cant,
Cried, " I cannot your offer refuse, sir."

Of her fatal consent,
She soon had to repent,
She had, sure as mutton is mutton ;
For in less than a year,
The *jonquil*, it is clear,
Lay-in of a *bachelor's button* !

Jonquil had a brother,
Who made a sad pothor,
Crying, " Oh ! my dear sister betray'd is,"
And he swore that the law
Should redress this *faux-pas*
Of the *hair-bell*—a Turk 'mongst the ladies.

Then away did he trudge,
To a *cauliflower* judge,
And to him did the sad tale relate ;
Taking pains to describe,
That the whole *jonquil* tribe,
Were involv'd in his sister's hard fate.

Here the grave magistrate,
 Shook his wig on his pate,
 And vow'd that the fuss he'd soon settle—
 So he ha'd and he hem'd,
 And the hair-bell condemn'd,
 To marry a prudish old *nettle*!

Now in Blackfriars road,
 There is seen an abode,
 For girls, who at times have been frisky:
 And 'twas there that he sent
 The jonquil to repent,
 Where she revels, talks slang, and drinks whisky.

MORAL.

Ye fond maidens so fair!
 Of that man, ah! beware,
 Who too warmly on virtue descants,
 For, believe me, 'tis true,
 A good lesson for you,
 May be learnt from the loves of the plants.

POLYPETALOUS.

 NAUTICAL QUIBBLE.

FATHER.

A sailor is a drunken sot,
 And shall not have my daughter—

FRIEND.

Hew can it be! Have you forgot
 A sailor *lives on water*?
 * *

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

COVENT-GARDEN.

1809.

Dec. 16. Exile.—All the World's a Stage.*

Dec.

* The rebellion being now at an end, and concession on the part of the theatre having ratified a peace† with the public, the critic will again return to his former occupation. We shall on this day, however, amuse the reader with a few extracts from a very ingenious *epilogue* on the subject of the theatrical riots, which was written by Mr. PAGE, an under-master, for the representation of the *Phormio* of Terence by the Westminster boys. After this, we hope never more to have to meddle with a theme so tedious and disagreeable.

The speakers from the *dram. pers.* of the play are eight. *Demipho* begins, and talks of the noises at the theatre, which are thus well enumerated:

“Per crepitacula, cornua, cymbala, tympana, tintinabula, campanas, sistra, tubas, crotala;

Exululando, concrepitando, vociferando,

Cum strepitu, crepituque, et fremitu, et gemitu.”

He then asks *Dorio* what he is? *Dorio* replies a *merchant*.—*Dem.* What kind?—*Dor.* *Muliebri genus*—woman-kind.—A he-bawd!, says *Geta*. He is then asked what reason he has to complain; and he immediately attacks the *private boxes*, on account of their being taken away from his girls:

Honestis

Quod nova me fraudant ista theatra lucris.

Matronis datur ille severis, virginibusque,

Qui locus ancillas ceperat ante meas.

Demipho defends them by saying that they are now nearly the only places in the theatre where a modest woman can sit without offence. *Hegio* is introduced as a lawyer, which seems a hit at Mr. Clifford.

Dem. Proh pudor ille reus,

Hegio, consultus juris, cultuque forensi!

Heg. Pol mos cuique suus.—*Dem.* Possimus iste tuus.

Cratinus

† It is called *The Treaty of St. Clements*, because of the meeting at the Crown and Anchor.

Dec. 18. Hamlet.—Don Juan.*

Dec.

Cratinus excuses the *grunting, braying, and kissing* of the O. P.'s, because man is an imitative animal, and as it is lawful and fit to imitate every thing natural, why not *hogs, asses, and geese*?

—————homini certè facere ista licebit,
 Quæ porcis, asinis, anseribusque licet.
 Est homo naturâ παν μιμητικόν—ergo
 Quis boat, aut balat, sibilat, aut ululat,
 Qui rugit, et mugit, gannitque, et quinnit, et hinnit,
 Omnia naturæ convenienter agit.

We now come to the Jew-ruffian boxers. *Davus* complains of the blows he had received. *Phormio* says that he beats his friends as he loves them—quos amo, tundo magis:

—————statui compescere turbas:
 Simplex hæc istis nostra medela malis.
 Quem frustra tentes convincere vi verborum,
 Pugnos in faucesingere, mutus erit.

that is, supposing *Young Harris* to be speaking: I proposed to quiet the disturbances: this is our simple remedy for these evils—Having tried in vain to convince a man by the force of words, ram your fists into his chops, and he will be silent!

Captain Cook tells us of certain people in the Pacific Ocean, who are pummelled by slaves till they go to sleep. Mr. Harris had certainly read this account, but, in applying the recipe, made an unfortunate mistake in the *latitude*.

* A note was thrown on the stage, relating to the article of the treaty respecting the private boxes, but no notice was taken of it. Mr. Kemble was frequently called on during the first act, but he turned a deaf ear to their enquiries. The answer is now given. To give it *extempore*, is not so easy to Mr. Kemble as people may imagine—the following anecdote will prove it. At the O. P. dinner, one of the party leant across to Mr. Kemble, and said—"Pray, Mr. Kemble, get up and speak to the company—a few words from you will do more than the longest speech from Mr. Clifford." "Sir," replied Mr. K. "I have not the art—I have been so long used to repeat the words of other people, that I find it very difficult, without previous study, to deliver any of my own." "Stuff!" cried the gentleman, "I don't want you to make a set speech—a word or

two—

Dec. 19. Merchant of Venice.—Poor Soldier.

20. Hamlet.—Is he a Prince?

Dec.

two—can't you jump upon the table, and cry O. P. ! O. P. !—they'll understand you then, as well as if you were to talk to them for a month."

Mr. Kemble in *Hamlet* never looked or played better. It is a noble performance, and full of intelligence, but it is impossible not to feel that it might be acted in a manner more congenial to our natural feelings. Finely artful as it is, it is not a perfect triumph of art, for the art does not conceal itself. The applause was prodigious and indiscriminate; but the mob always run from one extreme to the other. Now they suppress their hisses when they are dissatisfied, and indeed restrain their laughter, lest they should be thought to do it offensively. So when Mr. K., as *Hamlet*, said,

"The time is out of joint; Oh, cursed spight

That ever *I* was born to set it right."

they did not stir a muscle—no, nor even when he said—"Oh, the RECORDERS; let me see *one*." No disapprobation either was shewn when he told the pit this simple truth—"The groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shows and noise."

This halcyon spirit also happily prevailed in favour of the kings and queens of the piece. Mrs. St. Leger, the *Venus mammosa* of the company, had cause to rejoice, and the ghost of Mr. Egerton to sing Psalms. When we use *Hamlet's* language, and call it a poor ghost, we do not pretend, with our brother critics, to know how fast a ghost ought to walk, or talk, or deport himself in any way, but we feel that a spirit, uttering such words as he does, should not be ludicrous. Therefore, and nevertheless for having seen him perform *Don Juan*, we shall be glad to find that he has given up the ghost. This *Don Juan* should have been played by Mr. C. Kemble. Mr. Egerton has no look or action for the part, but he may still be useful in the piece—he is fond of the ghost—let him be put upon the horse. Of old Murray's *Horatio*, *Hamlet's* youthful schoolfellow, "the antique Roman," we shall say nothing, nor of Miss Bolton's sorry *Ophelia*, and only a word of Mr. Davenport's *Player-King*.—His judgment of course teaches him not to play this part with all his usual powers of acting, but we must presume to think, with deference, that he contrived to underact himself rather too much.

Mr.

Dec. 21. Man of the World.—We fly by Night.*

22. Lear.—Waterman.

23. Exile.—Tom Thumb.†

26. Roman Father.—Harlequin Pedlar, or the Haunted Well.‡

Dec.

Mr. Kemble's dress was perfect, but we think the same attention should be paid to propriety throughout. His adoption of the star, the order of Daneburgh, as a stage ornament, is very proper, notwithstanding its disuse. The cloak which he wears at the grave, might, in our opinion, be well dispensed with in his scene with *Osprich*. It is a custom of long-standing, to let the sides of a room reach the ceiling—the new scenery at this theatre, is above or rather *below* any such union.

Mr. CLIFFORD, the O. P. King, was in the lower boxes, and with great complacency and condescension, conversed with some of his subjects in the pit.

* To-night we had a new description of *placards*, all running in favour of generosity and mercy, viz. "*Candour and liberality require that Brandon should be restored.*" Their reception was not altogether flattering, although numbers seemed inclined to support the cause of the fallen. Having compelled his discharge, the next best triumph would perhaps be to reinstate him. *Bis vincit, qui se vincit in victoria*—he conquers twice, who, when flushed with victory, subdues himself.

† Petitioning *placards* in favour of Mr. Brandon's restoration, again appeared, and whether they came from the immediate friends of Mr. B. or from the O. P.'s, we think it would be generous in the latter to further their intention. To take revenge on an enemy, is only to be equal to him—to seek none, is to be his superior. However, the cause of this over-vigilant servant does not appear to be much advocated by the managers—a desire on their part to reinstate him would seem to admit that he acted entirely according to their directions, whilst his disgrace leaves the greater share of the burthen on his own shoulders.

‡ The following advertisement at the foot of the play-bills, has appeared since the one copied in our last, p. 386.

"The public are most respectfully informed, that after this season, the entire circle of upper boxes will be open to general use, excepting only *three annual boxes* on each side of the theatre."§

Its

§ This leaves *ten* private boxes, as in the year 1802.

Dec. 27. Wheel of Fortune.—Harlequin Pedlar, or the Haunted Well.

28. Merchant of Venice.*—Id.

Dec.

Its origin is attended by some curious circumstances. Not approving of the former concession with regard to the private boxes, a part of the committee, namely, Messrs. Scott, Powell, and Savage, waited last Friday on Messrs. Kemble and Harris, at the house of the former in Great Russell-Street. Having stated their wishes, Mr. Harris hesitated about the terms, but Mr. Kemble recommended compliance. This weighty deputation from the committee, Messrs. Scott, Powell, and Savage, "on the part of the public," seeing a difference of opinion, most condescendingly gave the proprietors till the next day at twelve o'clock, to come to a resolution, which, proving adverse to the complaint, was to bring down O. P. vengeance on the humbled foe. Retiring, Mr. Kemble followed them to their carriage (a hack), recommended them to the spirit of health, and continued waving his hands to them till Jarvy drove off. At twelve next day, with Mr. HARRIS and Mr. ESTE, (a friendly O. P.) sure enough he comes—at the house of Mr. PLACE, a tailor at Charing Cross, the managers meet the noble deputies. Mr. KEMBLE was scarcely in the room, when he said, "Come, Mr. Este, come, have you told Mr. Scott the good news? It is all agreed, gentlemen, as you desire. We shall be ruined, but the voice of the public must be obeyed." Much bowing succeeded this information, during which Mr. Brandon's case was favourably alluded to by the honourable deputies, but Mr. Kemble not appearing to travel with them, a further assortment of courtesies and flexions, which lasted to the threshold of the door, backed out the proprietors, and left the Junta, masters in the council as well as in the field.

We have now merely to add, that the O. P. dinner is, in commemoration of this singular victory in the mimic world, to be celebrated annually at the *Crown and Anchor* Tavern in the Strand. Mr. CLIFFORD will of course be in the chair, and it is by no means too much to expect, after what we have seen, that Mr. KEMBLE, will, with an O. P. medal dangling at his breast, be found officiating as his deputy!

* Mr. Cooke was to have performed *Shylock*, but he absented himself, and the consequence was that a most ungenerous feeling pervaded the house against him. We call it *ungenerous*, because Mr. Bull

Dec. 29. *Lear*.—*Harlequin Pedlar*, or the Haunted Well.

30. *Iron Chest*.—Id.

1810.

Jan. 1. *Romeo and Juliet*.—Id.

2. *Poor Gentleman*.—Id.

3. *Revenge*.—Id.

Jan.

Bull should look at home, and recollect how much he likes to spend a merry Christmas. On the 26th he got drunk and appeared, for which they abused him (and he who abuses a drunken man, abuses an absent man, which is very unfair); now he gets drunk and decently stays away, for which they also abuse him—What at this season of the year can the poor man do? We have seen Mr. Kemble on the stage as intoxicated as we ever saw Mr. Cooke, but it was certainly not when he had to play a part: however, we are by no means convinced that his getting drunk oftener would not make *John* like him much better. Who so popular with him as Mr. Sheridan, whose sole remaining merit is, as our friend Hunt wittily observes, that he, "like the enchanted spirit in the romance, has all his faculties fastened up in a bottle?" [See *Gilray's* caricature of a bottle of old Sherry.] Every thing is good or bad by comparison, and by this test Mr. Cooke has behaved very well. His cups displeased the audience before, and being in them again, he would not trust himself to return. He treated the Scotch with less respect—Coming on a second time in this state, and the people at Glasgow repeating their disapprobation, he said to them—"Gude dom ye, this is the second time I've been insulted in your dom toon of Glascoo, and De'il tak me if I'll ever coom into it agen." So saying he marched off, and no entreaties could bring him back.

Messrs. C. Kemble, Egerton, Young, and Kemble, were proposed as substitutes, and after much difficulty the first was accepted. Mr. C. Kemble has played the part at the Haymarket theatre as well as frequently in the country, and there was certainly not so much difference between his *Shylock* and Cooke's, as there was between Mr. Claremont's *Bassanio* and the *Bassanio* of Mr. C. Kemble, who necessarily resigned that character on this occasion.

Harlequin Pedlar was produced on the 26th of this month. Pantomimes and turkies are the food of the holiday folks at Christmas, who devour those aliments as religiously as they digest a goose at Michaelmas.

* *Examiner*, Dec 24.

H—VOL. VII.*

Jan. 4. School of Reform.—Harlequin Pedlar.*

Jan.

Michaelmas. A few seasons ago, indeed, the Covent-Garden managers took the *goose* out of her turn, and exhibited that auspicious bird in the capital at Christmas, with such distinguished success as to throw all future mummary in the back-ground. Swift wrote a political pamphlet in answer to all that had been or should thereafter be written upon the subject. *Mother Goose* has attained a similar eminence. *Harlequin Pedlar* is a melange of old tricks and tumbles, and is no more a "jolly gay pedlar" than Mr. Blanchard. In vain did Grimaldi † exhibit his contortions, Bologna his agility, and Miss Adams her grace. We could not but remember that such things were much better performed in the celebrated pantomime above mentioned. Even in the time of Horace, bodily wit excited more attention, and of course was longer remembered than mental. What then must it do in our days, when the former is so much practised and the latter so little? The *Golden Egg* was the golden age of pantomime, and that venerable species of amusement must inevitably decline in our winter theatres, unless Mr. Kemble, who, as manager, has lately exhibited his powers in pulling a long bow, will condescend to "shoot folly as it flies." For instance, what can be better incidents than the *Bedford-street* HOAX, DIGNUM the lecturer, WINSON the illuminator, or CASTLEBROUGH the dueller? Nay, is there not the Persian ambassador beard and all? But, hold! we had forgotten the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. LARPENT the patent Christian. O LORD CHESTERFIELD, LORD CHESTERFIELD, your prophetic speech in opposition to the licensing act still rings in our ears!

* On this day what was called "a reconciliatory dinner" between the O. P's. and the managers took place at the *Crown and Anchor*. The *British Press* gives the following outline of this amiable picture:

"On the flight of Mr. Clifford, the chairman, in perfect amity and good

† This family, like the Romans, are much indebted to geese. Grimaldi's father was himself a celebrated *goose*. In the *Universal Magazine*, vol. lxxiii. we find that in the year 1783, the *Magic Cestus* was produced. "Among the deceptions," it continues, "are two fair strokes of satire; first, Grimaldi as a *goose*, displaying his tail in the peacock style; the other, the Bank of Paris changed into an air balloon." Hint: The Bank of England changed into a *paper* balloon, might do now as a *fair stroke* of prophecy!

‡ See vol. vi. p. 278.

good humour, sat Messrs. Kemble, and Harris jun.; on his left, Mr. Miller, the treasurer of the O. P. fund. *When the cloth was removed, The King was DRUNK.* We suppose this means the O. P. king, Mr. Clifford, and not the health of our Sovereign, as it is said that it was passed over "without honours."

Some toasts were then given—this amongst others: "*May this happy reconciliation be of equal advantage to the public, in amusement, and to the proprietors, in emolument.*"

Upon this, Mr. Kemble rose and said—

"GENTLEMEN—Mr. Harris and I—(*Applause.*) Gentlemen, Mr. Harris and myself concur most cordially in the toast which has been given, and we beg to have the honour to drink your healths."—(Much applause followed this short speech.)

"*The chairman.*" A speech from Mr. Clifford followed, which dwelt much on his sufferings, virtues, and patriotism. A Mr. Bonner would have proposed the restoration of Mr. Brandon, but he could not be heard amidst the rioting, fighting, and ungentelemanly behaviour of this "*reconciliatory*" company, who at an early hour renewed the O. P. scenes in the pit. A short respite was obtained for these toasts, which were drunk with enthusiasm:

May a brow-beating judge ever be opposed by an enlightened and impartial jury: The Bill of Rights, and condign punishment to those magistrates who infringe it, by requiring excessive bail!

Mr. Kemble and Mr. Harris with three times three.

Mr. Kemble, in returning thanks, observed, that though he had already had the honour of drinking the health of the company, he should drink it again, because he could not too often receive that satisfaction.—(*Loud applauses.*)

Mr. Harris returned his sincere thanks, for the honour they had done him in drinking his health: at the same time, he wished to express his satisfaction that he had been present at such a dinner, at which he hoped that the cause of any difference between the Public and Covent-Garden Theatre was effectually removed.—(*Loud applauses.*)

Mr. Clifford being *indisposed*, retired accompanied by Messrs. Kemble and Harris: and so terminated a meeting marked by the greatest arrogance and indecency in the first place, meanness in the second, and brutality in the third. For the first, look to Mr. C.'s speech, where talking of the trial, he acquits himself and his compeers of the "*infamy*" said to attach somewhere; adding, "let it then shine, not with brilliancy and lustre, but as a dim and baleful

Jan. 5. Lear.—Harlequin Pedlar.

6. Provoked husband.—Id.

8. Richard III.*—Id.

9. Speed the Plough.—Id.

10. Revenge.—Id.†

11. Man of the World.—Id.

12. Lear.—Id.

13. Merchant of Venice, (Portia, Mrs. Weston.†)—Id.

Jan.

ful halo, round the grey head of him that gave the calumny utterance. (*Great applauses.*)"—For the *greatest meanness*, see the unnecessary § self-degradation of the managers; and for the *brutality*, behold the conduct of the Lapithæ and Centaurs assembled || at this feast. We turn from all this with disgust.

* Before the play began, Mr. Cooke came forward to apologize for being overtaken by his liquor during the late Christmas festivities. When he came to—"If you will restore me once more to the favour I enjoyed, I promise"—he had them one and all, and their applauses would not suffer him to proceed with a *promise*, beyond the power of his mortal clay to keep.

† In the public papers of this day, Mr. Brandon expressed his "*heartly contrition*" for his past conduct, and prayed his restoration to office. We have said that it was necessary he should be discharged, but the humiliation of the servant should we think at least entitle him to the same favour as was shewn to the humiliation of the masters.

‡ The débutante of this evening was Mrs. Weston from the Liverpool Theatre, in the character of Portia. Her person and voice are good, and being, apparently, between thirty and forty, time has given her many of the advantages of practice. Her experience, however, has failed to perfect her either in dignity or elegance of action, and we must see something better from her before we can pronounce her a great acquisition to the London boards.

§ When these coblers were compelled to lower the price of their shoes, Mr. Bull did not require that they should clean them with their tongues.

|| Half men, half beasts. *Arma, arma, loquantur*—or rather, in English, by desire of an amiable friend, whose wishes are with us commands—

Half roaring and half neighing through the hall,

Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call—

Wine animates their rage—A medley fight

Of bowls and jars at first supply the fight,

Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate.

Jan. 15. Hamlet*.—Harlequin Pedlar.

16. Conscious Lovers.—Id.

17. Revenge.—Id.

18. Man of the World.—Id.

19. Lear.—Id.

20. Merchant of Venice.—Id.

* Mr. Murray, with a melancholy visage, apologised for the appearance of Mr. C. Kemble instead of Mr. Brunton in *Laertes*—it would have been more proper to have claimed their thanks.

LYCÆUM.

Dec. 18. Jealous Wife.—Three and Deuce.

19. Sudden Arrivals; or, Too Busy by Half.†—Rosina.

Dec.

† This comedy is said to be the production of our "*native muse*," Mr. Cobb. The characters and incidents of it are as new to us as the ornamental hangings of our study; and the plot is precisely of the same valuable texture—a perfect *cob-web*.

Major Torrigham (Mr. Raymond), and *Mr. Alford* (Mr. Wroughton), are two friends, who meet at Hamburgh, when availing themselves of the delightful freedoms of friendship, they put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains, and then supererogatively have recourse to pistols to blow them out. The *major* falls, but, quite indifferent about the brains, still continues to live. Some reason, however, not easily penetrable by common wits, induces the *major* to institute the ceremony of a funeral, to announce himself dead, and then to proceed on his travels, humanely leaving behind him a son and daughter. The supposed murdered *Mr. Alford*, under a feigned name, (a second heavy *Morrington**) wanders about with what he calls "*the never dying pang*," as his companion—this, however, is a mistake, for in the last act the *major* comes to life, and the pang dies. *Mr. Alford* visits England, where he has been providing for the Major's children, having entrusted them to the care of a *Mr. Transient* (Mr. Dowton), a *ci-devant* Wapping tradesman, and an *à present* rogue, of a nervous complexion, who appropriates the money to the purpose of giving routs and affecting the follies of fashion. His business on the arrival of *Alford* is to keep him from any explanation with *Master and Miss Torrigham* (Mr. Wrench and Miss Ray), in which he at last fails; the *major*, as we have

* Speed the Plough.

have said, appears, and the coupling begins—*Miss Torringham* with *Transient's* nephew (Mr. Mathews), and *Master Torringham* with the *Countess Rosalba* (Mrs. Edwin), who seems to have no more business in this piece than a pretty European lady in India—to dress, look pretty, and get a husband.

From these materials and characters, with several of inferior, or rather no note, Mr. Cobb has produced a comedy, which, or Horace lies, afforded us full *three hours* of almost uninterrupted happiness:

Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,

Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

i. e. To *admire nothing* is nearly the only thing that can make a man *happy*. We are gratified.

Mr. Cobb is, to use his own language, “a good sort of man, but he writes too much.” In opera he has been successful, and even durable—thanks to the vitality and embalming qualities of *Storace's* music, but the weight of comedy was too great for such shoulders, and the attempt has done nothing for the credit of the author of “*No Song no Supper*,” which is worth a hundred “*Sudden Arrivals*.” His drama needs action, the dialogue, though frequently well expressed, is trite and *fade*, and the characters and their motives and pursuits either common or very preposterous and absurd. The first and second acts were promising, from something pointed and whimsical in the part of *Mr. Transient*, but his language was above the level of his station, and his dress and manners, when he came to mimic high life, fell short of the affectation and overdoing, natural to such persons. According to this conception, the acting of Mr. Dowton was excellent. *George Transient* was in a tenfold degree more outrageous in its absurdity, even than any thing that can be found in the character of Major *Torrington*. He is a compound of the *Rapids* and *Tangents*—to be employed is, he thinks, to be doing good, therefore, he is always full of business to do, and never doing any, or if any, never right. The galvanic touch, which it is his office to give to the action, and intricacies of the play, is—what a contrivance!—to write *four* letters at one time and misdirect them all! Great part of the third act is occupied in working this noble incident, and the fourth finds him at the same employment. Nothing could be more offensive to taste, judgment, and patience. Though Mr. Mathews seems to us to owe much of his excellence in *Sir Fretful* to the harmony of his own feelings, he was not so happy, (and we cannot see why) in the fidgets of *George Transient*. However, as we liked both his acting and the part

part in the beginning, we are willing to ascribe our subsequent disapprobation of the former to the tedious absurdity of the latter. Mr. Johnstone had an Irish part, and it is his business to believe that the *Countess* has fallen in love with him; an idea as new as vanity itself. The character is thus ingeniously rendered inconsistent, and its weaknesses are multiplied. A low Irish woman possessed something of novelty in it, but it was wretchedly drawn. Of the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ* there is nothing to say; but of the performers, we may add that their best abilities were exerted on the occasion. The play was heard with considerable applause, and some marks of dissatisfaction, particularly at its giving out for repetition. Mr. Cobb need not, however, be ashamed to look several of his contemporary dramatists in the face, for his comedy is not, as it respects them, comparatively bad, although it is positively so. All that we have seen in his comedy, we have, to use St. Paul's language to the Hebrews, before seen "*at sundry times and in divers manners*;" therefore we can only rank him amongst the Cherries, and Arnolds, and Dibbins, the old clothesmen of literature—those dealers in rags and "remnants of wit," such as are worn out or despised by their betters of any tolerable condition, or who strive to maintain a creditable character.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Eyre, and the Epilogue by Mrs. Edwin. They were both very mediocre, and Mrs. E. did her's far more justice than it deserved. The former told us that the play was to shew the evil consequences of duelling, but we found the justice on the parties by no means terrifying, as the only punishment of the Major, an atrocious character, was to have his children taken care of. The latter assured us, that the situation of an author, on the first night, was like that of a gentleman walking to dinner in the rain, when pressed for time, and unable to get a hackney-coach. We must refer the reader to the "*pious Chanson*" for an explanation of this happy simile, or rather to the Prologue to *the First Floor*, where it appears in better form.

Rosina followed, and its delightful music was refreshing to our spirits. An apology was made for Mrs. Bishop, whose indisposition prevented her appearing in *Rosina*, and the indulgence of the audience prayed in favour of Mrs. Mathews, which was cheerfully granted, and left nothing to regret. Miss Kelly improves every hour, and makes all that a lady in breeches can make of *William*, but we much disapprove of this emasculation of men's parts. It is true that Miss Kelly's limbs are, *cæteris paribus*, sufficient to constitute

- Dec. 20. Sudden Arrivals.—Devil to pay.
 21. Id.*—No Song no Supper.
 22. Id.—Weathercock.
 23. Id.—Midnight Hour.
 26. George Barnwell.—Cinderella, (revived).
 27. Sudden Arrivals.—Id.
 28. Castle Spectre.—Id.
 29. Duenna.—Id.
 30. Merry Wives of Windsor.—Id.
 1810. Jan. 1. Honey Moon.—Id.
 2. Cabinet.—Id.
 3. John Bull.—Id.
 4. As you like it.†—Id.

Jan.

stitute a very stout little fellow, but the female voice singing,
I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids;
 is without any pleasing effect, and the doing of it is still worse.

* The *British Press*, of the 22d, says, "Mr. Cobb's new Comedy was but thinly attended last night, and, at the conclusion, the male-contents were *too busy by half*;" but what says Mr. Arnold in the front of the very same paper? "The new comedy was received *with increased applause*, and will be repeated." Here's quackery.

† This "wild and pleasing" drama, as Johnson calls it, was got up with all the strength of drill-serjeant Arnold's company, and with the exception of Miss Duncan, whose *Rosalind* is only inferior to Mrs. Jordan's, a more lamentable muster-roll has rarely been exhibited in the metropolis. The principal novelty of the evening, and certainly next in merit to Miss Duncan, with a stride in seven-league-boots between, was Mr. Mathews in *Touchstone*. Mr. Mathews does not appear to have wisdom enough to enter thoroughly into the conception of the poet in this character, or caustic humour enough to give it all the rich effect of which it is capable. The *Duke* thus describes *Touchstone*, "*He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.*" Now, if Mr. Mathews felt that this was his character, we can assure him that he did not succeed in conveying his feelings to the audience. He cannot look like a *wise fool*; nor has he good humour sufficient in his countenance to play the merry fool either real or assumed. It was on the whole a tame performance, and unworthy of such an excellent actor as Mr. Mathews is in many other characters. This

was

- Jan. 5. Haunted Tower.—Cinderella.
 6. Child of Nature.—Honest Thieves.—Id.
 8. Adelgitha.—Id.
 9. Love in a Village.—Id.
 10. John Bull.—Id.
 11. Rivals.—Id.
 12. Confederacy.—*Gripe, Money Trap, Brass, and Corinne*,
 (first time) Mathews, Dowton, Melvin, and Mrs. Edwin.—Id.
 13. Beggar's Opera, *Lucy and Lockit*, (first time) Miss Kelly
 and Mr. Smith.—Id.
 15. As you like it.—Id.
 16. Mountaineers*.—Id.
 17. Sudden Arrivals.—Id.
 18. Confederacy.—Id.
 19. Cabinet.—Id.
 20. Ways and Means.—Honest Thieves.—Id.

was the first time, and he may perhaps improve. He was miserably supported by Miss Mellon in *Audrey*—her honourable fault too was an incapacity to look like an *idiot*—this may all, perhaps, be referred to *original sin, tasting the tree of knowledge, the fall*, and “such odd branches of learning.” Mr. Holland in *Orlando* shone through the darkness of the night.

Mr. Arnold's Christmas dish, an Irish-stew, made up of old materials, appeared for the first time on the 26th. His *Cinderella* is the *Cinderella* of the late Drury-Lane Theatre, and as brilliant an imitation of it as the *King's coronation* seen through an half-penny show-glass. One of the “immortals” was this night taken sick*, and Mrs. Mountain had the presumption to undertake to personate *Venus* “at an hour's notice!” In *Cinderella* Miss Kelly gave us, by her dancing, a further reason to believe that the study and love of her profession will, with her natural qualifications, raise her to the head of her profession.

* Drill-serjeant Arnold, with the assistance of one of his *colonels*, treated the town with a *pic-nic* amateur actor in the part of *Octavian*. In getting recruits the *colonel* seems to have no advantage over the *serjeant*—the *gentlemen* of the former being even worse than the *young ladies* of the latter. He received very just and unequivocal

* Mrs. Mathews.

I—VOL. VII.*

equivocal marks of disapprobation. These first appearances, or gags*, to use a theatrical term, expose themselves gratis, receiving thereby all they merit.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Court of King's-Bench, Dublin, Dec. 13.—Mr. Jones, the proprietor of Crow-Street Theatre, obtained a verdict damages 50*l.* against Mr. Corbet for a libel on the honesty of his dealings with performers, published by him in the *Hibernian Telegraph*. The damages were laid at 500*l.* Mr. Grady for the defendant, called Mr. Jones "a great turbot-eating public functionary," and very litigious. "There is not," said he, "a court in this hall, in which he has not performed, although not for his benefit."

Deaths.—Mr. Wild, the prompter of Drury, Mr. Wild, the dancer of Covent, and Mr. Cross, manager of the Circus. Mr. Cross is much regretted by his friends as a very worthy, diligent, and ingenious man.

At the O. P. dinner, 14 Dec. (see our last, p. 380) Mr. Kemble stated that the *magistrates* acted without his knowledge. The *magistrates* have since called him to account for this slip of memory.

In the *British Press*, Dec. 27, are some lines addressed by M—to Mrs. Mountain, each of which pays her a compliment turning on her name—the following is the most delicate—

"Purge the stream that from the Mountain flows."

A Manchester correspondent ("Factotum") writing to us about Mr. Elliston, says, "If you suppose that we admire his tragedy, you're much mistaken—we are too good judges of *fustian*."

O. P. joke. Sheridan condoling with Mr. Kemble on the riots, the latter said he had a hope that the trial, Clifford *v.* Brandon, would end them. "For my part, replied S., I see nothing in your hope, but an *aitch* and an O. P."

Mr. Weinhold is going on with his action. Mr. Kemble has written him a letter humbly supplicating him to desist, but he is inexorable.

Mr. Kemble went at the beginning of Dec. in a chaise and four to the seat of Lord Salisbury, to consult him about his troubles. Being announced, his Lordship came down stairs to him, and after hearing his complaint, said, "Mr. Kemble, I am no longer

* A gag is any thing, or person, likely to excite attention on account of its novelty, without the least respect being paid on the part of the manager to its desert.

Chamberlain, as you know, and if I were, I should give you no advice. At present, I have a party of friends dining with me, and must take my leave. You are probably fatigued; if so, I beg that you will go into the butler's room, and take some refreshment." Saying this, he rang the bell and retired.

On Sept. 30 (see our record), Mr. Kemble came forward and said, it was observed, "that if the advance in the prices was to be any advantage to the performers, it would have the public support. I then call upon you for it. The whole strength of the company are behind me, and will testify that the late rise in the price of admission has been the source of an addition to their emoluments." On the 24th of October, however, their printed address states that they have their old salaries, "and the proprietors have not hitherto been able to undertake to afford them a greater." How does this tally? Not that we are sorry to find that it does not, as we preach *humility* to the profession, "*respice quod non es*," and are happy to find from various letters received, that the public loudly cry, *amen, so be it*.

It is well known that Mrs. Galindo, *alias*, Miss Gough, has published a letter to Mrs. Siddons, including several written by Mrs. S.; from which and other matters narrated, she implies a criminal connection between Mr. Galindo and Mrs. Siddons, and to this circumstance ascribes the destruction of her happiness and the ruin of her fortune. Her brothers, John and Charles Kemble, have almost on their knees prayed Mrs. S. to prosecute the parties, but she has peremptorily refused to do so, saying that it is contrary to the principles of her religion.

The KING'S THEATRE opened on Tuesday the 11th of December with a new Comic Opera and Ballet, called *La Scommessa* and *Pietro il grande*. Of this wretched entertainment, as it is at the best to rational minds, the public have now seen the worst, and it has gone nigh to burst the bubble. Operas without singers and ballets without dancers continued till the 20th of January, when the beaux and belles in the boxes and the puppies and prudes in the pit exerted their delicate lungs in disapprobation of their cruel treatment, and called for the re-engagement of Mons. and Mad. Deshayes. This great and important point was carried, and Mons. Deshayes is, at their request, to receive 2000*l.* and a benefit for standing on one leg twice a week during the season, and his little fat wife is to sit in her own box to admire *how the nobility and gentry of England spend their time and money*.

ORATORIO at *Covent-Garden Theatre*.—The season for oratorios, and the enjoyment of the divine music of our immortal Handel, commences on the 30th of January, when the Ashleys treat the town with the *Messiah*. The vocal engagements are strong, which, with a full band led and powerfully assisted by the Ashleys, promise a rich banquet of sweet sounds. A new organ by Allen is erected, and it is to have the honour of being first publicly played upon by Mr. Samuel Wesley, whose taste, science, and execution, are so known and admired. He is on the first night to play a fugue from his favourite composer *Sebastian Bach*, and a very delightful movement by *Holzbos*.

OLYMPIC PAVILION.—The splendid spectacles and ingenious pantomimes, invented by Mr. Astley, jun. for this elegant little theatre, so improve in attraction and popular esteem as to make its numerous visitors often find it, if not too hot, too little to hold them.

PROVINCIAL THEATRES.

We have unavoidably deferred the insertion of various letters from our country friends until this moment, and it is now thought that to give the substance of them will be the most convenient and agreeable mode of communication.

SUNDERLAND.—The theatre opened for the season on January the 9th, for the benefit of the sailors belonging to the Port of Wear, with the comedy of the *Rivals* and the musical entertainment *Of Age to-Morrow*. Mr. FAULKNER, in the *captious sceptic in love*, (Faulkland) so blended tenderness and anxiety with fretfulness and whim as to afford unquestionable proof of his judgment. Not so with Mr. *Flowerdew*, negligent of the text as well as dress, we never wish to hear Sir Anthony call him "*Jack again*." Mr. Lancaster's *Acres* had all the required humour and eccentricity, and kept the house in a roar. Mr. GROVE is a valuable acquisition, he sketches a true outline, and colours with warmth and chastity. *Sir Anthony Absolute* has stamped him "true and sterling ore." Mr. McNamara has indisputable claim to the Irishman, and in his hands *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* retained the ease and deportment of the gentleman. Mr. Dalton is an admirable rustic, and Mr. EX-RINGTON was respectable in *Fag*. The *Mrs. Malaprop* of Mrs.

Henley, has all the ease which a long acquaintance with the stage must bestow, and yet, her hard words "so ingeniously misapplied" might be given with more point, and without the appearance of effort—the same candour that throws out the suggestion must allow her talent of the very first rate. Mrs. Dalton is among the first order of fine forms, with a voice of much sweetness, and a manner prepossessing; requisites that gave a lively interest to the engaging character of *Julia*. Mrs. M'Namara also possesses the charms of face and person, and by her spirit and playfulness the contrast of character between *Lydia Languish* and *Julia*, was most happily preserved. These ladies cannot fail to excite the curiosity and gratify the expectations of the lovers of the drama. The part of *Lucy*, as portrayed by Mrs. Stanfield, was pretty and sprightly.

Miss Johannot is a fine girl and a graceful dancer.

In the farce, *Of Age to-Morrow*, Mrs. BRAMWELL after some years absence, appeared in *Maria*, and restored to the dialogue all the spirit and gaiety, and to the music taste and sweetness of simplicity, united to scientific execution. The other characters were marked by emulative zeal, and a spontaneity of sentiment declared the present company the best that ever visited Sunderland.

SHREWSBURY.—Our theatre closed on the 24th of Nov. the price of the boxes was advanced from 3s. to 3s.6d.; and I am happy in saying without an O. P. objection. The season has been very productive, and for a star we have had the *great* S. Kemble: from his size, he may be called a comet, though not given to much velocity of motion. He played Falstaff twice, Shylock, and Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and drew good houses.

The company consists of Mr. Crisp (the manager), who is deservedly a great favourite; Watkinson, Dobbs, M'Gibbon, Pit, Chambers, the Sutors, and a *youth* of the name of Lane; he has a good person, and voice, with which he frequently "out-herods Herod." If he means to make the stage his profession, he must recollect, that frequenting pot-houses is not a proper place to learn elegance of action, or the watch-house, to get a good part in; he is very young, which may be a little excuse, and I must do him the justice to say, I never saw him imperfect. Miss Woodfall, late of the Haymarket, has added greatly to the strength of the company, and is an actress of very superior abilities. Mrs. Chambers (late Mrs. Walcot, of Drury-Lane) in her line, is far before any person out of London, or I think I should not speak too highly in saying equal to any there. Miss Wheldon does not improve; she in singing af-

fects the Italian style. Though we admire the beauty of the peacock, yet we are not charmed with its notes. There is a great want of vocal powers in the company. Mr. Dobbs must not attempt such songs as "Tell her I love her." The scenery has been most vilely managed, and during the whole of the season been kicking between heaven and earth, and the oil made use of, the most unpleasant, that ever was burnt in a theatre. As the manager has, I conceive, the inclination to please, and must have a grateful recollection of the encouragement he has received, he will, I doubt not, take care to do away the complaints next season.

CROYDON THEATRE.—This elegant little theatre has this season been very respectably attended, partly from a succession of *bespeaks*, and partly from an efficient and well selected company. It had to boast, at its opening, of the superior attraction of Mrs. Powell, of the Drury-Lane company, who, on her very first night's performance, narrowly escaped a fatal accident from the unguarded use of a real dagger in the part of *Adelgitha*. We understand this theatre devolves next season to Mr. Elliston, the manager of the *Corps Burlettique*, at the Royal Circus. If Mr. E.'s forces be not better organized than at present, we shall greatly regret the change of administration. The "*Boors of Croydon*" can discern with microscopic eye, the minutiae of histrionic excellence. They can duly appreciate the merit of a well-depicted character, or detect the fallacy of an erroneous reading. We have witnessed the various evolutions of Mr. E.'s troop—we have looked carefully through the ranks, and amidst their gaudy trappings, can discover none capable of supplying the respective talents of Messrs. Smith, Bromley, Middleton, and Barnet.

Theatre, WORTHING.—This theatre opened in July under the management of Mr. Trotter. The company, which is far from good, has met with very great success; with the exception of Barrymore and De Camp, we have not a single person capable of sustaining a line of business, nor any thing in the shape of a comedian, or a lady for the genteel comedy. We recommend to Mr. Trotter, a *livery coat*, and Sheridan's *Pronouncing Dictionary*—to Miss Barry, a *little modesty*, it will be of great service to her in the way of business. To Mr. Thompson, a dancing-master—to Mr. Owen a little flesh to his bones, and any face but the one he has; we have seen and been more amused with the like at Pidcock's. Miss Bristow is a very pretty girl, and improves greatly. Mr. Webber, a respectable

Stubby. Mr. Chambers, an excellent scarecrow. Miss Banfield a very pleasing singer.

Aug. 6, 1809.

RAZOR.

Theatre, NEWCASTLE-TYNE.—The season has been unusually long, the theatre having opened previous to the race-week in June, and closed on the 12th of August after the Assizes. The attendance in the interval between those two periods of bustle and fashion, was but moderate, in consequence of the numerous emigrations of the gayer class of inhabitants, to the different watering-places. The company was respectable and attractive, having been strongly reinforced from Manchester and other quarters, and being ornamented at times by sundry wandering stars, chiefly from London. Among the latter were Fawcett and Miss Norton, who appeared in concert; Mr. Corri and family, with his pupils, Masters Durousset and Huckle, and Mr. Higman; Mrs. Clarke, who lately made a *début* of unusual brilliancy at Manchester; Mr. Stephen Kemble; and that attractive melodist, Mrs. Dickons, attended by a *lack lustre* satellite in Mr. Bellamy.

Fawcett went through a range of characters judiciously selected for the display of his peculiar talents. In *Lock and Key* he was well supported by Miss S. Booth, one of the prettiest and sprightliest *Fanny's* imaginable.

Miss Norton displayed her attractions in the departments of comedy and music, tragedies being luckily for her excluded in consequence of the engagement of Mr. Fawcett. *Virginia* was one of her most striking characters, in which she played and sung with great sweetness and feeling, to the accompaniment of the very drowsy *Paul* of a Mr. Shaw.

Mr. Stephen Kemble exerted himself with his usual ability in *Penruddock*, *Falstaff*, &c.

Masters Durousset and Huckle entertained the frequenters of the theatre with a variety of excellent singing. Mr. and Mrs. Corri and Mr. Higman, contributed their part to increase the musical regale.

Mrs. Dickons gave great delight by the display of her admirable vocal powers. As the *dead* blank of Mr. Bellamy's countenance is found to have a chilling effect on the sensations of his auditors, it is contemplated to shut him up in one of the barrels of an organ, in his future performances.

Mrs. Clarke performed a few nights with great applause. Her *Belvidera* exhibited most impressively the subduing tenderness of

an affectionate wife. In that latter character, when *Belvidera* upbraided her wavering and irresolute husband on the subject of that assembly, "*all made up of wretches*," we could not help thinking that such *true jokes* should be more cautiously hazarded, as, bating the admirable *Pierre* of Mr. Conway, the epithet was too lamentably applicable to "*the greasy rogues*," without saving and excepting even her good man *Jaffier* himself. The personal requisites of Mr. Conway, the present hero of this company, bespeak an immediate interest in his favour. He has also the advantage of a gentlemanly air and deportment, plays with judgment, and dresses with taste and fashion.

Mr. Barnes has great comic excellence in testy and eccentric old men; he has a little bias to buffoonery, which, though very pardonable in an actor in his line, he would do well to correct. Mr. Radford, a young man of agreeable appearance, played *Count Casse*, *Gratiano*, &c. very decently. Mr. Atkinson sings a tolerable comic song, and plays respectably. Mr. Payne is a young man who has been on the stage but a few months. He is under size, and his countenance partakes an insipidity, which at present distinguishes his performance. As a singer he has much much merit. Mrs. Beverley, from the Edinburgh theatre, played second tragedy—such as *Cora*, *Valeria*, &c. She is tolerably handsome both in face and figure, but seems rather an automaton at present in her performance, tragedizing trifles, and flinging her arms about at a great rate, when she intends to be pathetic. Practice, and a constant endeavour to "*learn to feel*," may correct these imperfections. Miss Booth, sister to Miss Sarah Booth, already mentioned, joined the company toward the close of the season. She is quite handsome, has a fine figure, and sings very pleasingly. Miss King is considered the first female singer. Her person is not good, but she is respectable as a performer, and sings with considerable execution. The residue of the company, consisted of Mr. Remington and family, Mr. Shaw and family, Mr. Foote, Mr. Harley, and some others, generally sufficiently known, and too tedious to enumerate. I therefore take my leave of you for the present. P. P.

Theatre, NORTH SHIELDS.—I shall not presume to follow performers into the recesses of private life, as I have no direction to their lodgings, and am unacquainted with them in *that character*, neither shall I dwell much on "*funny song*,"—subjects that I leave to the penetrating scholastic *Privado* of Sunderland.* The managers are Messrs. ANDERSON and FAULKNER.

* Vide Mirror for last August.

Next to Mr. Faulkner in tragedy and comedy, ranks Mr. Flowerdew, a good declaimer, but too frequently suffers his sentences to "drag their slow length along."

The tyrants fall to the lot of Mr. Holmes, a gentleman always perfect and attentive to the business of the stage, but who destroys by his voice the expression of his eye. Mr. Lancaster sustains the characters portrayed by Mr. Munden in town, and evidently has modelled himself upon that gentleman's acting. Mr. Grove from the Haymarket, is also an excellent comedian, he sketches well, and his colouring partakes of glowing tints blended with "the modesty of nature."

Messrs. Adcock and Wallis roar like lions, and Mr. Errington murmurs like a sucking dove; Mr. Darley speaks more than is set down for him, and Mr. Bland can scarcely say Bo to a goose.

Mrs. Henley is the facetious old woman—facetious I call her, for it is impossible to refrain from laughter the moment she appears—to a person *en bon point*, she unites a good-humoured, comic countenance, and by well regulated judgment and chastity of action creates more real mirth than can the exertions of a whole tribe of buffoons.

DESCRIPTION

Of the Exterior and Interior of the NEW THEATRE, COVENT-GARDEN.

By a Correspondent.*

THE rapidity with which this Theatre has been constructed is unexampled in this country; though one that was burnt some years back in Paris was rebuilt, of stone, in less time. A theatre is so much connected with the state of the arts in the country, that it naturally becomes immediately as much a subject of criticism as a new play. It is pleasing to accord with most amateurs in praising the new façade in Bow-street, which, without injustice to any other work, is the most classical elevation in London. We have had as yet few specimens of the true Greek style; for most of our

* This Correspondent is the gentleman who wrote the article in the *Times*, Sept. 12. He has here greatly amplified and improved his remarks, happily availing himself of a larger field for the display of his learning, taste, and science.

architects have copied their Grecian orders from the modern Italians, &c. such as *Scamozzi*, *Vignola*, *Serlio*, *P. De l'Orme*, (too few from *Palladio*), or from the remains of the ancient Romans, in whose hands the Doric, under the notion of improvement, lost much of its original noble proportions and characteristic simplicity. Mr. Smirke has taken for his model the finest specimen of the kind at Athens, which has escaped the ravages of time and war, or the more desolating barbarism of the ignorant Turks: The grand *Temple of Minerva*, called also *Parthenon*, and from its dimensions *Hecatompedon*, situated in the *Acropolis*, or castle of Athens. This temple (it may be observed for the sake of those not classical antiquarians) was erected in the time of Pericles by Callicrates and Ictinus, under the direction of the celebrated sculptor Phidias, who superintended many public works. It originally contained the famous statue of the goddess by Phidias, of ivory and gold, of which metal it had 40 talents (about 120,000 pounds of our money), and which was stripped off 130 years after Pericles by Lachares. The width of the portico was 101 feet 1 inch, and the height of the order 45 feet 6 inches. The depth of the building, which was a parallelogram, surrounded by an open colonnade, was 227 feet 6 inches. I shall just mention that the church of *St. Martin in the Fields*, with which the *Parthenon* has been compared for size, is but 80 feet 9 inches, by 161 feet 9 inches, and its fine portico only 66 feet 10 inches in breadth, and the height of the order 40 feet 8 inches. I have not the exact dimensions of the Theatre, but as the portico is a good deal less than *St. Martin's*, an idea may from these particulars be formed of the original example, now imitated on a reduced scale. The temple was reduced to its ruined state by an unlucky bomb at the siege of Athens, in 1687, then defended by Count Konigsmark and Proveditore Morosini. By a careful comparison with the illustrations of Greek antiquities, I find that a scrupulous attention has been paid to correctness of imitation. The ornaments of the *tympanum* and *frieze*, and at the corners of the pediment, are omitted; so is the interior row of columns, for which the situation does not allow sufficient projection of the portico. It is the opinion of many who have been accustomed to view such theatres only as we have built, that the style is much too heavy; but this idea, I think, will gradually go off, as the beauties will be found so much to depend on a certain excellence of proportion, by which "*parts answering parts, slide into a whole.*" The disadvantages of situation could not be got over, and so far this specimen of Athens shares a common

site in London. As for the choice of the order for the particular purpose, some will think the *Doric* rather too massive for a modern theatre, and fitter for a bank, a church, &c.; they would prefer the greater lightness and elegance of the *Ionic*. Perhaps they are right, but the *Ionic* would have been more expensive. There appears to have been no necessity to resort to so much grandeur and cost as the *Corinthian* requires. Objections have been made to the entablatures not being continued all along the front, but I think the architect right here, in avoiding what might have appeared too ponderous. The *relievos* would have been crowded, had they been placed under such an entablature. There was some difficulty in adapting the ancient design, for the original had no wings. The grandest work of Athens, the *Temple of Jupiter Olympius*, had its entablature carried all round the outer edifice; but then it was supported by a range of equidistant projecting *Corinthian* pillars. In the *Propylea*, it will be seen that the *trygliphs*, &c. are omitted in a case somewhat similar.

Particulars of the relievos have been published. The following description, sold by children about the theatre, is drawn up by the artist himself:

“The piece representing the ANCIENT DRAMA is to the north of the portico, and that representing the MODERN DRAMA is to the south side.

THE ANCIENT DRAMA.

In the centre, three Greek poets are sitting; the two looking towards the portico, are Aristophanes, representing the Old Comedy, and (nearest to the spectator) Menander, representing the New Comedy. Before them *Thalia* presents herself with her crook and comic mask, as the object of their imitation. She is followed by *Polyhymnia* playing on the greater lyre, *Euterpe* on the lesser lyre, *Clio* with the long pipes, and *Terpsichore*, the muse of action and pantomime. These are succeeded by three nymphs, crowned with the leaves of the fir-pine, and in succinct tunics, representing the Hours or Seasons, governing and attending the winged horse *Pegasus*.

The third sitting figure in the centre, looking from the portico, is *Æschylus*, the father of Tragedy. He holds a scroll open on his knee; his attention is fixed on *Wisdom*, or *Minerva*, seated opposite to the poet. She is distinguished by her helmet and shield. Between *Æschylus* and *Minerva*, *Bacchus* stands leaning on his fawn, because the Greeks represented Tragedy in honour of *Bacchus*. Behind *Minerva* stands *Melpomene*, or Tragedy, holding a sword

and mask. Then follow two furies, with snakes and torches, pursuing Orestes, who stretches his hands to supplicate Apollo for protection. Apollo is represented in the quadriga, or four-horsed chariot of the Sun. The last described figures relate to part of Æschylus's tragedy of Orestes.

THE MODERN DRAMA.

In the centre (looking from the portico) Shakspeare is sitting; the comic and tragic masks, with the lyre, are about his seat. His right hand is raised, expressive of calling up the following characters in the Tempest; first, Caliban, laden with wood; next, Ferdinand sheathing his sword; then Miranda, entreating Prospero in behalf of her lover: they are led on by Ariel above, playing on a lyre. This part of the composition is terminated by Hecate (the three-formed goddess) in her car, drawn by oxen, descending. She is attended by Lady Macbeth, with the daggers in her hands, followed by Macbeth, turning in horror from the body of Duncan behind him. In the centre, looking towards the portico, is Milton seated, contemplating Urania, according to his own description in the Paradise Lost. Urania is seated facing him, above; at his feet is Samson Agonistes, chained. The remaining figures represent the masque of Comus; the two brothers drive out three bacchanals, with their staggering leader, Comus; the enchanted lady is seated in the chair; and the series is ended by two tigers, representing the transformation of Comus's devotees.

Tragedy, which occupies the nich in the southerm extremity of the building, is a figure, holding the tragic mask and dagger.

Comedy holds the shepherd's crook, or pedum, on her right shoulder, and the comic mask in her left hand, and is placed in the northern extremity of the building, next to Long Acre."

The execution is good, but they are liable to the charge of flatness. The character of the front seems to require some corresponding boldness in the sculpture. In the design, might not some part of the *ancient* have been dispensed with? The emblematical decorations of the temples and theatres of the Greeks and Romans were intelligible to the whole public, and so, one would think, should ours be now.

Our great poets, who displaced the old mysteries and moralities which had existed so long, (see *Wm. Fitz-Stephen's Descriptio Nobilissima Civitatis Londonie*) are of more consequence, and much better known to *John Bull*, than the great successors of *Susarion* and *Thespis*. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Menander, and Aristot-

phanes, may claim their rank in the grateful testimonials of modern theatric sculpture, but not to take up quite so much space. Might we not have had more of Shakspeare, not that *he* wants it for his reputation, whom Milton thus apostrophizes—

“ Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?”

The sculptor ought, with a poetical master of criticism, to

“ Consult the genius of the place in all.”

Our great bard had surely other characters, offsprings of his unrivalled genius, that might have employed the chissel of the British sculptor, besides those in *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*. Is there nothing in the *Third Richard*, in the melancholy of *Ophelia*, in the raging madness of *Lear*, in the disappointment of *Shylock*, in the fairy creations of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the unimitated and inimitable *Falstaff*? One would think that the Shaksperian attachment would not have been drawn off by the classic persuasions of Mr. Smirke, Mr. Rossi, or Mr. Flaxman. A slight view of the figures in Garrick's *Jubilee* procession would have suggested a fund of hints for the illustrations of the English drama, and the uses of an English playhouse.

The statues of the Tragic and Comic Muses are both praised and censured. Though possessing, I think, considerable merit, they have a coldness which makes them, to a modern eye, more like Contemplation and Complacency than *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. Garrick, and other eminent actors, might have been discovered in the personification of characters on the tablets.

It was intended to crown the building with a *capitol*, but that was given up.

The house within is somewhat larger than the late one, and is therefore larger than it ought to be for those who wish to see and hear a play, as a play ought to be seen and heard. I understand, however, that experiment has proved it to be favourable to hearing:—I do not allude to the nightly experiments of the first week. The form approaches to a circle; that of the late theatre (and of the Opera-house) resembled the lower part of a lyre; that at *Drury-lane* was square, the galleries forming at the end a segment of a circle. Those of the ancients, it is known, were all semicircular. The shape of the new house is a kind of revival of the old shape in Shakspeare's time, who says, in the first chorus of *Henry V.*—

“Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France, or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?”

I have not time at present to enter into any particulars respecting the best shape. The tiers of boxes are three in number, with two rows of side-boxes above them, one on each side, on a level with the two-shilling gallery. These upper side-boxes are without roof or canopy. Immediately behind them rise the *slips*, their fronts forming a perpendicular line with the backs of the upper side-boxes.* The one-shilling gallery in the centre ranges with the fronts of those slips; the whole assuming the circular form, and upholding a range of moderately sized arches, which support the circular ceiling. The great disfigurement which occurs in our theatres, from the awkward effect of the deeply recessed galleries, is thus avoided, as the gallery is made an ornamental part of the design. It is divided into separate compartments of seats adapted to the arches, through which arches the higher portion of the audience in the gallery and *slips* must see the play.

The ceiling is painted to resemble a cupola in a light relief, and is sparingly ornamented. The box-fronts are not inclined as they were at *Dury-Lane*, nor bowed out as in the late *Covent-Garden*, but perpendicular as at the *Opera-House*. Each circle is supported by light carved and gilt pillars. The prevailing colour is a light pink, the ornaments are from Grecian designs, and the gold is not profusely used. The box-seats are covered with light blue. All the doors of the boxes, principal lobbies, &c. are of mahogany.

The stage is of an admirable size in height and breadth, but especially so in depth. No side-boxes are permitted to obtrude upon it, except those over the side-doors. On each side of the *proscenium* are two lofty pilasters of yellow sienna, with small gilt capitals, (taken, I think, from the *antæ* of the Athenian temple of Minerva Polias,) having between them the stage-doors, manager's box, &c. These support an elliptic arch, from which descends the crimson drapery over the curtain. The drapery is large, and after the Greek style. Above is a bold simple entablature, with the royal arms (supporters *couchant*) resting on the centre. In each spandril of the arch is an antique celestial figure, holding the wreath, torch, &c.

* Since this was written, these *slips*, which are inferior to the one-shilling in point of seeing, are opened at box-prices, and known by the name of *Pigeon-holes*.

extremely well executed in relief. The entablature, soffit, devices, and the whole frontispiece, are in the same light relief as the ceiling. The lustres, by which the house is lighted, are very beautiful.

The grand entrance is from under the portico in Bow-street. Turning to the left from the vestibule, which is a hall supported by plain square pillars, you ascend the grand staircase, which forms the central third part of an elegant hall, divided into three parts by two rows of columns, beautifully finished in porphyry, of the Ionic order. The capitals are, I believe, from the Athenian Ionic temple on the *Ilissus*. Thence you enter the anti-room, adorned with porphyry, pilasters in the same style, and with a statue of SHAKESPEARE on a porphyry pedestal. The folding doors on the right open into the grand saloon (box-lobby), which is in a similar style of decoration, and is very classical and elegant. There is another handsome though inferior entrance, from Covent-Garden, by a staircase with a double ascent.

One of the novelties of this Theatre is a tier of private boxes, or, as they call them, annual boxes. This is the third tier; which is exclusively devoted to the private subscribers to the twenty-eight boxes which it contains. The boxes are separated by partitions, as at the Opera, painted a dove colour, and the entrance to each is through a *close square antichamber*, which is lighted by a lamp. There is a superb saloon attached to this tier, after the manner of the grand saloon, but finished in a light kind of *verd antique* instead of porphyry. Space appears to be left on the sides of the pit for making more private boxes on some future occasion. Private entrances for his Majesty, and for the private subscribers, are in the court-yard, next Hart-street.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that a work of considerable merit is about to be published, by subscription, in two vols. octavo, under the title of "*Travels through Lower Canada, and the United States of North America, in the Years 1806, 1807, and 1808*," by a gentleman who accompanied a relation to Canada in the service of His Majesty's government, for the purpose of introducing the culture and manufacture of hemp in that country. From the nature of his pursuits the author possessed many advantages unattainable by others, and

his great object has been, to delineate without partiality or prejudice, the real state and condition of the countries in which he resided; the character of the people, their manners, customs, and amusements; arts, sciences, and literature; agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; laws, government, and religion. He has also stated many important facts concerning the attempts that have been made to introduce the culture of hemp in Canada; from which it appears, that there has existed for several years, and still exists, a secret party whose agents are actively employed in counteracting the measures of the board of trade in their endeavours to render Great Britain independent of the Northern Powers for her supplies of hemp and other naval stores.

A *Quarterly Magazine*, THE REFLECTOR, will appear on the 1st of April. The diligence, learning, and genius of the editor will ensure it a high character amongst periodical works of the age. Following the example of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, ten guineas a sheet will be given to contributors.

A History of the *Inquisition* in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, illustrated with numerous plates, is in the press. It will form a large volume.

An exquisite Portrait of Mr. Walter Scott has just appeared; it is engraved in mezzotinto, and is esteemed a correct likeness of the Northern Minstrel. Mr. Scott has announced a Poem, to be published in the ensuing spring, intitled, "*The Lady of the Lake*;" and rumour has already presented the author with two thousand guineas for the copy-right of it.

The Rev. Mr. Dibdin, after an indefatigable and laborious preparation of three years, has produced the first volume of his "*Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*." The volume before us contains the whole of Ames's historical introduction of Printing into England, as well as that of his annotator Herbert, and proceeds to the conclusion of Caxton's career, the father of English printers. The work abounds with valuable biographical illustrations by the present editor, and is enriched with numerous specimens of the types and devices used by our earlier printers, engraved on wood.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The answer of the Rev. M. Noble and A. F. G. to *Percontator* has unfortunately been mislaid and lost.

Many excellent articles received shall be inserted or acknowledged next month.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1810.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. EDWIN, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN,
FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	82
Memoirs of Mrs. Edwin	83
Endymion the Exile	86
The Pedigree of Milton	89
Silks, Laces, and Straw Hats	95
Ausonians on the Structure of the Sonnet	96
Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Tasso	99
Notes on Athenæus	101
✓ Lord Bacon vindicated	104
Essays on Patriotism	106

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Elements of Art; a Poem in six Cantos	115
The Speculum; an Essay on the Art of Drawing in Wa- ter Colours	130

DRAMATIC.

Not at Home	127
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BRITISH STAGE.

✓ War and Love	131
Shakspeare	132

ORIGINAL POETRY.

My Godwin!	133
To the Pistolling Privy Coun- sellors	134
The Last Letter	135
Anacreontic	137
The Happy Couple	138

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

Covent-Garden Theatre	139
Lyceum	143
King's Theatre	156
Theatrical Chit Chat	157
Olympic Pavilion	158
Old Drury	ib.
New Theatre	159

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Worthing	160
Literary Intelligence	ib.

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1810.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A friend" informs us that *The Day*, and other Papers, copy largely from our pages, without acknowledging the source. We thank him for his Letter of Mark, but shall make no reprisals.

Punch to Old Nick; *Essay on Riches*, by Mr. R. H. Jefferson; A Letter from Mr. J. Kerr, relating to a Sequel to Humphrey Clinker, said to have been written by Dr. Smollet; An Acrostic on Miss Mary Hewson, of James-street, Covent-garden; S. Y. on the Starry Heavens; W. B. Bransby, Ipswich, on Winter; T. S.'s Letter; one from Hugo Twist; R—ch—n, on Zara; W. W. W. and Peregrine on *The Rebellion* pamphlet, giving an account of the O. P. riots; and Thalia's Judgment, by C. H. are received.

Tell Tale, on *Amicus*, was forestalled (see *Miss Edgeworth*, in our last.)—He pleasantly, and we are sorry, truly remarks, that the *Impromptu*, by H. W. Quiz, (see Vol. VI. p. 399.) was written 100 years ago in French, "*Calas vivoit, Calas est mort.*"

W. B. on the *British Forum*, makes some sensible remarks, if the speakers had any weight, but it is well known that they are mercenaries, who are either laughed at, or despised, or both, throughout the town.

"An Elegy on the Duel of Capt. Macnamara and Colonel Montgomery," in 150 lines, is poetical beyond our limits, but the concluding verses, the *ne plus ultra* of triplets, deserve all the fame we can afford them.

"If two fine dogs had quarrell'd nee—O if!
Not fell MONTGOMERY thro' false honor's tiff,
Nor Chalk Farm witness'd of two heroes miff!" }

We advise X. Y. Z. to learn his A. B. C. before he begins to write.

Mr. Loft's Remarks on *Ausonius*, and on *Printing*, next month.

Whimsicula, P. Q. R. and several others, have written to compliment us on the improved appearance and value of our work. We are pleased that they are so. W. supposes that we have given a larger letter, to meet the wants of old subscribers. We should think it an insult to translate the French motto to our *Review*.

"A Searcher" wishes to know, whether that odd speech, beginning, "*Here I am, Rang Jang,*" (See *Mem. Dram.* Oct. 9.) was spoken by a *Mad Bull* or a *Mad Ox*.

W. S—n is pleased to be facetious.

Privado on the *Sunderland* and Donald on the *Glasgow Theatre*, next month.

ERRATA.—In our last, p. 52, for *Possimus* read *pessimus*. P. 62, *Paul and Virginia* for *No Song no Supper*; and at p. 66, only kill one *Wild—the Dancer*.



M^{rs} Edwin?

Published by Verner Hood & Sharpe Poultry Market 1840

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1810.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. EDWIN,

(*With a Portrait.*)



Mrs. EDWIN is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richards, whose professional abilities, and respectable conduct in society, secured them a very considerable portion of public approbation, while acting in Crow-street Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Ryder and Crawford. It may not be irrelevant to mention, that Mr. Richards was, in Dublin, the original representative of *Nancy*, in Mr. Sheridan's musical farce of the *Camp*, and of *Bridget*, in the *Chapter of Accidents*, &c.

In the last year of Mr. Crawford's management, Miss Richards, then only six years of age, made her first effort upon the stage, for her mother's benefit, in the character of the *Romp*. This early attempt was crowned with complete success; as so much innate genius was discovered, that the Manager immediately engaged her to perform a certain number of nights, during which she performed the *Fine Lady*, in

Lethe, the Virgin Unmask'd, Prince Arthur, and a part written expressly for her, by Mr. O'Keeffe, in his farce of the *Female Club*.

When Miss Richards had performed the stipulated number of nights, with uncommon success, her parents, very wisely, withdrew her from the stage, (as they perceived that her health became, in a degree, impaired, from her public exertions at those tender years,) that time might strengthen, and education improve those rare faculties of expression, which had blazoned so powerfully, even before the judgment could ascertain the limits of propriety!

Her next theatrical career commenced at York, where, at the age of fifteen, she took the lead in comedy: from thence she went to the Theatre Royal, at Richmond, in Surry, where she became acquainted with her future husband, Mr. John Edwin, son of the celebrated John Edwin, whose history was so marked by originality and whim*.

The celebrity that this lady had already acquired, although yet so young, procured her an offer, of a very handsome nature, from the late Earl of Barrymore, who was then exhibiting private theatricals, at Wargrave, in Berkshire, in a style of unprecedented magnificence. While she continued to grace this unfortunate young nobleman's dramatic establishment, she was selected to perform the lively comic cast, and, sometimes, the more elegant characters: all of which she enacted, to the entire satisfaction, and frequently to the admiration, of as polished an audience as rank and talent could embody.

After visiting Dublin, during the last season of the private theatre, where Mr. Jones first saw her, she removed to Cheltenham, and afterwards to Bath. At the latter place, which is the fashionable resort of the first families in the kingdom, her merit as an actress, and her blameless conduct in private life,

* Note.—Vide "The Eccentricities of John Edwin, Comedian, by Anthony Pasquin, Esq."

gained her the esteem and protection of the greatest ornaments of the age and nation, and particularly of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, whose patronage must be the strongest proof of the real worth of the person on whom the envied kindness is bestowed ; as, if there be one illustrious subject on earth, more circumspect and amiable than another, it is this all-charming Duchess.

It was during Mrs. Edwin's engagement at Bath, that she began to be so highly admired for her just delineation of the *haut ton* : and it was in consequence of her being so loudly praised by the Irish nobility, in those exertions, that Mr. Jones, the Manager of the Dublin Theatre, was induced to offer her liberal terms of an engagement, which Mrs. Edwin accepted ; and, on her introduction to the boards of Crow-street Theatre, the classical audience of that capital had an opportunity of seeing the refinements of society reflected on themselves, by a most faithful and pellucid mirror ; for the truth of expression in the player, is wholly dependent upon the truth of the action, and on that of the recitation.

It was during this engagement that she had the misfortune to lose her husband : here I am persuaded that the Reader will excuse me, if I halt a little in my biographical advances, to pay a small tribute to the memory of a man, whose urbanity of manners, and integrity of heart, were unquestioned.—I feel, I deplore his loss, and my only consolation is,

“ Now, in short intervals of pleasing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues we owe,
We, to the virtuous dead, for ever dear,
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

LETTER XXV.

No, Ambrose, you may rest assured that you will obtain no fashionable anecdotes from me. To the budget of Morning Posts (which you will receive with this letter), I resign the high duty of immortalizing the actions of the great men of London. To serve up a cabinet dinner at second-hand; to tell when Lord A. arrived in town from Newmarket, and at what particular epoch Sir Jerry Jarvis will join the barouche cavalcade in Cavendish-square. If these distinguished persons can settle it with their tailors, to have their motions thus narrowly watched, and broadly proclaimed, it is well for them. To attract the public gaze is their business, but to record their greatness is no business of mine. I wish for more diversified visages than I can find in the purlieus of Portman-square. Like the historical portraits of Angelica Kauffman, with them every lip is curled alike, and Grecian nose meets Grecian nose in endless uniformity. Let them "*jostle in the dark*," and welcome. Endymion will not call upon the Queen of Night to blazon their intrigues. No, Wilkie's are the portraits for my money. I admit they are very low in point of scenery, but if they are very high in point of nature, I shall not cavil at trifles. Such being my taste, you must not affect the well-bred Parisian, and arch your brows in token of disdain, if I even suffer eight kings to pass by me as rapidly as they fled from the Thane of Cawdor, in order to expatiate on the life and adventures of the ever-grinning Jacky Gossamer, the powdered Glover of Piccadilly.

Transfer, you must know, invited me last week to shake a toe, as he elegantly termed it, at his house on the anniversary of his wedding, promising me the broad fat hand of his daughter Jane for a partner. Now, a dancer without yellow gloves, were as preposterous a sight as an ambassador without creden-

tials. What was to be done? Gossamer's well-scraped stone threshold invited my shoe to pollute it, so in I incontinently stalked. I shall not descant upon his grey eyes, lean legs, or pea-green pantaloons. These would be denominated personal reflections. Suffice it to observe, that there is not a Harlequin on the Boulevards of Paris, who can quiver a foot, or shake a head, more rapidly than this tigger of tanned leather. The English atmosphere is variable enough, but according to Gossamer, a weathercock here has the motion of a to-to-tum. I heard him with these ears, acquiesce in about fifteen different opinions of as many different persons, and declare upon his honour that the weather was wet, dry, cool, sultry, and fine enough considering the time of the year. My turn now arriving, I stretched forth my right hand, and demanded a pair of yellow gloves. "Yes, sir, certainly," was the answer; "for doe-skin I can challenge all Marybone." Away ran Gossamer to hunt the doe with the agility of a Scottish borderer, and returned in a moment, bearing a bundle, at which he gazed with a delight all his own. The doe-skins were very good doe-skins, but I thought them too thick. Say no more, sir, said the rapid retailer—I know what you want—the real Woodstock crocas!—fit you in less than no time," and off for Woodstock danced Gossamer, as nimbly as the enamoured Henry. The Woodstocks were certainly nearer the mark, but still I thought them rather too stout, alledging as an excuse for giving him so much trouble, that I meant to use them for dancing. "For dancing, Sir!" cried Gossamer, in amaze, "O that is another-guess matter—York tan are the lads for your rhino." Then bounding from the earth like an antelope, he caught by a projecting staple, not far from the ceiling, and resting one foot upon a nail in the wall, and the other upon the edge of the counter, this Colossus of small wares suffered his apprentice to walk under his legs, while he selected something more to my taste. Two additional packets now made their appearance, the one inscribed York tan, and the other Limerick. The latter met my taste, and, while planting my elbow in his stomach, and pulling on his wares, I doubt whether his Majesty could have added

to his dignity or felicity, had he granted the earldom of Limerick to him and his heirs male for ever. I ventured to suggest a doubt, that the force with which he pulled might endanger his merchandize.—“O no, Sir, never fear,” was his answer.—“You venture hand and I’ll venture glove, and I think that’s a fair challenge.” Happily no damage ensued—I paid my half-crown, and was escorted to the door by the obsequious trader, with about five hundred bows, and hopes for my future custom. Those mutual wants, on which, according to the poet of Reason, our mutual happiness depends, have since caused Mr. Gossamer and myself to be better acquainted, and I find that having an hereditary title to the name of glover, he is so much wedded to his shop, that nothing short of an earthquake could induce him to quit it. Taught from his earliest childhood to consider a vender of gloves to be the link at which angel ends and man begins; he glides through existence in quiet self-satisfaction, chattering like a magpye, bowing like an osier, and lying like an auctioneer, anxious only that short sleeves may maintain their present ascendancy with the women, because short sleeves require long gloves. Aurora, in gratitude for his constant devoirs at her earliest levee, has decorated his cheek with her deepest purple. Thus, at early morn, he is ever to be found standing behind his counter, at busy noon bowing over it, and at night sleeping under its beachen canopy, as contentedly as Tityrus of old reposed under his. Apollo, in his circuit round the heavens, has a more laborious task to perform, and certainly a less agreeable one. The god, in his readiness to leave off business in favour of his son, nearly knocked up his trade, but Gossamer has a smart hatchet-faced youngster, aged eleven, whose brisk eye, bobbing bow, and quill-decorated ear, give earnest of future eminence, when Time, who alike levels grandees and glovers, shall have consigned his ever-busy progenitor to sleep with his unknown fathers.

THE PEDIGREE OF MILTON.

(Concluded from P. 20.)

HAVING taken all the issue of Mr. John Milton, the scrivener, except the poet, his eldest son, I shall now speak particularly of him, his marriages and issue.

John Milton, whose Muse dared, with no presumptuous wings, to soar to the "Heaven of Heavens," was born in his father's house in Bread-street, in London, on December 9, 1608, between six and seven o'clock in the morning: his baptism is given in the register of Allhallows. "The xixth daye of December, 1608, was baptized, John, the sonne of John Mylton, scrivener." Like POPE and GRAY he seems never to have been a child; reason and reflection marked his earliest years; his parents had discernment sufficient to discover the genius of their son, who evidently had a pre-eminence of mind, almost from infancy. Greater care could not have been taken relative to his education; the Essex Paritan, Young, his private tutor, first imbued his mind with a distaste to the religion and government of his country. St. Paul's school, and Christ's College in Cambridge, were the public seminaries to which he was sent. The severity he underwent at the University riveted, we may suppose, his hatred to authority. To complete his education, his father, most liberally, sent him to the continent. In Italy, the very sink of corruption, he saw a superstition the most gross, united to the most shocking immorality, and farther disgraced by the vilest slavery. On his return to Britain a religious civil war soon broke out, with a loud and a just cry against arbitrary power. To a mind so fervid as Milton's, it is no wonder that he went into the utmost extreme against the hierarchy of the church, and against the power of the monarch, whose violent death he openly, in the face of the world, defended. Every sensible, every candid mind will lament this. He was born to adorn a court;

L—VOL. VII.*

and Charles I. however in the first instance blameable, was a sovereign that all who love the arts, the elegancies of life, must lament. Louis XIV. in all his real dignified and graceful ease only borrowed the model of Charles and Henrietta Maria. The British monarch, it must be conceded, wanted that personal ease and condescension which adorned the Gallic patron of literature and the arts. It has surprized most of Milton's biographers, that he who vindicated the destruction of Charles, should bend a willing knee to Oliver. The mind of man is never perfectly consistent. Sublime genius often has a law of thought, and even of action, of its own. In this instance, however it may be thought otherwise, the poet was consistent. He regarded Charles I. as a detested tyrant, who wished to enslave the mind and the body. He viewed Oliver as one who had destroyed him, and established a barrier against the Stuarts, whose very name was hateful to him, and given freedom in religion. Such sentiments were not peculiar to Milton; in many letters still extant, written at that time by men of great consideration, the same ideas were expressed. We know that the leading feature of Milton, like Pope, was revenge. The Twickenham bard ignobly vented his spleen in satire against men; some of them were good and wise, most of the others were beneath his notice. The poet of Paradise fancied himself a Michael, and his pen a sword of flaming fire to drive from the world the host who opposed his freedom of sentiment, freedom of action. So weak is reason when opposed to our own passions, that this champion of liberty was a dreaded tyrant, in his little domain, to the enslaving even of his helpless children—daughters. Let the pride of genius contemplate this, and grieve for the imperfection of human nature. Milton formed for love, formed to grace and to enliven, by carrying on his wars against Lucifer above, and Charles below, became sour, morose, and unamiable. We, who idolize the poet, are apt to think the man was all-powerful—nothing less. In the fanatic court of Cromwell, his merit only consisted in his being able to write Latin letters with ease. Under the republicans he could not save his brother the paltry fine of eighty pounds. In all the contemporary writings he is ever regarded

as one of no sway, no importance.* Whitlock, so well informed and learned; speaking of him, calls the poet, "*one Mr. Milton, a blind man.*" In all the immense mass of information in Thurloe's State Papers, we find nothing of this extraordinary man worth noticing; a letter of intelligence from the Hague, dated June 20, 1653, N. S. from an unknown person, excepted; who remarks, "*Vous-avez en Angleterre un aveugle nommé Milton, qui a le renom d'avoir bien écrit.*" Even his divine works were disregarded in his lifetime to a degree that seems incredible—impossible. It is often the fate of genius, fame hovers about, but seldom places the wreath upon the head which is an honour to the age, until death has first placed his diadem, which the sable monarch conferred upon Milton on November 10, 1674. His remains rest, undisturbed, by those of his father, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

Milton married thrice. When in his thirty-fifth year, about Whitsuntide or a little after, in 1643, he "took a journey into the country," into the land of his ancestors, and returned with a wife. Mary, eldest daughter of Richard Powell, Esq. of Foresthill, near Shotover in Oxfordshire. Mr. Powell was an eminently loyal justice of the peace. It was an unsuitable alliance. The poet was a Stoic, Mr. Powell an Epicurean. A young girl transplanted from every gaiety, and the festive board, could ill-brook the melancholy abstemiousness of the lonely house of—even a Milton. She left Hymen for the revelry of Pan. It was with difficulty that she returned to duty: I fear never to love. Mr. Powell fell under the vengeance of the parliament, whose little finger was certainly heavier than the hand of Charles I. His house seized and plundered, he fled to his son-in-law, who nobly received him and his family, giving them an asylum until they could make their peace with offended power. If Milton could not procure the remission of a brother's fine,

* I know Dr. Johnson was of a contrary opinion. I appeal to facts. Wood calls "*John Milton, the impudent lyer.*"

how could he a father-in-law's? Richard Powell, delinquent, per John Pye, Esq. paid 576*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* A Richard Powell,* of Foresthill, Esq. is mentioned by Blome in 1673, amongst the Oxfordshire gentry. I suppose this was the same person, and not his son. I mention this, that it may shew that Mr. Powell should, at least, have paid the fortune his daughter was promised, which, from the unhappiness of the times, immediately after the poet's marriage with his daughter he might not be able to do; but living to see a peaceable government, it seems reasonable to suppose that he might. He was bound to do this from honour, from affection to his daughter, and gratitude to his son-in-law, for his generosity to him; and the more so because by the re-action of politics, Milton was now at least equally distressed. The time of Mrs. Milton's death, or the place of her sepulture, has not yet been discovered, but she died in child-bed, near St. James's, Westminster.

The second wife of the poet was Catherine, daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney, as he is described by Milton's biographers. That he was a parliamentary officer, there can be no doubt. I presume he was the *poetic* Thomas Woodcock, Esq. who losing his daughter, Susan, Feb. 26, 1637-8, at the age of seventeen years; he buried her in the church of St. Edelburga, in London, and inscribed upon her monument an epitaph *of his own composing*. The taste of Captain Woodcock might have occasioned an acquaintance between him and Milton, which ended in an alliance. This was the bard's favourite wife; who dying after being delivered of an infant, probably born dead, was buried by her husband at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Feb. 10, 1657-8. We may suppose he resided at that time in the parish, his official situation, as Latin secretary, making it convenient.

Milton, though blind, ventured upon a third marriage, choo-

* In Sandford church, near Foresthill, is a monument for John Powell, Esq. who died Sept. 19, 1678; I suppose related to Richard Powell, Esq. the father of Mrs. Milton. The house, Wood says, had been a preceptory.

sing now, as heretofore, a virgin, thinking there was something indelicate in leading a widow to the altar. She was a daughter of a Mr. Minshull, of a very ancient, and once ennobled family. It is generally believed that she was a very harsh step-mother. There was a nuncupative will in her favour, but it was not allowed by the Prerogative-court. She retired to Namptwich, in Cheshire, where she died about the year 1729, or 1730. There was no issue by this alliance.*

The children of Milton were all by his first marriage. It is with grief that I must remark that these daughters were very ill-treated by their parent. They learnt to read languages of which they were ignorant of the meaning, yet were denied to be taught to write their own. The habits of their father were such as must have exhausted the patience of the most dutiful children. His resentment to their mother, and even to her memory, occasioned his treating these her daughters with a severity which nothing could justify; he so far forgot all the charities of human nature, as to disinherit them, as far as words could constitute a testament. His dislike was heightened by their espousing the sentiments of their mother and her family, respecting politics. How much does intemperance relative to

* Mrs. Milton, the last wife of the poet, to whom he was recommended by Dr. Paget, his friend, was of the family of Minshull, anciently of Minshull, in the county of Chester. My children, by their mother, being descended from a sister of Richard Minshull, Earl of Minshull, so created by Charles I, I have taken much pains to trace the pedigree of the family; but I cannot learn the branch from which Mrs. Milton sprung. I am at a great distance. The family have been much dispersed. They still remain in that county; but the eldest branch, descended from a brother and heir of the noble lord, is seated in Buckinghamshire. Randal Minshull, gent, the noble lord's father, had beside him, three sons, Randal, John, and Jeffrey; and he mentions in his will Peter Minshull, Esq. of Erdeswick, and his cousins Thomas Minshull, Esq. and Edward Minshull, Esq. Mrs. Milton might be descended from one of these five gentlemen, or from some other Minshull, for the family was widely spread. I have the probate copy of this very curious will: it was given me by the late Rev. James Pratchet, my uncle by marriage, whose family had received it from Mary Minshull, their ancestress, daughter of the testator, who had appointed her executrix to it.

religion and party, carry the greatest minds! How much should we guard against being led away by such means! It poisons all the most dignified, the most amiable endowments of the mind. It made a Milton hate his offspring!!!

1. Ann Milton, the eldest of the daughters, was unhappy in her person, being deformed, and the organs of speech defective; yet she was married to a master-builder: she survived her father. She, from her want of a roof to her mouth, was excused the labour to which her sisters were doomed. She died of her first child.

2. Mary Milton. She died unmarried. She and her younger sister were constantly in attendance upon their father. They read in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, beside English, though all but the last, were sounds without meaning to them.

3. Deborah Milton, who married Abraham Clark, a weaver, who lived in Spital-Fields in London. This daughter, who survived her sisters, was discovered by Addison, who presented her with money, and promised to obtain an establishment for her: Queen Caroline, who affected patronage to the learned, out of respect to her father's memory, sent her fifty guineas. She died August 10, 1727, aged seventy-six years. She had a numerous family, having seven sons and eight daughters. Caleb Clark, the eldest, went to Fort St. George, in the Indies; he had two sons, of whom nothing is known. The others, sons of Mrs. Clark, died without issue. Elizabeth, her eldest daughter, married to Thomas Foster, a weaver, in Pelham-street, Spital-fields. The poor couple were reduced to keep a grocer and Chandler shop, and a very mean one there, in Holloway, and afterwards in Cock-lane, near Shoreditch church, for whose benefit *Comus* was performed; it procured them what appears, in a "national view," a paltry pittance, though a Johnson wrote the prologue, Dr. Newton patronized, and Tonson fostered the laudable design. The grand-daughter of a man, whom Britain delights to name, retired to comparative wealth upon somewhat more than £.100: all their seven children were gone. They did not

long enjoy the wealth the name of Milton gave them, dying at Islington soon after they had gone thither.

Such, sir, are the facts I have been able to collect from what others have given of Milton's family, and what, in addition, I have discovered. I could have much enlarged this paper with circumstances relative to Milton, but with little more than is known; this was not my design. I have already made the paper too long. Perhaps Mr. Todd, or some future biographer, who, like him, has done honour to the name of our truly epic poet, may find something in this relation, worthy their attention.

I am, sir,

Barming Parsonage, Your most obedient servant,

1809.

MARK NOBLE.

SILKS, LACES, AND STRAW HATS.

IN this country, trade and manufactories are ever changing. The same capital can be advanced, and the same ingenuity turned as exigencies require. When silk dresses were used, *Spital-fields* abounded in silk-weavers. What would HENRY II. have said to have seen the English clothed in silk, when he, and his son Henry, his co-king, alone, I believe, had robes of this kind? The price was then beyond calculation, great. Muslins have now succeeded linens, as linens did silk, both have been the employment of our British manufacturers. Bone lace adorned our grandmothers. This expensive article was made by ourselves. It had its inappropriate name from the pins or skewers, with which it was made, being formed of bone, as less costly than ivory. Bone lace yielded to that of Flanders, particularly the beautiful kind, called from the town where made, Mechlin; but now this, and the point lace of Venice, is little used; our own, made by the women of Buckinghamshire, is generally worn.

There is nothing that so much pleases foreigners, especially those of the northern nations, as the covering of the English women's heads. The convenience, the elegance, the vast, indeed infinite, variety, charms.

Mrs. ISABEL DENTON, of Leeds, in Yorkshire, had the misfortune to have a worthless husband, and to augment her distress she had a numerous family. She invented straw hats and straw baskets. The lightness of the hats, their cheapness, and entire convenience, were immediately appreciated. Her townsmen hailed her as their benefactress. At her death, or some time after, Leeds returned £.7000 yearly for such hats; and Beeston, a neighbouring town, was supported by making the bands for such hats. This was in the reign of Charles I. Velvet, silk, and beaver, have in subsequent reigns, as fashion dictated, superseded straw hats. Leghorn chip-hats in our time were in general use, as have been bonnets of the same. Then came silk or beaver again; but now English straw hats have revived, and the sums obtained by this means, at Dunstable, and some other places, and the number of hands employed in making them, exceed belief. A fine-formed graceful woman, dressed with simplicity and elegance, if she has a fine complexion, and her hat is lined with pink, or if a brunette with blue, and with ribbons to tie it under the chin, in a Dunstable straw hat, is more bewitching than in any other dress I have ever seen. Beauty wants few ornaments. She wants ease, grace, dignity.

1800.

NOT A DUNSTABLE MAN.

AUSONIANUS

ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE SONNET.

[Concluded from P. 16.]

THE number of the lines was at first arbitrarily fixed at fourteen. Probably it was considered as a kind of medium in this respect, between the epigram and the canzone, song, or ode.

Indeed the etymology seems to warrant this; sonetto, or sonetto, being *piccol suono*, a little sound, or song.

Having fixed the number of the lines, it was thought advisable, so to interweave the rhymes, as to form a whole, perfect in itself. This, at the time it prevented any irregular composition of fourteen lines being called a sonnet, in some measure might be supposed to account for the particular number of the lines, as by adding, or taking a single one away, the whole mechanism would be destroyed.

Though regularity was thus so much studied, variety was not neglected; and it is hardly possible to conceive how a greater variety could with any propriety be obtained. Notwithstanding the shortness of the poem, we have the fulness of the couplet, the dignity of alternate verse, and the ease and freedom of dissevered rhyme.

The Italians, I presume, will be allowed to have an ear for music, much more correct and perfect than our own; and yet, from most of our writers substituting the quatrain for the quaternary, it should seem that they fancied the former more musical than the latter.

Dryden was once so partial to alternate verse, that instead of heroic couplets he wrote his *Annus Mirabilis* and other poems in this stanza; which is now more properly confined to elegiac compositions: and alleged as his reason, that he thought it "of greater dignity, for the sound and number than any other verse in use." We may fairly conclude that he afterwards altered his opinion, as he did not long continue it. Indeed, in another instance with respect to rhyme, even his warmest admirers have considered him as indefensible; I mean his using it in dramatic composition.

The Italians also are not ignorant of the beauty of alternate verse. They have introduced it in the sonnet, but very properly have not exclusively employed it. They know that considerable pleasure arises from suspense and anticipation.

They begin their sonnet, therefore, with a rhyme, that is suspended by the intervention of a couplet, till its corresponding sound is presented to the ear in the fourth line. It is imme-

diately repeated in the next; and is a second time suspended, till it is at last completed in the full close of the eighth line. This has all the beauty of a cadenza in music; where, by a variety of evolutions, trills, and shakes, our wonder is excited that the key-note so long expected, can be so long protracted, and yet at the same time be always tending to its close.

This musical intricacy can be appreciated only by a scientific ear; whilst the more immediately connected recurrence of the alternate stanza, is like the simple ballad, where one strain is re-echoed by the other; where there is no *ad libitum*; but little scope for the display of taste, fancy, or science; and where beating time with the foot is almost all that is required.

This variety of suspension is occasioned then, by the rhyme of the first line being carried on to the fourth, fifth, and eighth. In the midst of this apparent irregularity, we have all the regularity of connected couplets; by the second, third, sixth; and seventh lines rhyming together, as also the fourth and fifth. After our attention, therefore, has been in some degree raised, in tracing this inwoven harmony, we are presented with the more obvious and simple union of alternate verse; the harmony of which, by the two last lines, is in part reduplicated, like the re-echoing close of a musical cadenza.

I cannot help thinking, therefore, that the structure of the sonnet may in no small degree be accounted for on the known principles of the most improved and scientific music.

For some of the above remarks I am indebted to an elegant dissertation on the Italian sonnet, by Theobaldo Cava, added by way of appendix to the third volume of the *Aggiunta ai Componimenti Lirici*, lately published by Mr. Mathias, to whom the admirers of Italian literature are under the highest obligations.

June 30, 1808.

ALFONSO.

BOCCACCIO, ARIOSTO, AND TASSO.

TO THE EDITOR OF BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE at length possessed myself of the Decameron of Boccaccio, and the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto. What can exceed the naiveté of Boccaccio; the sweetness of his periods, the natural grace and ease and amenity of his manner!

And Ariosto!—what a glory to any country to have produced two such poets as he and Tasso must ever be acknowledged; with only eleven years between the death of the first, and the birth of the second! In the merit of the plan, I think there can be no comparison; Ariosto, wild, disconnected, without unity of action or of interest. It is true this is incident to that species of fabulous biography, called romance. But in the beauties of execution and detail, his poem is a mine of delight. His description, especially personal, is perfect painting. That of Angelica, for instance, is a portrait of the most exquisite kind. His numbers are flexible to every sort of beauty, and his style corresponds—gay, sweet, tender, serious, majestic, energetic, tender, sublime; and there is a facility which is inexpressibly charming.

In Tasso, on the other hand, what dignity in the conduct of his plot, what epic beauty of character, what a commanding interest from a subject which history ceased to interest in any other hands, and is rarely named but for ridicule and contempt. What majesty, and beauty, and grace, radiates from every part! And both the poets it is impossible not to revere and love—the tender, the generous, the elevated, breathe in both with a kind of celestial influence. The poem of Tasso is the Eve of Milton; that of Ariosto is his own Angelica.

* Vernor and Hood, 1804.

I know not which to prefer, I ingenuously confess it. But this I know that when Downman thus speaks of Milton—

The noblest pupil of the Italian school,

a fairer and more appropriate flower could hardly have been added to his immortal wreath.

A word more of Boccaccio. The grossness of some of his stories strikes me like that of Chaucer, rather unaccountably naïve, than artfully immoral.

In the natural and agreeable, who has ever excelled his telling of a story; and in the pathetic, the dreadful, and sublime, what energy of thought and expression!—In his *Sigismunda*, he appears to me to equal Livy in his dignity of style and manner—in his story of Gerbino there is the energetic conciseness of Sallost; and in his *Lisabetta and Lorenzo*, where nothing but great genius and intense feeling, could prevent disgust from being excited, the terrible grandeur of Tacitus himself!

Still his naïveté is every where. As when the father of *Sigismunda*, brave and haughty and stern as he is, cries like a child that has been well beaten.

But I am scarcely pardonable in these excursions to you, who are better acquainted with Boccaccio than myself, and who have been by your edition of the *Decameron*, the cause to me and others, many others, I dare say, of being acquainted with him. Greece, perhaps, if we had all her great writers, may have equalled Italy in number and excellence. But six such centuries from Gni d'Arezzo to Alfieri, under all the changes of government and manners, what other country can shew?

Troston, Dec. 12, 1809;

CAPEL LOFT,

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. XXVII.

"The wit and genius of these old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."

THE last number gave some reasons why the moon might be considered as of the masculine gender. What follows is an imperfect defence of the other side of the question.

Luna est fœmina.

Luna rubet, pallet, crescit, noctu ambulat, errat;

Hæc quoque fœmineo propria sunt generi—

Cornua Luna facit, facit hæc quoque fœmina, Luna

Mense semel mutat, fœmina quæque die.

By which it appears that though the moon resembles a woman in many respects, viz. blushes, turns pale, goes astray, grows big, produces horns, and walks by night, yet there is still this wide difference, that the moon changes but once a month, and a woman every day!

————— Mutabile semper

Fœmina. *Virg.*

A passage in this book xi. p. 472, F. reminds us forcibly of one in the first part of Henry IV. and had the coincidence attached itself to the name of Ben Jonson instead of Shakespeare, I should not have hesitated in pronouncing it an imitation.

Ἡρίστητα μὲν ἵτριον λεπτὸν ἀποκλας,

Οἶνον δ' ἑξήκτιον κάδον

"Item. Sack two gallons, five shillings and eight pence.

Item. Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

Sir John Falstaff's Bill, sc. xii. act 2.

Is not this something like, *my dinner has been a little bit of cake, but I have drunk about eighteen gallons of wine?* The *xades* or *xaddes* contained that quantity. This book, as Casaubon observes, does not treat exclusively of drinking cups. An eighteen-gallon cask would indeed be a pretty cup!

The *άλκμα*, in the lines immediately following those quoted above, Dalechamp interprets *vasa unguentaria*, a sort of skins used now in Portugal and elsewhere, to carry wine in. Those which I have seen abroad were pigs' skins.* The *Cy. slops*, in *ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΕΣ'* *farce* of that title, makes a very singular observation on beholding *Bacchus* or wine in such a machine—

Οὐ τὰς θεὸς χεῖρ σὺ μ' ἔχειν ἐν δερμασί.

V. 525, Eurip. Beckii.

i. e. it does not become the gods to have their body in skins.

We term the life of man a *span*, and *Alexus*, p. 481, A. (always in book xi.) calls a day a *finger*—*δακτύλος ἡμέρα*.—[See Casaub. p. 800,] which makes the life of man, according to our computation, just twelve days, as a *palms*, or *span*, is the distance from the thumb to the little finger stretched, that is, twelve fingers' breadth.

In this page B. one humorously declines drinking out of a small cup, because it seems so like *taking physic*. *Pherecrates* has a passage in B. C. D. which is very epigrammatic. The first, fifth, and eighth line require correction. *Εἰτ' ἐμχαμύσσαται*—before *γαστρίδας* insert *ἡ*, and for *ἀντιώμιδ'* read *αἰτιώμιδ'*. Now he says that the cups he made for men, scarcely held two spoons full, being so shallow that they might be said to have *no walls*—like tasters, a kind of shell at the end of a handle used by wine merchants—*τα γωσγηία*, wrongly spelled by Dalechamp, p. 777—but those he made for women were deep, something like ships, big-bellied in the middle, and he did this purposely that they might be able to drink a great deal without any body's knowing any thing of the matter. Then if you talk to them of drinking

* What is the derivation of the word *hogskhead*?

wine, they are angry, and swear that they have only drunk one cup, which is very true, but that one cup is bigger than a thousand others !

What is called an epigram in Greek, is very different from that which is so nominated by us. The lines, of which I have given the substance, have point in them, but it is not difficult to produce from the Greek, *epigrams* that would be very far from meeting the idea formed by English readers of that sort of composition. In January last, Mr. Suttaby, who is publishing a pocket edition of Pope's Homer, with most beautiful engravings, came to me to request that I would, by the way of adding a new feature to his work, translate the hymns, epigrams, &c. attributed to Homer, which have not yet appeared in an English dress. I declined the task, recommending Mr. Pye, a scholar and poet, equal at least to such an undertaking. Being led by this event to read these remains over again, I was induced, *currente calamo*, to turn two of the first epigrams or verses, line for line, and here they are as a specimen.

ABOUT TO RETURN TO CUMA.

To Cuma bear me, feet, as swift as wind,
Where men inhabit of the noblest mind.

Herodotus, who has preserved this passage, in a life of Homer ascribed to him, says, fol. 561, Ed. Hen. Steph. that the bard was almost famished before he set out. It was high time to run. He seems to have reasoned like *Launcelot*, when half starved at the Jew's—"The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo*, good *Launcelot*, or good Good *Gobbo*, or good *Launcelot Gobbo*; use your legs, take the start, run away."

ON MIDAS.

A maid of brass on Midas' tomb I lie !
While waters run, and trees affect the sky.

The rising sun shall shine, the moon-light beam,
 Brooks flow, and shores be wash'd by ocean's stream,
 I stay, upon his tomb, bedew'd with tear,
 And tell each passer-by, who resteth here!

In the first verse, *χαλκὴ παρθεῖρα*, a *brazen virgin* (no uncommon being in modern *life*) means simply a figure of brass, resembling a virgin. Any modern wit required, as Homer was by the father-in-law, to write an epigram or epitaph on *Midas*, would have handled the subject in a very different way.

Feb. 7.

LORD BACON VINDICATED.

*If parts allure you, think how BACON shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.*

Essay on Man, Ep. iv. v. 281.

I do not know that the *infamous charge* made against my LORD BACON, was ever brought forward during the life-time of the party, or ever appeared till the year 1729, when that unwearied collector of trash, THOMAS HEARNE, gave it publicity. It would have been more wise, morally* speaking, to have suppressed such a piece of scandal; and it is now an act of justice to enter a *caveat* against its currency with posterity.

LORD BACON in his last will and testament, gave his good works to the world, and his fame to the vindication of future times—his manner of speaking of himself is uncommonly simple and affecting. In the zenith of his greatness, he had been charged with pride, ambition, and injustice; yet it is now al-

* The wanton exposure of the foibles and vices of men celebrated for their parts and actions, only confirms and comforts the vulgar in the like conduct, without teaching them the imitation of their virtues.

lowed that his final decisions were equitable, and his rules for the correction of the practice of his court are the foundation of our best, wisest, and most effectual precedents in equity. *Injustice*, however, was committed in taking presents for the acceleration of justice, *but it was at that time common, and by his predecessors DEMANDED*; nor should we wonder at this: a *premium* for granting justice, formed, in old times, part of the regular revenue of the crown. This usage, and the sale of offices, made a very confident part of *Lord Macclesfield's* defence, near a hundred years after.

SIR S. D'EWES was one of those whom BACON, perhaps, too much despised, applying to them the words of CICERO—*Leguleus quidem cautus et acutus, præco actionum, auceps syllabarum, cantor formularum*. It would have been well that such imputations never had been made, since even they, who might incline to believe them, would, and must lament, that with so great a name, such ideas should ever be associated. That he was too indulgent to those in his service was the charge of his contemporaries, and it was, as he most cruelly felt, too true; yet a more probable and more true reason was assigned by persons who could not insult fallen greatness.—Abstraction in science might make him too inattentive to pecuniary affairs; and this consideration is sufficient, without having recourse to baser imputations, to account for his conduct. One at least of those, who had grown wealthy in his service, SIR THOMAS MENTYS, had the gratitude not to desert his fallen master; on the contrary, he employed his property and credit to administer to the necessities and infirmities of his declining life. He attended him in his dying moments, paid the last duties to his remains, and erected a monument to his memory, with his effigies representing him in his robes as Chancellor. The monumental inscription, not more than equal to the merits of LORD BACON, is a tribute of gratitude from a person, whose testimony in recording those merits *ought* to have great weight against the *probability only* of the truth of the accusation. See Sir Simon D'Ewes' Account of Lord Bacon, in Hearne, at the end of his "*Histor. et Reg. Richardi II. à monacho quodam de Evesham, &c.* 8vo. p. 385. * *

ESSAYS ON PATRIOTISM.

God loves from whole to part ; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake.
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds ;
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next, and next all human race. *Pope.*

THE CONCLUDING ESSAY.

ALTHOUGH we have taken a more extensive range in the discussion of this subject, than was first intended, and indulged in more frequent excursions into the regions of hypothesis, than was perhaps necessary, yet a series of essays on patriotism, cannot with propriety be concluded, without endeavouring to particularize its duties. A few hasty remarks on this branch of the subject, shall constitute this concluding essay.

The maxim that should govern our conduct in the performance of our duty to our country, is the same maxim that should govern our conduct in performing all our other social duties. Our exertions should be invariably directed, to promote the happiness of our fellow creatures ; and so closely are our duties connected, so beautifully simple is the human character, that, in thus acting, we shall most efficaciously promote the happiness of ourselves. Morality is founded on the conformity between our actions, and the common characteristics of the species ; and to form a perfect moral character, a strict and regular discharge of all our social duties, in their appropriate degree and order, is absolutely requisite. There is this difference, however, between the social virtues, that it is possible to suppose the presence of some, independent of the rest ; while others, necessarily require the presence of the whole. Thus those virtues styled domestic, which moralists have degraded below their proper importance, but which we have en-

deavoured to reinstate in their natural rank, may be imagined, without involving us in absurdity, to exist independent of our public duties. We can suppose a man to be an affectionate parent, a dutiful son, or a sincere friend, without his being actuated with patriotism or philanthropy ; but we cannot suppose a real patriot, or an ardent philanthropist, deficient in the performance of his domestic duties. The first supposition is certainly improbable ; the second is impossible. Our social duties are all component parts of patriotism, and like the stones composing an arch, support, and are supported by each other. Remove one stone and the arch is demolished. Timoleon in permitting the assassination of his brother, Junius Brutus, in viewing unmoved the execution of his sons, or Marcus Brutus, in assassinating his generous patron, were not acting the parts of good patriots, for they deviated from the conduct of good men. It is true, perhaps, by such acts the mischievous career of a tyrant, might have been interrupted a few years sooner than it would have been by the course of nature ; but would the example of ingratitude, or neglect of natural affection, have no bad effect on the spectator's mind ? Would not the authority of such characters as a Brutus, a Manlius, or a Timoleon, give a dangerous éclat to the commission of similar acts, when there might not be as plausible a cause ? And may it not reasonably be conjectured, that the assassination of Cæsar was the indirect cause of the horrid systems of suspicion and cruelty, practised by his degenerate successors ? The patriot must then, in the first place, be correct in performing all his moral duties ; and it may assist us in forming a judgment on public men, to recollect, that public virtue and private vice never exist together in the human breast.

The intellectual gifts of nature are almost infinitely diversified, and although there are undoubtedly marks of general resemblance, individuals are distinguished from each other as much by the peculiarities of mind, as by the features of the countenance. As patriotism, therefore, requires that every man shall exert himself for the public good, in conformity to

the talent with which he is endued, it is evident that the duties of patriotism will be different in different individuals. He who, possessing a dauntless spirit, and quickly matured resolution, is fitted for the command of armies, would not be doing his duty to the public, were he to confine his exertions to performing the very different, though equally important functions of a country schoolmaster. Since the time of Horace, and perhaps long before, a nation has been compared to a ship; and the general adoption of the figure is sufficient proof of the closeness of the comparison. If in a ship at sea there was but one individual who understood navigation, would that individual be performing his duty, if he obstinately refused the management of the helm, and insisted on performing the labours of a common sailor? At the same time, it is certain, that the exertions of the common sailor are as important as the exertions of the captain; and the cultivator of the ground is as useful a member of society as the general. Diamonds are not the only articles that are valuable more on account of their scarceness than their utility. The qualities requisite to form the character of a successful military hero, are not often found united in one individual; and when they are, the possessor becomes almost an object of idolatry to his wondering fellow mortals, who generally overlook entirely other qualities, which may render him the successful tyrant, instead of the successful defender of his country. If men were to form their opinions from dear-bought experience, how differently would they appreciate such characters! Waller has justly said:

“The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noise and strife
Of battles won: in those we find
The solid interest of mankind.”

To produce and insure the enjoyment of domestic comfort, “the sublime of life,” as another poet has styled it, is the only rational aim of true patriotism. The exertion of every individual, however humble his talent, or unfavoured his circumstances, are essential to the attainment of this object: and

provided those exertions are commensurate to the talents he possesses, or the opportunity he enjoys, individuals are equally meritorious.

Nations, in their public transactions, should observe the same undeviating integrity, that should invariably govern individuals. The maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," so generally admitted with respect to the conduct of individuals, that it has become an adage, is equally true with respect to the acts of communities. This maxim has, however, been doubted; more than doubted, it has been denied, and dreadful have been the consequences. Kingdoms and empires, directed by bad governors, continue daily to infringe this maxim, and a question arises consequently, whether patriotism requires that the inhabitants of a country whose energies are so improperly directed, should, contrary to the dictates of conscience, give their assistance in the iniquitous proceedings, or even wish them to succeed. If we are not entirely deaf to reason and to justice, this question must be answered in the negative. True patriotism, as we have remarked before, requires no sacrifice of morality. Far from assisting in the unjust acts of our country, true patriotism will direct us, boldly to protest against them. Advantages derived from injustice are only of a temporary duration, and are, in general, ultimately succeeded by greater misfortunes. This is true in public as well as private affairs; and if we wish well either to a nation or an individual, let us wish them to fail in their early departures from integrity; for, if successful, it encourages them to persist in the same path, which is certain eventually to terminate in degradation proportioned to their crimes. The example of Rome has been produced in opposition to this opinion; it has been said that her prosperity was founded on injustice; which in some degree is true; but did not Rome receive her appropriate punishment? And may not that punishment, with much reason, be attributed to her crimes? The treasure she successfully robbed from her neighbours, was the poison which unnerved her, and the vices of her government soon vitiated her citizens. For a short period, she lingered under an accumulation of disease, and at last became an easy

prey to hordes of merciless savages. Instead of referring to her as an example for imitation, her fate may be remembered as a signal warning to all nations, who rejecting the guidance of virtue, think to arrive at a lasting prosperity by the road of criminality. Had Rome observed more scrupulous integrity, she might not so soon perhaps have obtained such splendid prosperity, but her citizens would have been more virtuous, enjoyed more happiness, and her independence might have been prolonged even to the present day. It is the duty of a patriot, therefore, when he thinks his country acts improperly, to lose no opportunity of declaring his opinions to his fellow citizens.

War, that concentration of every species of misery, is in all points of view so inconsistent with the indulgence of the benevolent principle, that to account for its origin may justly puzzle those moralists, who maintain a favourable opinion of the human character. It is not less inexplicable, that the progress of civilization, which might have been expected long before this period to have abolished this horrid relic of barbarity, should seem, on the contrary, not only to have protracted its existence, but instead of having rendered it odious, to have concealed its real deformity, and by decking it in the garment of patriotism, greatly have increased its influence. Civilization, however, has in some degree ameliorated its horrors; and what are called the laws of nations, are merely the registration of its improvements. The late infringement of these laws by two of the most distinguished nations in Europe, may perhaps be thought contrary to the theory of human improvement. But although it is certainly a melancholy truth, that we are at present disgracefully retracing our steps, yet it must be understood, that these occasional and momentary retrograde movements do not in the least invalidate the probability of ultimate and permanent advancement. The stream of human improvement we know, from retrospection, to have taken an irregular and meandering course; we know that sometimes it has been like a torrent for rapidity, sometimes that it has slowly glided on with silent and imperceptible wave, sometimes that its course has been directly forward, at

other times, from the interruption of an uneven country, tedious and apparently retrograde; but that it has proceeded a great way from its source, and has a propensity to proceed farther, cannot be disputed. The unprecedented transactions of modern times, although productive of much evil to the present generation, will be productive of essential good to the succeeding. Some physicians have supposed that fevers were the efforts of nature to remedy a morbid state of the body; in like manner we may suppose, that as we know great abuses existed in the various governments of Europe, it required a political fever, commensurate to those abuses, to remove them.

“————— the first Almighty cause

Acts not by partial but by general laws.”

But, without endeavouring to explain the “dark and intricate” ways of Providence, it does not require much political foresight to predict, that beneficial effects must accrue to mankind from the present universal confusion. Thus, in the instance to which we have alluded, the horrors which will proceed from abrogating the laws of nations, will fully display their importance to human happiness, and consequently establish them, for ages to come, on a firm foundation. We have not yet arrived at that period when wars may be styled unnecessary evils; but it may be hoped, that before the termination of many centuries, it will be generally allowed, that war, except in self-defence, is murder, and then those engaged in it, instead of being honoured as patriots, will be detested as murderers. To all, whose education has not perverted their reason, the fact is sufficiently plain at the present moment. Would it not tend to the general promulgation of this sentiment, if those who write on morals, would clearly distinguish true from spurious patriotism; and not represent the military barbarian, who murders his fellow creatures for fame or promotion, and the real hero, who defends his country from unprovoked attack, as both equally performing the sacred duties of patriotism?

A ready acceptance and conscientious discharge of public offices is perhaps one of the most essential duties of patri-

tion. Were this duty only attended to, the words tyrant and slave, two of the most conspicuous in the history of human misery, would be soon obsolete ; for it is evident, that all people possess originally the right of legislating either directly, or indirectly, for themselves, and were not they culpably supine in maintaining that right, and neglectful in performing the offices attached to it, the few could never have obtained the ascendancy over the many. Without a sufficiency of public spirit to perform this duty, the best system of law is of little avail ; and if this duty is scrupulously and conscientiously performed, the worst system of laws, is productive of but trivial evil. The inhabitants of this Island, who from some apparently fortuitous circumstances, have paid more attention to the performance of this duty, and consequently possess more of those rights, which by nature belong to man, than other nations, should always recollect, that, to preserve those rights, they must continue the same line of conduct. No people possess those rights long, which they do not properly appreciate, and exert themselves to maintain. It is the same thing ultimately, whether they barter away their rights, give them away, or neglect to perform the offices attached to them ; they are equally bad members of community, equally sure of losing those rights, and equally unpatriotic. We cannot in these days, as was fabled of the days of Alfred, either leave our plate, or our rights, unguarded on the highway, without being soon robbed.

Obedience to the laws of our country has been included by some authors among the duties of patriotism. The divine Plato, to use the hyperbolical compliment of his contemporaries, in the dialogue which he has supposed to have taken place between Socrates and his friend Crito, the day before his death, has made that philosopher, in answer to the entreaties of Crito, to make his escape from prison, maintain the importance of this duty. The arguments he uses are something to the following purport :—" By being born and brought up in a country, a man virtually signs a contract with that country, to obey its laws. Can a city subsist, when, by the acts of its inhabitants, justice is deprived of its force ? Your country

is more to be respected than your father, mother, and all your relatives together; and you should honour your country, yield to it, and humour it, more than an angry father. If it orders you to be flogged, put in irons, or sends you to shed your blood in its wars, you should cheerfully comply." This reasoning is palpably fallacious. No contract is binding, where the consent of both parties is not voluntary. Is the being born or brought up in a country, a voluntary act? Living in it, is, with the majority of mankind, equally compulsory: but supposing that it was voluntary, supposing what never happens, that we have selected our country out as the place of our abode, from the general superiority of its laws; still, in some particulars, those laws may require a flagrant breach of morality: are we to obey such a law? Laws which are contrary to justice, derive no force but from the penalty affixed to their infringement; and the infringement of them is not an unpatriotic, but an imprudent act. Indeed, the infringement of a bad law, although often productive of fatal consequences to the individual, may often essentially serve the public: for certainly, it is the interest of society, that bad laws should be brought into contempt and repealed. Our duty seems to be, passively to obey the laws and ordinances of our country, when they do not involve us in acts of immorality; but when they do, it becomes our duty to oppose them. In the case of Socrates, it was not the laws of his country that had judged him to death, but the forms of those laws—the spirit was annihilated. Would not his escape, then, have had a good tendency? In preserving his life, would he not have had it in his power to have reasoned with his countrymen on the injustice and impolicy of their proceedings? Might he not, perhaps, have been the means of restoring them to the government of reason? To observe certain forms, he not only resigned a life, which might have rendered much real service to his country, but established more firmly the power of his own and his country's greatest enemies, by affording them a triumph, and striking example of their authority. A city, it is true, cannot subsist, when the inhabitants deprive justice of its power; but when the inhabitants deprive injustice of its power, their

acts efficaciously tend to its preservation. Lord Shaftesbury says, where the government is despotic, there is no public—may not we add there is likewise no law?

Literature is the grand engine by which we can alone succeed in removing the load of human misery. The art of printing has performed much, and will perform more. The dissemination of useful knowledge is an object worthy of all who aspire to the character of true patriots, and all have it in their power to assist in obtaining this object. Instruct mankind, and they will think right; in thinking right they will act right, and in acting right they will be happy.

We shall now close these observations on patriotism. From the frequent use of the term, many will suppose we have chosen a trite and exhausted subject for discussion. It has seldom, however, been treated, but as a theme for declamation; and it is therefore thought, an attempt to reason on it, will not be found wholly devoid of novelty. On no subject, is it of more importance to the welfare of society, to form correct opinion, and on no subject is popular opinion so vague and incorrect. Were this subject understood, it would not be so difficult to appreciate the characters of public men. If a man pretends to act on principles, which we are well assured are incompatible with the human character, why should we be surprized to find that he apostatizes from those principles? we should rather expect it, and be prepared for the event. When such a man declares, that he is willing to sacrifice his life for the good of his country, we may be sure he is either a knave or a fool; either the knave of ambition or avarice, or the fool of glory. In both cases, he is unworthy of our blind confidence, but in both cases, we may employ him to some good purpose. Prudence directs us to make use of such men while they act in the character of patriots; but cautiously watch, and prevent them from doing mischief. They are dangerous tools, but, used with proper caution, may be made subservient to important purposes. The patriotic struggles of Wilkes were productive of real benefit to his country, although they originated solely in self-interested motives.

May, 1808.

J. N. H. E.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"Beaucoup de personnes lisent, mais il y en a fort peu qui sachent lire. Si l'on est prévenu en ouvrant le livre, tout ce qu'il contient est inutile; on fait penser l'auteur soi-même, ou on ne le lit que pour se moquer de lui."

Elements of Art, a Poem, in six Cantos, with Notes and a Preface; including Strictures on the State of the Arts, Criticism, Patronage, and Public Taste. By M. A. Shee, R. A. 8vo. pp. 400. 13s. Miller. 1809.

It is very satisfactory to us, and we take great credit to ourselves that we were the first to speak praisingly, and justly of Mr. Shee's "*Rhymes on Art.*" It has perhaps operated as some stimulus to the production of the work before us, for the most worthy have generally the most sensibility, and even the philosopher who wrote against praise, was, by the composition of his treatise, ambitious of acquiring it.

This is the sequel to the above work. The *preface*, which occupies many pages, begins with the author's reasons for delaying the conclusion of his poem till the present time, and they are manly and sufficient. The name of it has been changed, he tells, "out of respect to those liberal critics of the former volume, who judged so favourably of its merits, as to think it disparaged by the title."

"Notwithstanding that the author expressly stated, in the preface to *Rhymes on Art*, the didactic nature of his poem, he finds, that of those who have done him the honour to think of it at all, the greater number expect, in his present work, a continuation of 'the remonstrance of the painter,' and look for nothing but satire, expostulation, and complaint. But though he is fully convinced, that a theme so prolific as the frivolous pursuits, false taste, and pedantry of the day, might well run unexhausted through two volumes of ridicule and reproof; and though he confesses, he could behold with some satisfaction, the ludicrous writhings of folly and vanity, under the operation of those wholesome correctives; yet, he

is far from supposing himself qualified to administer such a persevering castigation.

"Whatever appears in his work of a satirical character, is incidental to it. His plan is preceptive; and though he has occasionally ventured to let fly a few shots at the enemy when they came in his way, he by no means intended to come to close quarters, or presumed to call the attention of the public to a pitched battle, in which his prowess is but little calculated to contribute to their sport. His rhymes, like raw levies, can be safely employed only in distant skirmishing, and are not fit for a general engagement." P. ix.—x.

Mr. Shee does not pretend to write a regular treatise on painting; nor does he aspire to instruct the enlightened connoisseur, or the accomplished artist.

"He would, in short, furnish the young painter with a guide, of which, at a similar period of study, the author himself experienced the want: a guide, which though it may not secure him from error, or conduct him to excellence, will at least tend to open the country to his view, to lead him in the tracts of common sense, and stimulate his powers, if it cannot strengthen them." P. xi.

He would lead, by an excellent introduction, to the study of a Fresnoy and a Reynolds.

We fear there is too much truth in the following remark, but we hope only generally speaking, and we are quite sure with a clause in the writer's favour:

"He who cannot make up his mind to neglect and discouragement, has no business to be, in times like these, a poet or a painter; and as the author's perverse ambition has exposed him to the disadvantages which attach to both those characters, he will not, if it should be necessary, shrink from the consequences of his folly or his fate." P. xxiv.

He concludes his preface with this figurative paragraph:

"The author has now completed his literary voyage, but he cannot expect to discharge his lading, without paying the customs of criticism. Though not a regular trader, he hopes he will not be found to have gone much out of his course; and in taking leave of a service, in which he is conscious he must appear as

'A lounging landsman, awkward at the oar;'

he shall think himself fortunate, if his goods be not condemned as contraband of taste, and his owners should be no losers by their speculation." P. xxvii.—xxviii.

The first canto invokes *Taste*, as the presiding power; prescribes *Labour* as that without which every thing is inefficient; praises *Judgment* as the guide of genius, and the clue to lead through the mazes of taste; and particularly recommends *Common Sense*. In his invocation he calls Taste "Spirit of Heaven," and thus apostrophizes her—

"While every Muse precedes,
And Fancy's train the etherial triumph leads,
While each young Grace in rapture's measure springs,
And clustering Cupids float on filmy wings;
Then, Goddess! then, while Beauty bends, with Youth,
And Wisdom wooes thee to the bower of Truth,
Thou comest to Genius—comest in all thy charms,
Blest in his love, and bright'ning in his arms.
As erst, fair Eve in Adam's eye bestow'd
A richer bloom o'er Eden's pure abode;
Of thee enamour'd, as he roves around,
Thou makest life's rudest wild enchanted ground;
Whether the Muse allures him to the shades,
Where meditation courts the tuneful maids;
Or, touch'd by music's power, the shell he tries,
While crouding round responsive passions rise.
But chief his soul when Painting's glories sway,
Thou lovest thro' nature's walks to lead his way;
To point her fairest features, and infuse
A keener pleasure as his eye pursues;
O'er each wild scene to wave thy tissued wings,
And still present the picturesque of things.
Fair idol of the soul refined! whose sway
The Graces own—the powers of art obey." P. 5—7.

The notes are frequent, and form perhaps too considerable a part of the volume, but they will, notwithstanding the vices of Mr. Shee's prose, be found both instructive and amusing. On Taste he has one which takes a large share of five pages, and it betrays much just indignation:

"An ignorance of the most obvious principles of taste is indeed considered to be no impeachment of polite education. The minister at the helm, the judge from the bench, and the senator in debate, have been known to avow without a blush, their deficiency on this subject. The scholar too, who looks with contempt on those who are not as familiar as himself, with the history and poetry of Homer or Virgil, scarcely knows that such men as Raphael and Rubens have existed; and while he explores with rapturous anxiety the half obliterated inscription on an ancient marble, considers the sculptor as a mechanic, and the statue as a stone." P. 4.

Mr. Hoare and Mr. Hope have proposed the appointment of professors in painting in our Universities, which he also urges, saying :

"If we consider the arts of design, with respect to their influence on the manners, the morals, the utilities, and the ornaments of life, they will be found to possess no inferior claim to distinction : and should the judgment of the ancients (an authority seldom questioned by the learned) be admitted in their favour, the dignity of erudition would not be impaired by their association. If that particular class of students, whose pride and occupation it is, to explore the languages of ancient times, and whom we, *par éminence*, call scholars, had been familiar to the Greeks, it may be doubted whether, in the estimation of that polished and discriminating people, an Apelles and a Zeuxis, a Phidias and a Protogenes, would not have been formidable rivals to the Cunninghams and the Scalligers, the Grævii and Gronovii of their day." P. 5, 6.

Still he tells us at p. 14, that

"Painting is a craft and mystery not to be acquired by apprenticeship. Most of the eminent painters of the present day were self-taught, and the ablest masters of the past will not be found amongst those who studied in the celebrated schools of Italy, but amongst those who formed them."

And again—

"The candid painter, who only is worthy of giving instruction, will confess, that he has but little to impart. He cannot inculcate his taste, or transfuse his feelings. Whatever he values in himself he knows to be beyond the power of words to communicate; what he possesses he knows to have been obtained by self-effort, and to be attainable by no other means." P. 15, 16.

What need is there then of a professor, lectures, &c.? He further tells us that—

"Common sense must pay what precept owes;
Trade-wind of life! that ever steady blows:
Safe in that track we boldly bend the sail,
While hurricanes in higher climes prevail." P. 16.

The advantage of the young poet over the young painter, is well put. The former drinks, even in his boyhood, at the fountain head, but the latter

"Finds no cheap editions of the painters published for his accommodation: no circulating library of taste from which to furnish his

fancy with the treasures of antiquity: even the imperfect translations of the old masters which the graver supplies, are too expensive for his portfolio, and serve but to tantalize his eye by an occasional glimpse in the window of a print-shop. His chief materials of study are the casts of a drawing-school; his only opportunities, an exhibition, and an auction-room; and while in the one he learns to imitate the defects of the living, in the other he is taught to renerate the errors of the dead.

"The best works of the ancient poets are known and acknowledged; no base coin of imitation can circulate under their stamp: but the best works of the ancient painters bear no hall mark of authenticity to common observers, and the most clumsy forgeries are every day found to pass upon those who are less qualified to judge than anxious to admire. The young painter, therefore, frequently exhausts half his course of study before he has clearly ascertained his object, or formed a just idea of that perfection in his art which ought to be the guide of his industry, and the goal of his ambition." P. 17—19.

Of painting it is truly said, that except politics there is no topic so much discussed, that is so little understood.

"An acquaintance with pictures is commonly mistaken for a knowledge of art; hence, many persons of learning and ingenuity, labouring under this delusion, imagine that they must be critics, because they are collectors, and suppose themselves qualified to discuss the principles of painting, without understanding even its rudiments. But every day's experience proves, that it is very possible, to have visited all the great cabinets of Europe, to have lived familiarly with the ablest artists, and to have collected gems, vases, and antiques, in all their virtuoso varieties, without having made any considerable proficiency in true taste. Even the proudest attainment of critical ambition, that acme of accomplished connoisseurship—a knowledge of hands, may be acquired beyond the poring sagacity of a picture-dealer, without producing a sound judgment in art, or a sufficient knowledge of nature: as we may be able to distinguish accurately the hand-writing of different persons, and yet prove very incompetent judges of the sense which is intended to be conveyed." P. 20, 21.

He talks of Dutch tiles, and signs as cheap stimuli to "Village Vandykes," and treating of the disuse into which they have fallen, he punningly observes:

"The warriors of the present day are rarely complimented with this species of signal celebrity, and the Blakes, the Afflecks, and the Marlboroughs, have fled from their posts, without being replaced by the Nelsons, the Stewarts, and the St. Vincents."—P. 24.

He pays a proper tribute to the liberality of Mr. Hope, the Marquis of Stafford, Lord Grosvenor, and the British Institution, and shews the good likely to be derived from it to the art. Every one can see, admire and praise Wilkie, but it requires an artist to speak of him thus :

"It is hardly doing Mr. Wilkie justice, to class him altogether with the Dutch school; for though he shoots with the same bow, his aim is evidently higher. In character he is their equal, in expression their superior. He produces as much truth, with more selection—has more refinement of thought, more propriety of circumstance, and more sentiment in situation." P. 27.

The four characters are happily drawn and ridiculed. Timanthes devoted to *outline*, Panæus to *colouring*, Euphranor to *nature indiscriminately*, and Torso to the *antique*. In these lines applied to the colourist,

"He loads, he labours, scratches, scumbles, scrapes,
The crude conception takes a thousand shapes." P. 32.

what is *scumbles*? And surely; at p. 41, if we read *indecorous*, with its right quantity,—

O'er drolls indecorous, and boors in toils,
"*Pegasse est restif.*"

"The best painters," he says, "often diligently depreciate what they cannot obtain, and endeavour to balance the account of their imperfections by over-rating their merits.

"The advocate of nature contemns the votary of the antique, and applauds truth of imitation, even in a common object, beyond the more general character of curious selection, and ideal grace. The colourist undervalues the draughtsman, and while he views with rapture the magical deformities of Rembrandt, turns with disdain from those examples of purity and correctness which characterise the tan-coloured creation of Poussin. Thus, through all the provinces of art, each stands proudly on his peculiar territory, with all the prejudices of a patriot, denying the claims of his neighbours, and loudly proclaiming his own.

"Embarrassed alike by the caprices of the artist and the connoisseur, the student finds them often at variance with themselves, and almost always with each other; mistaking their prejudices for principles; displaying their pictures as models of perfection, and delivering their opinions as aphorisms of art. The mind must carry some ballast to sail steadily through these currents. It will be one judicious precaution, however, if we confide only in those who justify their maxims by the evidence of their merits; we may

take every man as a guide in his proper path, but we should distrust him the moment he attempts to confine us there, or would endeavour to persuade us that it is the high road." P. 30—32.

At p. 39, he gives us some sound remarks on thinking or reflecting, which, as he observes, is too little attended to:

"By knowing what others have thought, we may become learned, but to become wise we must think, ourselves. Though erudition is the aliment of the understanding, yet reflection is its exercise; and the one is not more essential to health than the other. Reflection is the grand process of mind carried on by superior capacities, which distils from the raw materials of knowledge the purest spirit of science and of truth. To be always learning, seems as absurd as to be always feeding: there is a gluttony of the moral, as well as of the physical appetite; and a mere scholar is an intellectual gourmand, who, in the drowsy sensuality of erudition, forgets that as the end of eating is to invigorate the body for action, so the use of learning is to promote the exertion of the mind.

"———Cateros pudeat, si qui ita se literis abdiderunt, ut nihil possint ex his neque ad communem afferre fructum, neque in adspectum lucemque proferre. Cic. pro Arch."

On the line, "Free thinking is philosophy in Taste," he reasons sensibly:

"Locke observes, that 'innovation is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion;' but notwithstanding the risk of this formidable imputation, the author, since he has presumed to raise his voice amongst

'The clamorous crowd that claim the public ear,'

prefers the candid declaration of his own sentiments (such as they are) to the politic profession of opinions more prevalent; and the adoption of which might secure to him the reputation of taste, without the trouble of thinking, or the necessity of knowledge." P. 43.

We agree with him in not applauding with Pope the poetical humility of Virgil, in copying the Greeks, and the following stricture is very just.

"How must the vanity of erudition have deranged the operation of common sense, in a late eminent scholar! when he could deliberately declare, that 'to attempt to understand poetry without having diligently digested the poetics of Aristotle, would be as absurd and impossible, as to pretend to a skill in geometry, without having studied Euclid.'" P. 44, 45.

Q—VOL. VII.*

He treats of nature with great feeling and discrimination. Though nothing can be proper in painting that is not natural, yet every thing that is natural may not be proper.

"A Venus from the pencil of Rembrandt, although a very natural and faithful portrait of the Dutch vrow who happened to be his model; would be a very absurd and inconsistent representation of the Queen of Loves and Graces. It is not natural to give to a philosopher the expression of a fool, or to paint a monarch with the air of a mechanic." P. 49.

"All her parts are adapted to her purposes with the nicest proportion; her actions directed to their ends by the simplest means. When she smiles unforced, her looks are Beauty; when she speaks untutored, her words are Truth; when she moves unmolested, her action is Grace. She is the ever-living spring, from which flow all the streams of excellence in human arts. To the homage of the poet and the painter, she has peculiar claims, for to them she more openly displays her miracles, and appears in all her splendours. If they desert her altars, or set up idols in her shrine, they justly suffer the penalty of their apostacy; they are cast out a prey to all the fiends of criticism, and for ever excluded from the world to come in fame." P. 50, 51.

"Nature is no more the possession of the poor, than the rich—no more the characteristic of the inhabitant of the country, than the inhabitant of the town. She suffers as much from vulgarity as affectation, and a clown may be as artificial as a courtier. If, in the one, the qualities of Nature are sometimes perverted and misapplied, in the other they are always oppressed and degraded." P. 51, 52.

"It may suit the purposes of Utopian theorists, and poetical philosophers, to represent the country as an Arcadia, and every clown as a Corydon; to make every hamlet the abode of happiness and peace, and describe its inhabitants as the purest models of beauty and virtue: but a little experience quickly dissipates these delusions. A peep into this paradise of enthusiasts discovers the serpent, even there, lurking amidst the flowers. We soon find that vice can pervade the cottage as well as the palace, and that it is very possible to be ignorant and awkward, without being innocent or picturesque." P. 53.

The *manufacturers of faces* are put in their truly degraded light, and the necessity, which some students find to have recourse to that mean branch of the art, is lamented deeply, for when these artists have become prosperous in their circumstances, and their ambition excites them to do better things,

they discover that they are paupers in the studies necessary to their accomplishment, and that it is too late to acquire a competence. The French are designers ; the English, painters. Of the less didactic part we shall give one more poetical extract from this canto :

“ To form your Taste, and educate your eye,
In Beauty's School, to polish'd Greece apply.
Like Moses, erst on Sinai's summit plac'd,
Her favour'd hand received the laws of Taste,
With holy zeal fulfill'd the trust assign'd,
And broke the barbarous idols of mankind.
She, first the powers of just proportion found,
And scatter'd parts in beauteous union bound ;
Assembled kindred sweets from every clime,
And form'd a standard for admiring Time.
As mountain summits still the ray retain,
When light declining, quits the darken'd plain,
So, in her Arts, those altitudes of mind,
That tower above the level of mankind,
Benighted Greece still shews the beam sublime,
The Sun of Glory shed upon her prime.
Successive ages consecrate her skill,
Attest her Taste, and hold it sacred still :
Though lost her sceptre, yet her learning sways,
Her Arts still dictate, and the world obeys.
O ! triumph truly great ! to rule the mind,
And hold Wit's mild dominion o'er mankind !” P. 56—58.

The wonder-mongers amongst painters and amateurs, may read the following lines with advantage.

“ The true John Bull, who is often to be found amongst those whose rank forbids us to class them with the vulgar, thinks it a duty of public spirit to set his face against all outlandish refinements, and is proud to prefer a ballad to a bravura ; or the humours of Hogarth to the sublimities of Michael Angelo. Even the few who are forward to disclaim this barbarism, and who profess the most delicate sensibility to the higher merits of painting and music, appear sometimes so mal-a-propos in the expression of their raptures, as to excite a suspicion that fashion is the prompter, rather than feeling. The awkward application of our praise, frequently lessens its value, by proving it not to be the tribute of judgment. The strong spirit of our admiration is not yet sufficiently refined ; it still discovers a sediment of prejudice, and a flavour of false taste. We almost invariably applaud the difficult, instead of the agreeable, and mistake the vice of the means for the perfection

of the end. We prefer the strong impulse of surprise to the delicate touch of delight, and are seldom satisfied unless we are astonished." P. 65.

He continues "*Ars est celare artem*," but he ought to have known better—adding very truly, that

"Every art may be said to have its rope-dancers and its tumblers, who exhibit their tricks for the public gratification, and ever tottering on the edge of difficulty, endeavour to extort from our astonishment, that applause which they know they cannot expect from our taste." P. 66.

The argument is the subservient studies necessary to the formation of a painter, viz. *anatomy, architecture, &c.* Although the study of anatomy is so essential as not to admit of neglect, a knowledge of it has frequently led men of bad taste, or weak understanding, into the most grotesque absurdities:

"Behold! to prove their anatomic art,
Each figure flay'd—dissected every part!
Naked, or draped, alike their skill make known,*
Through this, the muscle swells, through that, the bone!"

"* This fault is more disagreeable than even its opposite defect; as ignorance is less offensive than affectation. It is one of the most hopeless pedantries of art, and has all the ostentation, without the reality of science. The shield of Michael Angelo himself is not sufficient to cover from critical indignation, his injudicious imitators—the swaggering retainers of his taste, 'who tear a passion to rags,' and follow him, as Pantaloon pursues Harlequin, through all his hair-breadth escapes, to meet only disappointment and disaster, in awkward struggles of agility, and coarse convulsions of grimace." P. 74, 75.

Pope's line—

"*To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,*"

is handled with much critical acumen (p. 79), but on the whole, perhaps, too rigidly treated. "In a pointed sentence," Dr. Johnson says, "more regard is commonly had to the words than to the thought, so that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood."

On the neglect of architecture, as a study, he observes:

"Some of the best pictures of the English school discover a deficiency of knowledge in that art, which is the more inexcusable,

because it is so easily supplied; but the prevalence of this defect, is perhaps most glaringly displayed in our portraits; it would puzzle Palladio himself to account for the composition of their architectural decorations, or to reconcile them with any principle of propriety or proportion. The pillar and the curtain shift from side to side of the picture, in clumsy combination, through all the varieties of sameness, exposing at once our deficiency of other materials, and our abuse of these. As common-places of back-ground embellishment, they are, perhaps, the most manageable objects which we possess: but their eternal repetition, under the most inappropriate circumstances, has diminished their value, and to be now tolerated in any studied production, they must be very skilfully employed." P. 89, 90.

He describes the Venus, Apollo, Hercules, and Laocoon, in glowing numbers, with "*a learned spirit*:"

"Lo! first, where dazzling fair, as poets feign,
The sea-born goddess blushing from the main,
When ravish'd Ocean saw the vision rise,
Stole his last kiss, and gave her to the skies,
Love's Queen appears; all hearts her sway confess,
And powerful monarchs plunder to possess:
The vulgar trophies of the sword despise,
And claim a triumph for their Parian prize.
Unrivall'd Form! beyond Circassia's boast!
Or yet the brighter Fair of Albion's coast!
To thee the Bard, as erst on Ida's hill,
Like Paris, would present the apple still;
His partial eye tho' Painting's glories warm,
And jealous Nature take Olynthia's form.

With modest mien the sov'reign Beauty stands,
And seeks to shun the homage she commands,
Averts her face with such a timid air,
The marble seems to burn in blushes there;
While grace and ease in every limb unfold,
The Paphian fair that fired the world of old.

Each charm divine that Nature's stores supply,
To fire the Poet's thought or Painter's eye;
Whate'er of Love's Elysium Fancy views,
Or Heaven unfolds in vision to the Muse,
The curious Artist caught, with care combined,
Fix'd as he found, and as he wrought refined,
Till rapt, the wave's proud offspring he outvies,
And bids a rival from the rock arise.
When Nature, watchful of the process, view'd
A form so lovely, from a mass so rude;
When, in the wond'rous work, she saw her own,
By Art outdone, and e'en excell'd in stone,

Amazed, she paused—confess'd the conquering fair,
 Set her bright seal, and stamp'd perfection there.
 Yet, while we view those beauties which might move
 Immortal breasts, and warm a world to love,
 No coarse emotions rise, no vulgar fires
 Profane the sacred passion she inspires;
 Each sense refined to rapture as we gaze,
 Like heav'n's pure angels, finds its bliss in praise."

P. 106—110.

Having thus spoken of what the hand of Time, and the more destructive finger of ignorance, have spared of the wonderful in art to our times, he gives us this ingenious simile :

"As when disaster'd on Norwegia's strand
 The wreck of some proud galley floats to land,
 The rude inhabitants with rapture save
 Each shatter'd fragment wafted on the wave,
 And think, while grateful for the wealth supplied,
 What better stores lie buried in the tide.
 Thus, from the wreck of years, a sacred prize !
 The rich remains of ancient Art arise;
 And while in wonder wrapt, our ruder age,
 The trophies of the Grecian world engage,
 We judge what splendours must her prime have grac'd,
 When these are but the fragments of her Taste."

P. 126—128.

This statue of Venus is in the collection of the *Louvre* ; so, says Mr. Shee, quibbling—"War has thrown this unrivalled beauty into the arms of the common ravisher of Virtù." From our poet's general style of writing prose, we have no doubt that he doated and gloated on this passage, but he ought to have thrown it into the fire. One of the most accomplished writers in this country formerly said to us—"When you have written any thing with which you are in raptures, be sure it's good for nothing—throw it into the fire." Young authors would do wisely to consider this remark, and Mr. Shee, among the rest ; for whatever the superior merits of his poetry, and his natural and literary age, his prose entitles him to the distinction of a *young writer*. It has every description of pretty vice (" *dulcissimus error*"), and often suggests the idea that the author was not perfectly sober. It is just to his thoughts, however, to say that they are frequently much dis-

graced by the dress with which he clothes and thinks he adorns them. We shall speak of the remaining cantos in another number.

DRAMATIC.

Not at Home; a dramatic Entertainment, as performed with general Approbation by the Drury-Lane Company at the Lyceum. By R. C. Dallas, Esq. Author of Elements of Self-Knowledge, Percival, Aubrey, &c. 40 pp. Crosby. 1809.

It may consist with the morality of a manager of a play-house to state at the bottom of his bills that a piece, received with cries of "*Off, off,*" has been "*performed with general approbation,*" but it ill becomes the character of a scholar and a gentleman, to which we presume that R. C. Dallas, Esq. aspires. We happen to know that *Not at Home* met with that sort of general approbation which amounts to repeated hissing during the second act; at the end a refusal to hear it given out for repetition; and finally the necessity of reducing it to one act, when it died. [See our Vol. VI. p. 318.] Such an assertion on the title-page is unworthy of Mr. Dallas.

Mr. Dallas knew all this, (no man better!) and was well aware of the existence of the same spirit of criticism in the critics, but he, notwithstanding all this information, and that he is at the same time the "author of *Elements of Self-Knowledge,*" has rashly printed his damned farce with a long preface "to shame the rogues." He is a bold man—indeed he says so. "The encouragement I have received, *I will be bold to say,* from the public, is an earnest that these pages will be received with indulgence." The author of *Self-Knowledge* really seems to know nobody else, or by any means to understand the commonest and most intelligible actions of mankind. If "*off, off,*" be "*encouragement,*" and damnation "*indulgence,*" in Mr. Dallas's opinion, why—why—he's a man of a very singular way of thinking.

Having mentioned the *public*, he proceeds to tell us "what he means by that word," and here follow a number of "*I means*," which translated signify, first, "*that cultivated company in the dress boxes*," who will not take the trouble to hiss what, if they attended to, and understood it, they must despise; secondly, "*those judicious critics in the pit*," the author's friends; and thirdly, "*my worthy friend, John Bull*, in either gallery," who are sent in by the writer, and the manager, to applaud any nonsense or absurdity that may be uttered. Then comes "*But I do not mean* the self-conceited, ephemeral pseudo-critics," who have all told me that my farce was a very sorry thing, and justly condemned—by the *cultivated company*, the *judicious critics*, and *my worthy friend John Bull*!

His description of the first night, behind the scenes, is unequalled by any thing, even in the *Sir Fretful* of Sheridan's *Critic*. "The smile, the shake of the hand, and on the first night, the '*come, come, the plaudits have it*,' were VERY SWEET. Not that I thought the piece safe at the time against—" Who for a ducat?—" against the pseudo-critics; but because the kind effusions of the *heart* are to me the most valuable fortune in life," &c. That's a rich bit—but we'll have another.

"I myself, while *unobserved*, saw approbation in the smiles of *elegant* society, and in the laugh of *honest nature*; by the enjoyment of hearing the manager say, on the third night, "*it rises*."

Fie, fie, Mr. Arnold, to sport thus with the good easy man—but there must be some mistake, he more probably said: "rather falls off," as it sunk immediately after, and Mr. Dallas replied: "Rises; I believe you mean, sir."

Mr. A. "No; I don't upon my word."

Mr. D. "Yes, yes, you do upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you—no, no, it don't fall off."

Critic, act 1.

In the last paragraph of his preface, our irritable author be-

comes calm, and seeing things as they actually are, speaks rationally—of course his *farce* is not the subject. He treats of the prologue which “was intended to be spoken, but on consideration was judged too long.” It is by the learned and elegant author of *Horæ Ionicæ*, reviewed in our last volume, and this we can recommend to the reader even at the price of the whole pamphlet. It turns on the title of the farce.

“Observe my lord—the copy of his groom—
In all the scenes of vulgar life *at home* ;
At home to all the pugilistic train,
Lord of the ring and hero of the rein :
But *not at home* when tradesmen would be paid,
Or worth and genius supplicate his aid ;
And least *at home*, Oh ! mean and groveling mind !
In that high station which his birth assign’d.” P. vi.

“Her ladyship *at home*.—Well ! view her there :
Order your coach at ten to Berkeley-square ;
Along the crowded staircase force your way,
Where costly flowers their mingled sweets display ;
Approach the long saloon, where, blazing bright,
Rich chandeliers refract the varied light.
Her sofa deck’d with oriental pride,
All Egypt’s monsters grinning at her side,
’Midst shapeless mockeries of Greece and Rome,
In tawdry pomp—my lady is *at home*.
While these gay scenes her restless thoughts employ,
She scarcely feels a transient gleam of joy ;
With vacant eye reviews the splendid dome,
And sighs that—Happiness—is *not at home*.” P. vii.

The concluding verses form a picture full of nature and beauty :

“Not such *their Home*, whom Love has taught to know
From that blest source what real transports flow.
Home ! ’tis the name of all that sweetens life ;
It speaks the warm affection of a wife ;
The lisping babe that prattles on the knee
In all the playful grace of infancy ;
The spot where fond parental love may trace
The growing virtues of a blooming race ;
Oh ! ’tis a word of more than magic spell,
Whose sacred power the wanderer best can tell ;
He who, long distant from his native land,
Feels at her name his eager soul expand :
Whether as Patriot, Husband, Father, Friend,
To that dear point his thoughts, his wishes bend ;

R—VOL. VII.*

And still he owns, where'er his footsteps roam,
Life's choicest blessings centre all—at home." P. vii.

It is impossible not to laugh at vanity, and Mr. Dallas must excuse the liberty which we have taken, and could not restrain in the perusal of his preface. Had he only written the *preface*, we should have thought that he could have written a good *farce*! We owe him no ill-will for former *punishments* in our way of business, but on the contrary think him a one-eyed monarch among the blind novel-writers of the present day, and we have seen some of his little lyric effusions, set with much genius and taste by his friend MAJOR, which have improved our good opinion of his talents. As a dramatist, however, we must repeat that his first attempt is a *coup manqué*.

The Speculum, an Essay on the Art of Drawing in Water Colours; with Introductions for sketching from Nature, comprising the whole Process of a Water-coloured Drawing, familiarly exemplified in drawing, shadowing, and tinting a complete Landscape, in all its progressive Stages; Directions for compounding and using Colours, Indian Ink, or Bister. By J. Hassell. P. 32. 1s. 6d. Tegg. 1809.

THE greatest compliment we can pay this little manual is to say that *we understand* it, and that the art of drawing a landscape is so simplified, as to have tempted us to lose a good half hour, and two fair sheets of paper, in pursuance of its directions. The essay is addressed to Miss E. WATSON, and had Mr. Hassell been instructing her in all things appertaining to the matrimonial state, he could not have concluded in more appropriate language:

"I believe, Miss, I have now given you ample directions, the practical part will of course rest with yourself. May the taste you possess please your friends, and success crown your endeavours!"

BRITISH STAGE.

We acted a play, written by one of the actors, and I admired how they should come to be poets, for I thought it belonged only to very learned and ingenious men, and not to persons so extremely ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every body writes plays, and every actor makes drolls and farces; though formerly, I remember, no plays would go down but what were written by the greatest wits.

Quevedo's Life of Paul, the Spanish Barber.

WAR AND LOVE.

ALL must recollect how the *Moor of Venice* describes the sort of *witchcraft*, which he used to gain the love of *Desdemona*.

The battells, sieges, fortune
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days.

These things to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline.

I did consent
And often did beguile her of her tears.

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of kisses.
She lov'd me for the dangers I have past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

Folio, 4th Ed. 1685.

I summon this recollection for the purpose of gratifying many of your readers with a striking coincidence in thought, which I find in Wither's *Epithalamia*. I think it a most interesting and delightful picture.

SOULDIER, of thee I ask, for thou canst best,
 Having known sorrow, judge of joy and rest;
What greater blisse, than after all thy harmes,
To have a wife that's fair and lawful thine,
And lying prison'd 'twixt her ivory arms,
There tell what thou hast escap'd by powers divine,
How many round thee thou hast murdered seen,
How oft thy soule hath been neare hand expiring;
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been:
Whilst shee thy fortune and thy worth admiring;
With joy of health and pittie of thy pain,
Doth weep and kisse, and kisse and weep again.

Works of George Wither, p. 374, 1633.

* *.

SHAKSPEARE.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Lorenzo. The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons. Act v. sc. 1.

I never read any thing so foolish as STEEVENS' long note on this passage. LORD CHESTERFIELD is right. Is there no difference between an amateur and an artist; an admirer, and a performer; the audience and the orchestra; between him who listens and him who fiddles?

MACBETH. She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word. Act v. sc. 5.

By a word, STEEVENS says, is meant more than one word, and JOHNSON had supposed that we should read a world, making the speech incoherent. Read *award*.

MACBETH. Till famine *cling* thee. Act v. sc. 5.

Steevens writes a tedious note to induce us to believe that *to cling*, signifies to *shrivel*, or *shrink up*. Had we not better read *wring*?

* *.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE 25.

MY GODWIN!

Parcius junctas quatit fenestras, &c.

OUR Temple youth a lawless train,
 Blockading Johnson's window pane,
 No longer laud thy solemn strain,

My Godwin :

Chancer's a mighty tedious elf,
 Fleetwood lives only for himself,
 And Caleb Williams loves the shelf,
 My Godwin.

No longer cry the sprites unblest,
 "Awake, arise, stand forth confess'd :"
 For fallen, fallen is thy crest,

My Godwin.

Thy jaded Muse for former feats
 Does penance now in quarto sheets,
 Or clothing parcels roams the streets,

My Godwin.

Thy flame at Luna's lamp thou light'st,
 Blank is the verse that thou indit'st,
 Thy play is damn'd, yet still thou writ'st,

My Godwin,

And still to wield the grey goose quill,
 When Phœbus sinks to feel no chill,

"With me is to be lovely still,"

My Godwin.

The winged steed (a bit of blood)
 Bore thee like Trunnion thro' the flood,
 To leave thee sprawling in the mud,
 My Godwin.

But carries now with martial trot,
 In glittering armour, Walter Scott ;
 A poet he—which thou art not,
 My Godwin.

Nay, nay, forbear these jealous wails,
 Tho' he's upborne on fashion's gales,
 Thy heavy bark attendant sails,
 My Godwin.

Fate each by diff'rent streams conveys,
 His skiff in Aganippe plays,
 And thine in Lethe's whirlpool strays,
 My Godwin. J.

BOOK V. ODE VII.

Quò, quò, scelesti, ruitis? &c.

TO THE PISTOLLING PRIVY COUNSELLORS.

ON whither so fast do ye guiltily fly,
 With pistol in hand, and revenge in your eye?
 What! have ye not lavish'd enough British blood,
 Then, gentlemen, why add your own to the flood?
 Not now is your *vigour* preparing to act,
 On DENMARK in peaceful alliance attack'd;
 Ye are not, sage heroes, to WALCHEREN rushing,
 To wrestle with Death in the ditches of FLUSHING;
 No foe do ye now with SIR ARTHUR defy,
 Who flying to conquer, but conquers to fly.
 These glories already encircle your brow,
 And only one triumph is left to you now;

If ye wish to make Britain's *worst* enemies bleed,
Take but a *sure* aim, and you're sure to succeed.

Your comrades, those *sage* ministerial elves,
Only prey on the public, and not on themselves;
Nor dream they of wasting their powder and pains,
By aiming at blowing out each other's brains.'

What folly inspires you, what madness, what guilt;
Oh think on the blood ye already have spilt:
Alas! 'tis in vain, cruel fate has decreed,
That one, and but one, of the heroes should bleed.

Some dæmon, a foe to our welfare and good,
Has surely ordained in his angriest mood,
That they who misguided the national vigour,
Should equally fail in controuling a trigger;
Ye powers that watch o'er this tottering state,
O deign to improve by reversing its fate,
And that George may succeed in the *wars* of the throne,
O grant to his statesmen success in *their own*! H.

THE LAST LETTER.

To Fanny.

AND can you say the cruel word?
The cruel word that bids us part—
And is another then preferr'd?
And must I tear you from my heart?

I've often *thought*, how keen the blow!
Should one I love become untrue—
And now, alas! I *feel* it so,
And feel it all my soul subdue.

Did not that cheek with passion burn?
Did not those eyes the tale reveal?
Ah! could you all my vows return,
And feign a love you did not feel?

Could I suspect so much deceit,
Lay hid beneath that winning smile?
Or, when I felt that bosom beat,
With *falsehood*, that it beat the while?

Oh! doubly cruel was your heart,
That strove to draw my heart more near,
And would not hint we then must part,
To make that parting more severe.

For when those rosy lips I prest,
And all their honey tried to drain,
I thought myself supremely blest,
Because those lips then prest again.

Fool that I was! I should have known,
The bee that culls the sweets of spring,
Tho' it may all the honey own,
Yet also owns a venom'd sting!

But Love had forg'd his chains so light,
I seem'd but wreaths of flowers to bear,
Until you prov'd, those flowers to blight,
That *forged*, alas! they *really* were!

When truth with falsehood is repaid,
Ah fatal is indeed, the stroke!
Go then, thou fickle faithless maid,
And say, "Another heart I've broke."

Yet hear me, whilst I love you most,
And ere that love to hate may turn,
She who *so many* hearts would boast,
May live, the want of *one* to mourn.

Yes, yes, the time perhaps may come,
When faded are the charms of youth,
That you may sigh o'er HENRY's tomb,
And drop a tear to HENRY's Truth!

P. G.

ANACREONTIC.

TO FANNY.

Let me love and live to-day,
And kiss the fleeting hours away.

My dearest Fanny's letter brought
Her purest wish—her faithful thought—
In ev'ry line I seem'd to trace
That unadorn'd, and simple grace,
Which Nature seldom gives to many,
But lavish'd on the face of Fanny!
Why did I venture then to gaze,
Upon her beauty's noontide blaze?
Why with more rashness fondly sip,
The honied dew which wets her lip!
The more I gaz'd, at every view,
My fluttering heart impassion'd grew.
When pensive mem'ry wakes my soul,
I press the vineyard's juicy bowl—
And strive in the oblivious wave,
From love—my yielding heart to save.—
I swear aloud—*I'll not be thine*—
Again I drain whole draughts of wine.
Vain wish!—for as my glass I drink,
My spirits mount, they make me think.
In that unguarded madden'd hour,
Fancy returns with tenfold pow'r,
I sink beneath her magic charms,
And clasp my Fanny to my arms!

H. R.

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

I will kill thee,
And love thee after.

Othello to Desdemona.

THE SCOTCH WARRIOR.

Bion.

LET SHAKESPEARE be each lover's creed,
For he a woman's heart could read,
And to the fairest thus did say :
I'll kill thee first, and love thee then !
And surely nine times out of ten,
'Twould be by far the safest way !

No pouting fits, or feuds, or jars,
Long lectures or domestic wars,
Shall in his quiet house be heard ;
Peaceful in bed he'll pass the night,
And whether in the wrong or right,
He's sure to have the *last*, last word.

All things his gentle dame will bear,
Except what he so well can spare,
A race of little brats you know !
And then the gods, in purest love,
Will say, "*Why* take this man above ?
He has a *Heaven*, now below !"

Hence let us mark sweet Nature's child,
Who sang her charms in "wood-notes wild,"
And cry when we're on love intent,
I'll kill thee first, and love thee then !
So shall it chance to mortal men,
That they may love, and not repent !

• •

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

1810.

- Jan. 22. Hamlet.—Harlequin Pedlar.
 23. Conscious Lovers.—Id.
 24. Revenge.—Id.
 25. Man of the World.—Id.
 26. Exile.—Id.
 27. Merchant of Venice.—Id.
 29. Richard III.—Id.
 30. Messiah—Oratorio.
 31. Jealous Wife.*—Harlequin Pedlar.
- Feb. 1. Man of the World.—Id.

Feb.

* George Colman's *Jealous Wife* appeared for the first time at Drury-Lane in the year 1761, and the under-plot is taken from Fielding's *Tom Jones*. The characters of *Mr. and Mrs. Oakly* form the leading feature; but the jealousy of the wife, and the conduct of the husband in the first part, are more on a par with *Jerry Sneak*, and his spouse, in the *Mayor of Garratt*, than such a delineation of the passion, as we should expect to see in comedy. The piece has nevertheless great merit. After what we have beheld, we can say little in favour of the acting. The *Young Oakly* of Mr. C. Kemble deserves the greatest praise. His drunken scene was excellent. Mr. Cooke could not have played it better. Even the imitation of spirit does this family good. Mr. C. Kemble is, though a much improved performer, in common too sober on the stage. The more he plays against his nature the better; and Mrs. C. Kemble's *Jealous Wife* shows that natural feeling does not so much benefit mimic art, as some people imagine. Mr. Young's *Mr. Oakly* is not without desert, but it is by no means in his best line of acting. What we formerly observed of the furrows in his countenance, which are quite inconsistent with his age, are particularly remarkable at this theatre. When he turns the right of his face to the lamps, the left, receiving the shade, exposes a furrow there, which seems to belong to a man of fifty at least. The comedy was received by a full house with as much applause as if it had been better played.

- Feb. 2. Exile.—Harlequin Pedlar.
 3. Merchant of Venice.—Love à la Mode.
 5. Othello.—Harlequin Pedlar.
 6. Jealous Wife.*—Id.
 7. Man of the World.—Id.
 8. Free Knights, or the Edict of Charlemagne.†—Raising the Wind.

Feb.

* *Mrs. Oakly* was played by Miss Duncan, Mrs. C. Kemble falling suddenly ill.

† *The Free Knights; or the Edict of Charlemagne*, is a romantic drama in three acts, with songs, duets, chorusses, &c. and here follow the principal characters and plot.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>The Prince Palatine</i>	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Baron Ravensberg</i>	Blanchard.
<i>Ravensberg</i>	C. Kemble.
<i>Count Roland</i>	Inclendon.
<i>Bellarmin</i> , (the Abbot of Corbey)	Young.
<i>St. Clair, Bernardo</i> , (Monks of Corbey Abbey)	Cresswell & Chapman.
<i>Prisoner</i>	Claremont.
<i>Everard</i>	Atkins.
<i>Zastrow</i>	Jefferies.
<i>Walbourg</i>	King.
<i>Christopher</i>	Fawcett.
<i>Oliver</i>	Simmons.
<i>Falconers</i>	Messrs. Treby, Field, &c.
<i>Free Knights</i>	Banks, &c.
<i>Agnes</i>	Mrs. H. Johnston.
<i>The Countess Roland</i>	Davenport.
<i>Ulrica</i>	Dickons.

Dancing by the Misses Adams.

The scenery painted by Messrs. Phillips, Whitmore, Lupine, Pugh, Hollogan, and their assistants. The dresses by Mr. Flower, and Miss Egan. The machinery by Mr. Saul. The decorations by Mr. Bradwell. The whole arranged under the direction of Mr. Farley.

The scene is laid in Westphalia, and the time is the fourteenth century. The story is founded upon that terrific tribunal, the Inquisition.

Feb. 9. Free Knights, or the Edict of Charlemagne.—All the World's a Stage.

Feb.

quisition. An uncle, who fancies he has destroyed his niece, the *Princess Palatine*, usurps her title and Palatinate; but she is preserved by *Count Manfredi*, who was commissioned to destroy her; and who, finding his life also sought by the usurper, assumes the name of *Bellarmin*, and becomes an inmate of Corbey Abbey, founded by Charlemagne, and endowed by him with gift of sanctuary. The young princess is brought up in the family of *Barn Ravensberg*, whose son falls in love with her; and here she is recognized by the usurper, who has her brought before the Inquisition, and condemned to death upon a false charge. Her lover, however, effects her escape, and she flies for protection to Corbey Abbey. The usurper thus foiled, attacks the Abbey, forces its gates, commands *Agnes* to be dragged from the sanctuary, and is on the point of sacrificing the *Princess* when the *Abbot* proclaims her his lawful sovereign. The usurper appalled, drops his sword, and, stung with remorse of conscience, acknowledges his guilt. The *Princess* accepts the hand of her lover, and the drama concludes with the ceremony of the installation of the *Abbot*.

Mr. Reynolds, who has for a series of years paid large annual tribute to the harmless merriment and good humour of the metropolis, produced this drama for the purpose of assisting the introduction of CATALANI to the English stage. The abandonment of that project on the part of the lady and the managers, at the pressing request of Mr. Bell, has left Mrs. Dickons heiress, rightful heiress to all the properties of *Ulrica*. Whatever the extraordinary powers of Catalani, she certainly could not have done the part equal justice in the singing, (its other qualifications out of the question) in the opinion of an English audience. She played with admirable effect, and sung delightfully. The other performances worthy of notice were the *Abbot* of Mr. Young, the *Ravensberg* of Mr. C. Kemble, and the *Christopher* of Mr. Fawcett. The acting of Mr. Young in *Bellarmin* was very judicious and impressive. In his delivery he unquestionably, as Shakspeare terms it, *mouthes* too much, and we notice it in kindness that he may not encourage the habit—he knows better than most men how far wiser it is to prevent a disorder than to cure one, and will we hope have the sense to profit by his knowledge. All the comedy, or comicality of the piece fell on Mr.

Fawcett's

Feb. 10. *Free Knights, or the Edict of Charlemagne*.—Is he a Prince?

12. Id.—Harlequin Pedlar.

13. Id.—We fly by Night.

14. Id.—Harlequin Pedlar.

15. Id.—Id.

16. Id.—A Budget of Blunders.*

Feb.

Fawcett's shoulders, and they could have borne a greater load with infinite ease, but what there was he improved, and Mr. Reynolds owes him thanks. We have strongly urged the good policy of publishing the names of the *dram. pers.* in the bills, but we must think that there is none in printing the songs—especially the comic ones. Comic songs in an opera are dramatically so, and not like other comic songs, which will bear reading. As they are sung, they will please, but not so, or at best with great abatement, if they are previously read.

The interest of the drama is forcible, and well preserved to the end. The excellence of the scenery, and the romantic grandeur of the spectacle, appeared to afford great satisfaction to a crowded theatre, who heard *The Free Knights* given out for repetition with loud applause. When Mr. Mazzinghi sells his *new* music, through the recommendation of its having been sung on the stage, we advise him, for the love of justice, to give Mr. Reynolds fifteen-sixteenths of the profit, making him at the same time a low bow for the other sixteenth, which he will obtain through his means.

* Could gratitude for past favours received in *The Portrait of Cervantes*, and *Is he a Prince?*, or the merits of *charity*,† have biassed the judgment of the audience, Mr. Gressalhe would have met with a kinder reception on this occasion. But such is not the case, nor would it be laudable if it were. The public pay as they go—for an author's good drama, there is their immediate praise—for his bad one, without any retrospective considerations, their ready damnation. Although the managers at the foot of the bills of the following day, with pitiful dishonesty, state that the farce “was received with reiterated bursts of applause,” we shall record the truth, and say that we never saw a piece more vociferously and

† Mr. G. gives the profits of his dramatic productions to the fund for the relief of decayed actors, amongst whom, many at present on the boards are we suppose included.

Feb. 17. Free Knights.—A Budget of Blunders.

19. Id.—Id.

20. Id.—Id.

and decidedly condemned. That it is without merit, however, we are far from admitting, but it seems, with very little alteration and no improvement, to have been taken from a French *petite pièce*, and is greatly in want of stamina.

The plot is told in a few words. *Captain Belgrave* (Mr. Brunton) and *Sophia* (Miss Bolton) love each other, and their union is delayed by *Sophia* being engaged by her father, *Mr. Growling*, (Mr. Munden) to marry *Dr. Smugface* (Mr. Liston). Next door to *Growling*, lives *Mons. Dablancour* (Mr. Farley), who keeps a "receptacle for lunatics," one of whom has escaped just as *Dr. Smugface* arrives at *Growling's*, where making a blunder, he is taken for the lunatic, and several other blunders succeed, which give the name to the piece, and, in the marriage of *Sophia* and *Belgrave*, end it.

In the acting, Mr. Farley was above his usual mark, and Mr. Liston below it; but Mr. Munden kept the usual tenor of his way, and produced much laughter in a scene with *Dr. Smugface*, in which each takes the other to be mad. The plot is, it may be observed, of the broadest character of farce, but extravagance itself is not without laws, and here they are often violated; and having no support from strength of character, or wit or point in the dialogue, the whole left an unfavourable impression. The audience were occasionally tricked into a laugh, of which they were ashamed.

Mr. Greffulhe is an ingenious foreigner, and we should like to see him trust to his own genius and invention for a good English farce. It would, we think, afford him as little trouble, as to give a proper degree of solidity to his French hashes.

LYCEUM.

1810.

Jan. 22. Up all Night.—Cinderella.

23. Hypocrite.*—Id.

Jan.

* After ten years concealment the *Hypocrite* again shews his face, and he never seems to have appeared more opportunely to do good service. Bigotry, the offspring of ignorance and lunacy, rises under oppression, but sinks abashed at the approach of ridicule.

Jan. 24. Confederacy.—Cinderella.

25. Much ado about Nothing.—No song no Supper.

26. Merry Wives of Windsor.—Honest Thieves.

Jan.

Ridiculum acri, &c. Ridicule frequently fights a better and more successful battle in matters of consequence than serious exhortation or severity. But the mischief is that the physic was administered to the sane, the hellebore thrown away on persons in their senses. The house was very thinly attended, and we will be sworn that not one of the *elect* was to be found in this "*devil's hot bed*," by the profane called the *Lyceum*. Some opposition was formerly at Drury-Lane shewn to the revival of this piece, and a repetition of it was expected on this occasion, but not one interested was present; and on the whole it would certainly have been better for the soul's health of the audience, if the comedy had throughout recommended a proper degree of piety rather than ridiculed its excess, of which they were in no danger.

The *Hypocrite* is from the *Tartuffe* of Moliere. It was first acted at Drury Lane, in 1717, under the title of the *Nonjuror*. Colley Cibber then made the hypocrite, *Dr. Wolfe*, an English *popish priest**, lurking under the doctrine of our own church, to raise his fortune upon the ruin of a worthy gentleman, (*see Cibber's Apol.*) but when it was called the *Hypocrite*, and acted at the same theatre in 1769, it was altered by Isaac Bickerstaffe, who easily turned *Dr. Wolfe*, the papist, into *Dr. Cantwell*, the methodist, and added, as a companion, the part of *Muzworm*, an illiterate dealer in small wares, who is visited by the *new light*, and has a *call* to preach. Bickerstaffe's merit in the alteration is merely confined to the invention of this character, which makes his claim very meagre, but we should have thought that it would have been enough to rouse the indignation of Mr. Larpent, the deputy licenser—Compared with this, *Killing no Murder*, was flattery itself; but it is the quality of the weaker vessels among the Methodists to gape at a gnat, and swallow an elephant.

The comedy is ingeniously contrived, and was very well performed. Mr. Wrench in *Col. Lambert* was seen to more than common advantage, and the same may even be said of Mr. Dowton in *Doctor Cantwell*. He never exhibited more genius in

* Pope was of the Popish persuasion, and Cibber is thought to have rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the satirist by this comedy.

- Jan. 27. Man and Wife.—Midnight Hour.
 29. Up all Night.—Three and Deuce.
 30. *K. Charles's Martyrdom.* No play.
 31. Hypocrite.—Mayor of Garratt.
 Feb. 1. Up all Night.—Who's the Dupe?
 2. John Bull.—Ella Rosenberg.
 3. Riches, or the Wife and Brother.*—Of Age To-morrow.
 5. Id.—Honest Thieves.

Feb.

in the delineation of character; and who, we hope, through the effect produced by his judicious acting, proved to himself as well as to us, how much he wrongs his powers and violates good taste, when he prefers sign-post painting to a cabinet-picture. An actor of less judgment would have mimicked the braying tones of a field-preacher; but Mr. Dowton felt his character better, and, with lust and rapine in his heart, was "*mel in ore, verba lactis*," all milk and honey in his mouth. In his first scene with the grandmother (Mrs. Sparks), and in the succeeding ones with *Lady Lambert* (Mrs. Orger), he was admirable, and his reward was most liberally bestowed. The part of his fellow labourer in the vineyard, *Mazeworm*, is short, and what there is of it is trumpery, and altogether unworthy of the comedy. Mr. Mathews did every thing that could be done for it, and his presence was particularly serviceable to the effect of the last scene. Mrs. Edwin played the coquette, *Charlotte*, with great skill and excellent humour. The Grannam Saint of Mrs. Sparks was not without merit, but it wanted richness. The introduction of the allusions to the *barouche club*† and such stuff, is not to be applauded. If Mr. Arnold cannot throw any of the wit of the old into our new comedies, we heartily deprecate his garnishing the old with the trash of our new ones.

The *Hypocrite* was given out for repetition with universal applause.

* This play is said in the bills to be "founded on Massinger's *City Madam*;" but it is merely an alteration of that play, and is the production of Sir James Bland Burgess, Bart. The first of the following three columns enumerates Massinger's "*Dramatis Personæ*," from Mr. Gifford's tasteful and correct edition of the poet's works; the second places on a parallel with each of them the

† In the character of *Charlotte*.

Feb. 6. Riches, or the Wife and Brother.—Matrimony.

7. Id.—Ella Rosenberg.

Feb.

names of these characters which Sir James Burgess has preserved; and the third shews the cast of the present revival:

Lord Lacy.	Sir Maurice Lacy.	Mr. Holland.
Sir John Frugal.	Sir John Traffick.	Mr. Powell.
Sir Maurice Lacy.	Mr. Lacy.	Mr. Wrench.
Mr. Plenty.	Mr. Heartall.	Mr. De Camp.
Luke Frugal.	Luke Traffick.	Mr. Raymond.
Goldwire, senior.	} Omitted.	
Tradewell, senior.		
Goldwire, junior.	Goldwire, junior.	Mr. Vaughan.
Tradewell, junior.	Tradewell, junior.	Mr. I. Smith.
Stargaze.	Omitted.	
Hoyst.	Risk.	Mr. Fitzsimmons.
Fortune.	Fortune.	Mr. Ray.
Penury.	Penury.	Mr. Smith.
Holdfast.	Holdfast.	Mr. Penson.

The rest of the male characters omitted.

Lady Frugal.	Lady Traffick.	Mrs. Edwin.
Anne.	Anne.	Miss Ray.
Mary.	Mary.	Mrs. Orger.
Milliscent.	Milliscent.	Mrs. Scott.

The rest of the female characters omitted.

The City Madam is one of the most beautiful and original of the many beautiful and original plays, which are contained in four neglected octavos, intitled "The Plays of Philip Massinger." It is called a "comedy" in the original, but there it is certainly still less so, than in the present alteration: Massinger was incapable of wit and humour: exquisite delineation of strong character, bold and interesting plot, eloquence of style, and a blank verse more melodious and masterly than that of any other English dramatist, Shakspeare always excepted, these are the characteristic excellencies of Massinger. The plot of the *City Madam* is this: Sir John Frugal, a wealthy London merchant, "was born," as he himself tells us, "the elder brother" of Luke Frugal;

"Yet my father's fondness
To him the younger, robb'd me of my birthright;
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots

Soon

Feb. 8. Riches, or the Wife and Brother.—Mayor of Garratt.

9. Id.—Midnight Hour.

Feb.

Soon brought to nothing ; wants grew heavy on him,
 And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,
 And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him ;”
 but, as Goldwire, one of the merchant’s apprentices, adds,
 “ He was redeem’d from the hole,
 To live in our house, in hell ; since, his base usage
 Consider’d, ’tis no better. My proud lady
 Admits him to her table, marry, ever
 Beneath the salt*, and there he sits the subject
 Of her contempt and scorn ; and, dinner ended,
 His courteous nieces find employment for him
 Fitting an under-’prentice, or a footman,
 And not an uncle.”

This treatment he endures with so “strange a patience,” that his brother’s “long acquaintance with his nature renders him doubtful” whether he is, as Lord Lacy, by an eloquent and successful pleading, which Luke makes on behalf of some debtors of his brother’s, is led to suppose him to be,

“A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
 Religious, good, and honest;”

and the fact is, that at this very moment he is pimping for his brother’s apprentices, whose extravagances we soon afterwards see him recommending them to feed out of *their* master’s and his brother’s purse. The first of these traits is wholly omitted by Sir James Burgess’s alteration of the play, and the second is reversed; the worthy baronet thinking it more proper that the apprentices should seduce *Luke* into an accompliceship, which, from his menial and unimportant situation in the family, could not have benefited, and might have injured, them. In *Sir James Burgess’s* play too, *Luke* is made to treasure the secret of the apprentices’ speculation, as if he intended immediately to disclose it all to his brother: Massinger’s *Luke* declares that—“when time serves,

* “The tables of our ancestors being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to dependants, inferior relations of the master of the house, &c.”

GIFFORD.

“It

Feb. 10. Riches, or the Wife and Brother.—Review.

12. Id.—My Grandmother.

Feb.

“It shall appear I have another end in’t;”
but the villainy of the entrapment leads us to suppose that his
“end” can be no other than his own advancement. To proceed;
Sir John Frugal unbosoms his suspicions to *Lord Lacy*, the father
of *Sir Maurice Lacy*, the rejected suitor of one of *Sir John Frugal’s*
daughters, and makes him partaker in a plot, which he has framed
to lay open the suspected villainy of his brother, and to humble
the pride of his wife and daughters; and *Lord Lacy* is commissioned
to disclose to them all, that *Sir John Frugal*

“——— is retired into a monastery,

Where he resolves to ends his days,”
his motives, his wife’s

——— “pride

“Above her rank, and stubborn disobedience

Of these her daughters, in their milk suck’d from her.”

Lord Lacy further says, that

——— “her rigour to

His decayed brother, in which her flatteries,

Or sorceries, made him [*Sir John Frugal*] a co-agent with her,

Wrought not the least impression;”

and adds that

——— “His whole estate,

In lands and leases, debts and present monies,

With all the moveables he stood possess’d of,

With the best advice, which he could get for gold,

From his learned counsel, by this formal will

Is pass’d o’er to his brother. (*Giving the will to Luke*).”

The scene is now changed; and the *City Mudam* and her daughters
are brought upon their knees to *Luke*, who, dissemblingly, as-
sures them that he is “still their creature;” and adds, that so far
from diminishing their present splendour,

——— “It shall be

My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,

In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory

Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens

To be their handmaids. And when you appear,

Like Juno in full majesty, and my nieces

Like

Feb. 13. Up all Night.—Ella Rosenberg.

14. Hypocrite.—Review.

Feb.

Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
 Old poets fancy, (your cramm'd wardrobes richer
 Than various nature's,) and draw down the envy
 Of our western world upon you, only hold me
 Your vigilant Hermes with ærial wings,
 (My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you),
 Prest, to fetch in all rarities may delight you;
 And I am made immortal."

Lord Lacy very properly calls this "a strange frenzy;" and it prepares us for the "falling off," which follows these splendid promises. The sight of his sudden wealth intoxicates the brain of *Luke*; and his soliloquy, after viewing it, is one of the finest efforts of poetic imagination. He is disturbed in his reveries by the entrance of *Lord Lacy*, with *Sir John Frugal*, *Sir Maurice Lacy*, and *Plenty*, the rejected suitor of *Sir John's* second daughter, "disguised as Indians," and at the first sight of them exclaims, "Thieves! raise the street! thieves!" just as *Moliere's Avaro* fancies every body is intent upon robbing him. *Lord Lacy* introduces these "masqueraders" to *Luke*, as "Indians lately sent his brother from Virginia," whom it was his "last request" that *Luke* would "receive into his house;" a "charity," to which, however, he cannot be forced till he is told, that, should his brother "only hear 'tis not embraced, 'twould draw him o'er to see it himself accomplished." *Luke Frugal* now appears in his true colours; he arrests all his brother's debtors, those on whose behalf he had, "when he was in poverty, preached charity to his brother;" the prostitutes and bullies, at whose fattening upon the apprentices' peculation he had before connived, and those apprentices themselves for the very sums which he had before seduced them to secrete. He puts his brother's wife and daughters "in buffin gowns and green aprons," "decrees them a fasting day," and twits them with their former state and arrogance. *Sir John Frugal*, still in disguise, takes advantage of his growing avarice, and discovers to him new sources of wealth:

"*Sir John*. Thus, then, in a word:—

The devil—why start you at his name? if you
 Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours,

You

Feb. 15. Riches, or the Wife and Brother.—*Critic—Puff, Mr. Melvin.*

Feb.

You must make haste to be familiar with him—
The devil, whose priest I am, and by him made
A deep magician, (for I can do wonders,)
Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded,
With many stripes, for that 's his cruel custom,
I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath,
Against the next great sacrifice, at which
We, groveling on our faces, fall before him,
Two Christian virgins, that with their pure blood
Might die his horrid altars; and a third,
In his hate to such embraces as are lawful,
Married, and with your ceremonies, rites,
As an oblation unto Hecaté,
And wanton Lust her favourite.

* * * * *

"Plenty. A mine of gold, for a fee,
Waits him that undertakes it, and performs it."

Luke does not hesitate to think of his sister and nieces; and immediately changes his tone to them, offering to make them "queens in another climate;"

"But this refus'd, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here, and rest assured,
In storms it falls upon you: take them in,
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send them aboard in a dry fat."*

Luke Frugal fills the measure of his villainy by enforcing from the fathers of his brother's apprentices the full penalties of their bonds,

* At this period of the plot, Mr. Gifford makes the following judicious observations: "Hitherto the character of *Luke* has been supported with matchless judgment and dexterity: the present design, however, of sacrificing his brother's wife and daughters to *Lust* and *Hecaté* has always struck the critics as unnatural and improbable in the highest degree. "Bloody, indeed, it is," but is it out of character? *Luke* is the creature of no ordinary bard, and he who conducted him thus far with such unexampled skill, was little likely to desert him at the end. It appears that *Massinger* was desirous of shewing, in the person of *Luke*, the hideous portraiture of avarice personified. The love of money is the ruling passion of his soul; it gathers strength with indulgence; and the prospect of such unbounded wealth as is here held out to him, is properly

Feb. 16. Confederacy.—Honest Thieves.

Feb.

bonds, and by levying an extent on the land of Lord Lacy, whose manor he finds included among his brother's "pawns." But retribution is now preparing. "It comes into the memory" of *Luke Frugal*,

—————"Tis his birthday,
Which with solemnity he would observe,
But that it would ask cost ;"
when the pretended magician tells him :—

"By my art, I will prepare you such a feast,
As Persla, in her height of pomp and riot,
Did never equal:"

Luke Frugal is satisfied with this promise, and protests against a participation of the "feast" by any "guests ;"

—————"I will sit
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others
With envy pine at it ; my genius pamper'd

With

perly calculated to overcome the fear of law, and the remonstrances of the few scruples of conscience, which yet torment him.

"History furnishes examples of men, who have sacrificed their friends, kindred, all, to the distant view of wealth ; and we might have known, without the instance of Luke, that avarice, while it depraves the feelings, enfeebles the judgment, and renders its votaries at once credulous and unnatural.

"With respect to another objection which has been raised, that '*Luke* is too much a man of the world to be so grossly imposed upon,' it is more easily obviated. Instead of going back to the age of the poet, we inconsiderately bring him forward to our own, and invest him with all our knowledge. This is an evil as common, as it is grievous. That the Indians do not worship the devil, we know ; but did Massinger know it? Our old writers partook of the general credulity, and believed the wonders they told ; they would not else have told them so well. All the first discoverers of America were themselves fully persuaded, and earnestly laboured to persuade others, that the natives worshipped the devil. Every shapeless block, every rude stone, painfully battered by the poor savages into a distant resemblance of animated nature, and therefore prized by them, was, by their more savage visitors, taken for a representation of some misshapen fiend, to whom they offered human sacrifices ; nay, so rooted was this opinion, that the author of the *New English Canaan* (printed not many years before this play), a man well disposed towards the Indians, says, 'some correspondence they have with the devil, out of all doubt!' (p. 34.) and, indeed, I scarcely know a writer of those times, who was not fond of the same belief."

Feb. 17. John Bull.—Ella Rosenberg.

Feb.

With the thought of what I am, and what they suffer,
I have mark'd out to misery ;”

and at this feast is *Luke* to be confounded, by the following mechanism, which suited the taste of Massinger's times, but with which the feelings of an audience of the present day would certainly not harmonize. *Sir John Frugal* first shews his brother, for his diversion, the masque of *Orpheus and Eurydice* ; and, as *Mr. Gifford* correctly observes, “ few of Massinger's plays are without an interlude of some kind or other :” upon this, *Luke* remarks :—

“ A pretty fable. But that musick should
Alter in fiends their nature, is to me
Impossible, since in myself I find
What I have once decreed shall have no change.”

Sir John replies :—

“ Should I present
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit severity, I presume the sight
Would move you to compassion.”

Luke answers, “ not a mote ;” and they all appear to “ sad musick,” and kneel to *Luke*, who laughs in derision, and makes the following poetical reply :—

“ This move me to compassion, or raise
The sign of seeming pity in my face !
You are deceived : it rather renders me
More flinty and obdurate. A south wind
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings,
O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans,
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched, and by me made so :
It sets my happiness off : I could not triumph
If these were not my captives.

(*Seeing serjeants with Goldwire and Tradewell, seniors.*)

Ha ! my terriers,
As it appears, have seized these old foxes,
As I gave order ; new addition to
My scene of mirth : ha ! ha !—they now grow tedious ;
Let them be removed.—Some other subject, if
Your art can shew it.”

The

Feb. 19. Riches.—Review.

Feb.

The conjurer first requests of *Luke*, that his nieces

—————“ May take leave ”

Of their late suitors’ statues.

Luke. There they hang ;

In things indifferent I am tractable.”

His brother’s wife and daughters accordingly enter for this purpose ; and, as Mr. Gifford observes, “ there is some difficulty in understanding the mechanism of this scene. Massinger, like his contemporaries, confounds statue with picture, and this creates confusion : it seems to me as if *Lacy* and *Plenty*, by some contrivance behind, stood within the frames, and in the exact dress and attitude of their respective portraits, which *Sir John* appears to have procured, and hung up in the back part of the room, whence, at a preconcerted signal, they descend and come forward. The direction, in the quarto, is, *Plenty and Lacy ready behind.*” *Luke’s* nieces atone to the statues of their lovers, for their former scorn ; and *Lady Frugal* expresses her penitence ; when *Sir John* asks his brother,

“ Does not this move you ?

Luke. Yes, as they do the statues ; and her sorrow

My absent brother. If, by your magic art,

You can give life to these, or bring him hither

To witness her repentance, I may have,

Perchance, some feeling of it.”

The magician now both “ shews his eyes and grieves his heart.”

“ *Sir John*. Nay, they have life and motion. Descend !

And for your absent brother,—this wash’d off,

Against your will you shall know him.”

“ *Le masque tombe, l’homme veste.*”

Sir John Frugal re-asserts his rights ; *Sir Maurice Lacy* and *Plenty* reclaim their mistresses ; the victims of *Luke’s* oppression re-appear and find mercy ; *Luke* himself

—————“ is lost,

Guilt strikes him dumb ;”

and *Sir John Frugal* turns to *Lord Lacy*,

—————“ What think you now

Of this clear soul ? this honest, pious man ?

Have I stripp’d him bare, or will your Lordship have

A further trial of him ? ’Tis not in

A wolf to change his nature.”

U—VOL. VII.*

W3

Feb. 20. Hypocrite.—Mayor of Garratt.

We have been the more diffuse in our analysis of the *City Madam*, because Sir James Burgess's "*Riches*" tends so materially to destroy the public relish of it by injudicious alteration. Sir James Burgess very properly omits the character of *Stargaze*, the astrologer, whom Massinger represents to have a great influence over *Lady Frugal* and her daughters; and the worthy baronet could not fail to know that the scenes at the courtesan's would not be tolerated by his audience. It asked little discernment too to foresee that the disguised Indians, and the incident of *Luke's* selling his brother's wife and daughters to their sacrifices, would bear rather too hard upon the credulity of the nineteenth century; and that, however ably the actors of *Lacy*, *Plenty*, &c. would perform the parts of painted statues, all this machinery must be cut out with the magician who works it; but, at the same time, this incident and this machinery tend, in an important degree, to bring our abhorrence from the character of *Luke* to its climax. Here then was a sacrifice, which the alterer of the *City Madam* might have lamented, but must have made. But Sir James Burgess does not appear to have considered it in this light, and is not only glad to wipe off this stain from his *Luke*; but, as we have before hinted, is very loath to blacken him at all; so that he who witnesses the representation of "*Riches*," does not think *Luke's* humility at all contemptible, considering the dog's life he is compelled, by gratitude for his brother's having freed him from prison, to lead; and is inclined to attribute it partly to a broken spirit, which has not the most distant prospect of making itself whole, and partly to a religious penance, with which he chooses to afflict himself for his past extravagance and debauchery. Sir James Burgess's auditor admires *Luke's* eloquence in the cause of mercy, pities his reverse of fortune, loves him for his gratitude and fidelity to his brother, and respects him for his religion: the *Luke* of the altered play carries us completely along with him, till fortune again smiles upon him, when his "giant promises" somewhat prepare us for his "pigmy performances*." In Massinger's play, the villainy of *Luke* proceeds through the five acts in an arithmetical ratio, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; in Sir James Burgess's alteration, it stops of necessity at 4, and he does not choose to begin till 3. The consequence of this is, that a spectator of "*Riches*" thinks the reward and punishment of the play

* Massinger's Great Duke of Florence.

very

very disproportionate to the merit and demerit; and that it is quite natural that he, who in adversity had been so tamed, so humbled, so trampled upon, by unfeeling prosperity, should, when the tables were turned, seek his revenge, give "physic to pomp," and "expose it to feel what he had felt:" in Sir James Burgess's play, "the very head and front of *Luke's* offending hath this extent, no more," if we except his failure to practise what he had preached about charity to his brother's debtors. And for only this, the brother, whom Sir James Burgess represents to feign a natural and not a civil death, is to "rise again," "push" *Luke* "from his stool," and restore his wife and daughters to their original grandeur; and, for any thing we see, to a worse oppression of his poor brother.

We have already detained our readers too long on this subject; but we were anxious that the right horse should be saddled with all the faults in the present play, which might be unjustly ascribed to Massinger, than whom there does not exist one of all our many excellent old dramatists, whose plays better deserve reviving, and would ask less trouble in the adaptation for revival. We shall just add, that *Anne* and *Mary*, who are in Massinger's play characters, are in Sir James Burgess's merely parts; and that, whereas they reject their suitors, in Massinger, they are inclined to accept them according to Sir James Burgess.

The shade of Massinger has therefore to complain of Sir James Burgess, that he has reduced his *City Madam* to as mere a shadow of its original, as the ghost itself is. The worthy baronet should not stop on his eagle-wing, or stoop from his epic dignity, to alter old plays: it is like an elephant attempting to creep into a mouse-hole. Let him cleave to the summits of Parnassus, and leave Massinger to such humble souls as are sensible enough to think, that if, in adapting him to the present stage, we are constrained to "lose" a few "drops of the immortal man;" we ought, at least, to adulterate the beverage with no wash of our own: "the next time," said a proprietor of the present publication to his servant, "the next time you drink any of my wine, don't fill up the decanter with water."

The revival was preceded and closed by a new prologue and epilogue. The prologue was well written, but talked too flippantly and disrespectfully of our old dramatists, about their works not fitting "our purer stage," and seemed to make a great merit of the honour done to Massinger, in the rescue of one of his plays from "oblivion," by a bad company of players, at a little dirty hole

called the *Lyceum*. The epilogue was much in the style of Mr. Miles Peter Andrews, and received all its charms from Mrs. Edwin, its reciter.

The play was ill performed: Mr. Raymond is unequal to the part of *Luke*, although his subdued voice in the first scene interested us much for the sufferings of the character. Sir James Burgess, it is true, had, kindly enough for his friend, cut out much of the artifice and villainy of the part; but we know no actor but Mr. Cooke or Mr. Kemble, who could put an audience in full possession of so complicated a character. Mrs. Edwin looked too young for the mother of Miss Ray and Mrs. Orger; but she infused great spirit into the *City Madam*. Having no other praise to bestow, we cannot help observing how excellently well Mr. De Camp dressed his part. His first dash forward on the stage was truly imposing: why did he break the charm? The whole revival, indeed, was better dressed than acted; but the scenery and properties of this theatre would disgrace Messrs. Richardson, Scowton, and company.

KING'S THEATRE.

A species of O. P. signifying *Old Performers*, prevails in this house. By much offence to the delicate lungs of the nobility and gentry, they obtained Mons. Deshayes and his dame, and now they claim the right of calling for the restoration of Catalani. On Saturday, the 17th of February, the tumult increased to such a degree, that nothing was heard but uproar. Having succeeded in getting a *Dancer* into their Ballets, they think, and not quite so foolishly as in common, that their Operas might possibly be better if they had a *Singer*. The row continuing, a Mr. Reed, a fat gentleman, was rolled on the stage, who said something about Catalani being shortly expected in town, and that she should be treated with. Alas! poor Opera! Messrs. Taylor and Waters will live to say, "Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong," we had a good nest of fools, and we have overlaid them.

The *Père Elizee*, an inmate in the family of the Duke of Queensberry, was refused admittance, with his Grace's order, and what was still better, his Majesty's in the shape of half-a-guinea, because he had the boldness to do Mr. Taylor the justice to condemn his meanness and insufficiency. Lord Yarmouth is also proscribed. Any thing more audacious and insolent, has rarely been heard of, and in England never tolerated. Mr. Taylor will be brought on his marrow-bones, a pitiful second edition of Covent-garden manage-

ment. Mr. T. is supposed to have fomented the O. P. strife, because they had engaged Catalani, and now he gets a taste of the punishment of his own *Brazen Bull*, for the neglect to do himself what he disapproved of in them.

On Tuesday, the 20th, no apology was made in person, but a sophistical one by bill, handed about previous to the performance, for the first time, of *Romeo e Julietta*, a new *Opera*—a sort of *plat* translation of Shakspeare. Nothing could be more dull. The *Opera House* fast sinking to a level with the *Royal Circus*, its Manager thinks he may follow the vile taste and gross absurdities already exhibited and practised at the latter, by Mr. Elliston. Wretched work!

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. D. S. Maurice, Minorities, has written an expostulatory letter on the insertion of an article in Vol. VI. p. 390, about an O. P. dance at the Royalty Theatre, which he says is untrue. As it comes from one of the wise men of the East, we readily insert his contradiction.

Tom Dibdin is at daggers drawn with the Managers of Covent, having mounted the ramparts, a forlorn hope, in defence of his wife's merits as an actress. We know none worse in town, though there may be many at *Brummagem*. We advise him to send her into the country, or to keep her at home (she's a good homely woman) to play for his private amusement.

MODESTUS has written a long letter to us, on what he calls "*Theatrical indecencies*," which is itself too indecent to print.—Speaking of the dress or undress of the female performers, he conjures Mrs. SPARKS to wear more clothing about her neck and shoulders, and not so sedulously to endeavour to inflame the passions of the spectators." If we had not reason, from the general character of the letter, to believe that the author is serious, we should think that he meant some quibble on Mrs. Sparks' name, but, as it is, we can only pronounce Mr. Modestus one of the most inflammable, tinder-hearted, gunpowder-passioned, beings in existence!

Mr. Brandon's name appears, as usual, at the bottom of the bills; he is of course restored to office.

Mr. Elliston is about to apply to the House of Commons, for a licence to *speak* at the *Circus*. If he fails in that project, we recommend him, before he plays *Macheath* again, to get an *Act of Parliament* to make him able to sing.

OLYMPIC PAVILION.

A grand spectacle, called *Cermac and Swaran*, and an excellent Pantomime, have kept this theatre in continual requisition ever since our last notice. The Ballets at the Opera House do not exhibit so much taste and invention, and they are certainly not possessed of a tithe of the entertainment and amusement of these performances.

OLD DRURY.

"The most numerous meeting, ever collected, of the Renters of this Theatre, took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern yesterday. Our readers may recollect, perhaps, that at the last meeting certain particulars were referred, to be settled in concert with the Proprietors', the Trustees', and the Renters' Committee. The subject before the meeting of yesterday was, therefore, to consider the Report of their own Committee, which was distinctly stated by Mr. Hosier, the Chairman of the Committee, and the Chairman presiding at the meeting. Nothing could exceed the cordial unanimity with which all the resolutions, adopted by the Committee, in concert with the Proprietors, were received. As a proof of the liberal spirit which pervaded the meeting, it is worthy and fit to be recorded, that, when J. Kingston, Esq. M.P. proposed, that a further addition should be made to the stated annuity, to be in future secured to the Renters, out of the presumed profits of the new undertaking, the proposition was unanimously rejected, though Mr. Kingston, upon the first suggestion of it, gave his immediate consent. Mr. Hosier, however, the Chairman, who has acted with indefatigable zeal and perseverance in the common cause, said, that he would state the question, though the honourable proposer had left the room, and the proposition had not been seconded; but, for his own part, he thought the Proprietors had acted so fairly, sincerely, and so justly, that he could not consent to any further pressure upon them. He felt the *disinterested liberality* of Mr. *Sheridan*, in so readily giving his assent to the proposition; but liberality on his part ought to be met with corresponding liberality on the part of the Renters. It was manifest that every thing was done for the Renters, compatible with the re-building of the Theatre; if any such *surplus* should arise, as Mr. Kingston supposed, *in God's name!* let Mr. *Sheridan*, who has acted so fairly towards all constituting the present meeting, and who has announced his intention of retiring himself wholly from the concern, when he has

seen its fair creditors duly satisfied, have the power of making over any such surplus to his son and his infant family; and do not let us, satisfied as I think we ought to be, grasp it from him, even with his own consent.—(*Loud and general applause.*)

Mr. HEARN, the Barrister, agreed with every word and sentiment that had fallen from the Chairman. He would, however, second the motion, in order that a direct negative might be put on the proposition.

The question was accordingly put, and, to the great honour of the renters, unanimously negatived.

All this augurs well, *indeed*, for the resurrection of Old Drury.

The meeting next proceeded to the consideration stated in the Trustees' Advertisement, respecting the application for a third theatre; and here again a unanimous resolution was entered into, to oppose, by all legal and constitutional means, so *crude* and *unprincipled* an attempt to induce the Crown to countenance a plan of such ruinous and extensive injustice.

The thanks of the meeting were then voted to the Chairman, and the meeting did not separate till after candles had been called for.

The above account of the meeting is taken from one of the several papers, the *British Press*, *Morning Post*, &c. in which it was inserted, and probably paid for, as we find it in all *verbatim* the same. We have no remarks to make on the subject at present, except, that the words which we have put in *Italics*, strike us to be in the very richest spirit of humorous irony. Mr. HOSIER is a wicked wit.

NEW THEATRE.

House of Commons, Feb. 8.—Sir James Shaw presented a petition, signed by the Lord Mayor, Joshua Jonathan Smith, and others, praying for leave to bring in a bill to raise a loan of 200,000*l.* for the purpose of erecting a new Theatre.

The newspapers tell us, that the King referred the above petition to his Privy Council, they to the Crown Lawyers; and the Crown Lawyers, thinking too much was asked, when a Charter was required, had, by their opinion, put an end to the hopes of the petitioners. From what quarter this paragraph came, may easily be guessed. Mr. Smith (as the) however, as it is said, made overtures to the Committee for the erection of the New Theatre; and expressed a wish to become a Proprietor.

 PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Worthing, Feb. 12.

"We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand motives for depreciating each other, but the male slanderer must have the confidence of a woman before he can traduce one."—*Sheridan*.

SIR,

Your correspondent *Razor*, who has criticised the Worthing performers, however *blunt*, may, if he pleases, and *openly* (if he dares) take the gentlemen by the nose, and should he get into the *suds*, I shall not interfere, in that case there will be *lather* enough—but, really, Mr. Editor, when an attempt at wit, without polish or *keenness*, is substituted to convey an unmerited calumny on the private conduct of a deserving female, I feel justified, as a woman and a mother, to assure this mighty *shaver*, his unmanly insinuations relative to Miss B. are as void of *truth* as he is of *shame*. If I do not *err*, the *WEBB* from which this spider vents his venom is known—and this Mr. *Razor* was discarded as an unworthy *understrapper* at Worthing, himself. I rely with confidence on your inserting this, to counteract the poisoned wound, which this *rusty razor* wishes to inflict, from a conviction of the known characteristic of candour that marks your valuable magazine.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your humble servant,

A FEMALE QUIDNUNC,

 LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RESOLUTIONS for the establishment of what is to be called, "*The Literary and Philosophical Society of Hackney*," have lately been published, to invite Hackney and its vicinity to support a very laudable undertaking.

The popular Author of *the Husband and the Lover*, has in the press a Romance, of which report speaks in the highest terms; it is intitled, *The Daughters of Isenbury*.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MARCH, 1810.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF ROBERT CLEVELY, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN,
FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	162
Memoir of Robert Cleveley, Esq.	163
Remarks of Gabriel Naudé	167
The Family of Doddridge	169
The Law of Debtor and Cre- ditor	173
Remarks on Ausonians	177
Printing	180
Queries	185
Notes on Athenæus	186
Memoirs of Mrs. Edwin	188
Historians	190
On Politeness	191
Eudymion the Exile	195
Additional Remarks on the Structure of the Sonnet	199

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Sir Philip Francis's Reflec- tions on the Abundance of Paper in Circulation	201
The Substance of a Speech which ought to have been spoken in a certain As- sembly upon the Motion made by the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, on the 25th of May, 1808	210

The Rudiments of Chemistry	212
The Vaccine Scourge	213
DRAMATIC. Riches, or the Wife and Bro- ther. By Sir James Bland Burgess, Bart.	214

BRITISH STAGE.

The Affection of Modesty	216
Structures on Moliere	218
Aristophanes	219

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To a Young Lady embarking for India	220
To Phœbe	223
Epigram	224
Magdalene of the Isles	225
Epitaphs	227
Lines on Mr. Mathews	ib.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

Covent-Garden Theatre	228
Lyceum	229
Theatrical Chit-Chat	236
Oratorio	238
King's Theatre	239

Literary Intelligence	ib.
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in the United Kingdom.

1810.

In our next Number will be given a fine Likeness of Mr. LEIGH HUNT, author of CRITICAL ESSAYS ON THE PERFORMERS, &c. with a Memoir, written by himself.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A humorous article by the author of MY POCKET BOOK, and a paper "On the corrupt pronunciation of Greek and Latin verse."

"A Comparison between Lord Wellington and Achilles" cannot be inserted. The satirical comparison is made out in this way—*Ex pede Herculem*—Achilles was *ῥαδὰς ὤνυξ*, swift of foot—so is Lord Wellington! At Troy and at Talavera, they both took to their heels—with this great running-advantage in favour of the Baron, that he was first, while the Greek was behind!

Counsel have been heard before several members of the privy council, Whitehall, respecting a third theatre. In No. XL. we shall give the particulars, with some comments. Mr. ELLISTON petitioned against it!! Scowron of Bartholomew Fair, and the man who carries Punch about the streets in a box, being of equal importance, and having an equal interest, in this affair, would, but for the want of Mr. Elliston's goose quill, have presented their petitions.

We want more of the *Sketch of Dresden* to make a paper; and T.'s second letter *On the Alterations of Shakspeare*.

We have a long string of "Puzzles" put by "Shakspearianus" to Mr. MALONE, and the writer of them seems to have a head made of the same wood, as that of the Oracle to which he applies. They all relate to the exits and entrances in Shakspeare's plays. The brightest of these momentous questions runs thus—"In Henry VI. the disaction is, 'Enter King Henry, disguised with a prayer-book'—pray is the prayer-book the disguise?"

"A Querist,"—query, *Queerist*? wishes to be informed, "*Will chicken, hatched in an oven, want rumps?*" He shall know in our next.

J.S. and J.C. will be taken care of; but perhaps J.C.'s first piece is objectionable. That the *padlock*, which he proposes to put on the young lady's mind, &c. should at last be put on her *coal-coller*, is fancy in excess, without being very bright.

P. G.'s "*Lesson*" will appear next month, as he sent it, unless he should think that the second rhyme of the second stanza might be improved—*breath* there—"really is wasting your breath."

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, and Sunderland theatricals next month.

Errata—In our number for January, p. 14, l. 6, for "*quaderna; rio*" read *quadernari*, and in our last, p. 98, for "*Cava*," read *Ceva*—and p. 145, l. 1, omit *who*.



Painted by Sir W. Beechey. Engraved by Freeman.

*Robert Cleveley, Esq.
Marine Painter to his R.H. the Prince of Wales,
and Marine Draftsman to his R.H. the Duke of Clarence.*

Published by Finner, Head & Sharpe, Poultry, April 1810.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

39

MARCH, 1810.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH OF ROBERT CLEVELEY, ESQ.

MARINE PAINTER TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AND DUKE OF
CLARENCE.

(With a Portrait.)

It has been chiefly, and with very few exceptions, our pleasing task in this department of our Miscellany, to pay the tribute of justice to living merit, but on this occasion it is our melancholy duty to record the worth of departed genius.

Robert Cleveley,* Esq. was born at Deptford, in the year 1748. His father was an officer in the naval service of this country. He had a taste for marine painting, and his family increasing with such rapidity that in three years he had seven children, he found it necessary to render that taste instrumental to their support. He therefore joined painting as a profession

* This gentleman descended from an ancient and respectable family. John Cleveley, an ancestor, in the year 1463, was taken prisoner in a battle when fighting in support of the house of Lancaster. He was confined in Killingworth Castle, Warwickshire, from which he escaped in about a month, having fully ascertained the strength and weakness of the place. He rejoined his party, and offered to stake his life that it might be taken. The enterprize was successful, and he was rewarded for his zeal. King HENRY granted him arms, exhibiting six owls, with a shield, in the centre of which were iron bars, denoting the castle, which his vigilant loyalty and determined spirit had contributed to recover for the royal cause.

x 2

to his appointment in the national service, and acquired no small degree of reputation in his day as an artist. A representation of our present queen landing at Harwich, is in the possession of her majesty, and there are several pictures of approved merit, by this gentleman, in the apartments of the governor of Greenwich Hospital.

Mr. Robert Cleveley, his son, the subject of our present attention, was not originally intended for the naval service, two of his brothers having previously been engaged in it; but forming an acquaintance with Captain Locker, late deputy-governor of Greenwich Hospital, he sailed with that gentleman in the Thames, one of his majesty's ships, at an early period of his life. A natural genius for drawing, encouraged, no doubt, by the example and instruction of his father, occupied all his leisure, and so fond was he of this pursuit, that, in order to indulge it, he has been known to bolster himself for the purpose of sketching, when the rolling of the vessel prevented every body from keeping on their feet without a strong hold.

His attachment to the art of painting increased as he advanced in life and improved in skill, and though he chiefly devoted himself to marine subjects, he attentively studied nature, and copied her in all her beautiful and interesting variety.

Mr. Cleveley was at the memorable siege of Gibraltar, when it was so gallantly defended by the heroic ELLIOT, and served in the navy during the whole of the American war. His father having already two sons in the navy, finding Robert resolved on the same profession, told him, on parting with him, in a half-angry manner that he hoped he would be taken by the Americans, and be tarred and feathered. As he and some of the crew were going up the country in the United States, in search of cattle for provisions, the ship was taken during their absence, and as the whole party were compelled, in the critical posture of affairs at that period, to sleep for several weeks up on the earth in the open air, Mr. Cleveley caught a rheumatic affection, under which he at times severely suffered during the remainder of his life. Such was

the distressing condition to which the party were reduced on this occasion, that the feet of one person served for a pillow for another, during the time allotted to each, repeat as they could obtain in so deplorable a situation.

He continued in the navy for the remainder of his life, and for near forty years was chiefly in the situation of purser. He was of too feeling and too liberal a character to avail himself of the usual advantages of that situation, and had never an opportunity of enriching him by prize-money, a source of emolument, which, indeed, to a mind like his, would have been attended with no small alloy, whatever it might have produced, as he was not of a disposition to be gratified with any benefit to himself, arising from the misfortunes of his fellow creatures.

Modest and unassuming as his character was, his virtues excited the esteem and regard of all who knew him, and several of his superiors in the service often promised him their patronage. These promises, however, were never fulfilled, yet disappointment, instead of souring his disposition, only added resignation to the natural composure and serenity of his mind. But this constitutional calmness was by no means allied to torpidity or a want of due firmness. No man was more alive to the feelings of indignant honour, upon the slightest appearance of insult; no man was more zealous in every humane and generous office, and, humble as his means were, he was always ready to share them with the unfortunate. His chief pleasure was in the study of his art, and in the enjoyment of domestic tranquillity. As nearly the whole of his leisure was devoted to this art, and as he painted with great facility, the productions of his pencil were almost innumerable. As he was little conversant with the practices of those who know how to make the most of their productions, and little disposed to acquire them, he had a vast collection of works upon his hand, which no doubt would have been eagerly purchased if they had been thrown open to curiosity and taste.

We feel deep regret in drawing towards the conclusion of this gentleman's amiable and meritorious life, as it was occa-

sioned by an event of the most melancholy nature. On the 27th of last September he had arrived at Dover, where he had dined with a relation. In the evening of that day, as he was walking at the end of the garden belonging to the house, he unfortunately stepped too far, and was immediately precipitated to a depth of eighteen feet in a creek issuing from the harbour. He remained in this unhappy condition, unable to rise, and without strength to call for assistance, for near two hours, before he was discovered. Medical aid was immediately procured, but the injuries which he had received in his fall precluded the hope of recovery. The serenity and fortitude which had marked his character through life were equally conspicuous at the close of it, and after enduring extreme pain, which wearied him at last into slumber, he expired in this state without any indication of his departure to an amiable wife, who attended him on this melancholy occasion, and who after having enjoyed the tenderness and protection of an excellent husband for upwards of two and twenty years, was thus unhappily deprived of him in a few moments.

Mr. Cleveley was gentle in his person, and his countenance strongly expressed the cheerfulness and benignity of his mind. It is not improbable that he felt a victim to his art, and that in watching some beautiful feature of an autumnal sky, he unawares lost all sense of personal safety. Thus ended the days of an admirable artist, and a truly estimable man. Mr. Cleveley was equally skilful in oil-painting, as in water-colours. His works were invariably characterized by taste, spirit, simplicity, and truth, the prominent features of his character.

The print which accompanies this brief and inadequate record of his worth and talents, was taken from an excellent and faithful portrait painted by his friend, Sir William Beechey.

REMARKS ON GABRIEL NAUDÉ,

SUCCESSOR TO LUCAS DE CLÈRE

ITALY.

Infallible of atheists and infidels; nevertheless, the number of writers on the soul's immortality is infinite. But I think they believe as little about that as about other subjects; for I consider it as a sure axiom, that the scepticism, which they entertain on this, is the reason of their writing. Moreover, the feebleness of their arguments is such, that they rather add to the doubts, than to the conviction of their readers.

EARTH.

The ancients made use of waxen tables in writing, called *Pagillares*, or leaves made of barks of trees. I have seen specimens of each in Italy. They did not make use of paper, for they had no linen. They knew hemp as an herb, but applied it not to this purpose. Rabelais, at the end of his third book, mentions hemp under the term *Pentaguellion*, as a newly discovered plant, which had not been in use above a century. In the time of Charles VII. linen made of hemp was very scarce; and the queen only had two shifts made of it.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU,

In 1632 and 1633, was very unpopular at Rome. His name was held in abhorrence; and they ascribed to him every disaster that happened in Europe. The Pope said of him: "This beggarly priest gives me more solicitude than all Christendom besides." If the Pope could have ruined him at that time, he would have done it with all his heart.

ARISTOTLE

Is perhaps entitled to as much reverence as a man can claim of another, for superiority of abilities. He surpasses Plato in all points. The latter philosopher is a cabalist, and has given rise to a thousand reveries and absurdities. Aristotle has led the way to the destruction of them. Cardan resembles Aristotle in the more solid and reputable parts of his writings; but often frequently falls into his reveries.

POPE JOAN.

The history of a female-Pope is a ridiculous falsity, invented by the Protestants; and I cannot see how Salmasius, in his treatise de Primatu Petri, can prove his belief on this subject. Joseph Scaliger, who was a Protestant, laughs at the account. I have seen a pamphlet, written by an Italian Jesuit, with this title to it—"Thirteen reasons for disbelieving the existence of Pope Joan."

CESAR-CAPONALI.

Was a poet of Modena, and secretary of a Roman cardinal. He has written several burlesque poems on various subjects; and among them is the life of Mæceas, replete with wit and humour. He was always poor and unhappy: a murmur against Providence, uttered by him, is the most singular mixture of profaneness, discontent, and blundering, that ever issued from the mouth of an unfortunate poet: "If I had been bred a hatter, men would have been born without heads."

PAUSILYPO.

Is the name of a mountain in the kingdom of Naples, which is pierced through the middle, and forms a passage for travellers. This chasm, according to the popular notion, was effected by the magic of Virgil's muse. Thuanus, in his own life, part V. page 63, says this mountain assumed the Greek name of Pausilypus, because it had the power of causing grief and toil to cease; and is also the appellation of Jupiter, as we may see in Sophocles, adopted from the more antient Greek writers.*

* These Greek terms *παύσις* and *λύπη*, which signify cessation and grief, seem to derive a justness of appellation from the description given us by the elegant Addison, in the opinion of those whose minds are so affected by picturesque spots. "If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock, undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, nearly as long and as broad as the mall in St. James's Park. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air."

Remarks on several parts of Italy, in the years 1701, &c.

THE FAMILY OF DODDRIDGE.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND E.

I must request you to give a place to this paper relative to the family of Doddridge. Eminent characters stamp honour upon particular names; that of Doddridge has a double proportion. Law and Divinity have each set their seal to render the surname illustrious. The Doddridges rose from the west: I believe in Barnstable in Devonshire. I think the family might have had its beginning in trade. The first of the name was Sir John Doddridge. I have not seen any mention made of his parents, nor more of his beginning, than that he was of Exeter College, in Oxford, and of the Middle Temple, in London. It is not my design to write his life. I shall only speak generally of him, adding some circumstances which have not before been given by his biographers. In Elizabeth's reign he was Lent reader of his inn at court. At James I.'s accession he was received into great favour at first, for he was appointed one of the queen's council in 1603; on Jan. 22, 1603-4, he was called to the degree of serjeant at law, but falling into disgrace soon after, he was degraded. His character was soon re-established. He was appointed solicitor to Henry Prince of Wales, June 25, 1607; king's serjeant, July 5, following; knighted at Whitehall, and became Judge of the King's Bench, Nov. 25, 1612, where he continued to sit with great honour until his death, which happened at Fosters, in Surrey, Sept. 13, 1628. By his own express direction his body was sent down to our Lady's chapel in Exeter cathedral, where he was buried, Oct. 14. Izake gives us this, his epitaph:

Learning adieu, for Doderidge is gone,
 To fix his earthly, to an heavenly throne;
 Rich urn of learned dust, scarce can be found,
 More worth inshrined in six foot of ground.

NUnc obilt DoDerigUs JUDeX.

Y—VOL. VII.*

I give you the inscription exact; the quaintness and the anagrammaticalness of the last line were the bad taste of the age.

“It is hard to say whether he were better artist, divine, common, or civil lawyer.” I will give another character of this eminent Judge from a very scarce book, printed by Abel Roper, at the Mitre in Fleet-street, near Temple-Bar, 1692; the only copy of which, that ever I saw, is in my study. It consists of three parts. The general title is; *An Historical Dictionary of England and Wales*. The particular ones, I. *Geographical*. II. *Of most memorable Persons*. III. *Political*: treating of public offices, degrees of honour, courts of judicature, and corporations. Small octavo. The author says, “Doderidge, Sir John, born in Devonshire, and bred in Oxford, a general scholar, was second justice of King’s Bench. His soul consisted of two essentials, ability and integrity; holding the scale of justice with a steady hand. He is famous for this expression, that as old as he was, he would go to Tyburn on foot, to see such a man hanged, that should proffer money for a place of judicature. He died 1628.” From this specimen judge of the rest. I question if this little book was not the embryo of our gazetteers and biographical dictionaries. Sir John buried his lady in the same cathedral. On her monument, adjoining his, is this inscription—*Hic jacet domina Dorothea uxor Johannis Doderidge, militis, unius justiciariorum domini regis ad placita coram rege tenenda assignati; et filia Amisii Bampfild, militis; * qui obiit primo Martii, anno Domini 1614*. In my copy of *Izake* all the arms are coloured in oil. On Lady Doderidge’s the arms are: *Argent, two pales wavy Azure, between nine cross-crosets, Gules; impaling, Or, on a bend Gules, three mullets Argent*. Our writers do not mention any other marriage, yet it is certain Sir John had a second wife, as we learn by this item in Stepney register: “Sir John Doddridge, of Mile-End

* The baronet family of Bampfylde, do not mention the baptismal name of any of the females of the family before their creation to their title: contenting themselves with giving the number of daughters.

Green, knight, one of his majesty's justices of the King's Bench, and Ann Newman, of St. Matthews, Friday-street, were married Jan. 16, 1617. It is probable that the Judge had no children by either wife. Of his literary works I must refer the reader to Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* I suspect that the Judge's heir was John Doddridge, Esq. and that he was his nephew. This gentleman chose the parliament interest in the civil war. He was a member of that called the *Long*. In 1648 he was in some disgrace with the House of Commons, for he with Sir Edw. Partridge, and Sir Tho. Dacres, were commanded not to enter until their conduct was enquired into. The elder Protector, Oliver, nominated him one of the commissioners of taxes, for his county of Devon. He published his opinion respecting parliaments.

As the eminent Dr. Doddridge did not know his great grandfather's profession, it cannot be now, I believe, ascertained, but he was a brother of the Judge, and was father of the Rev. John Doddridge, rector of Shiperton, in Middlesex, deprived at the Restoration; but it was wrong to call him in Dr. Doddridge's life, and elsewhere, a confessor, in losing this living, because he was only an intruder in it, for Lewis Hughes, M. A. instituted Dec. 14, 1638, was succeeded in it July 30, 1660, by Richard Peacock, M. A. and held it until his death in 1683. So it is said that the living was worth two hundred pounds per annum by Dr. Doddridge's biographer, Job Horton, when Calamy gives it at only one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and yet he has raised it above its value, for the parliament commissioners in 1665, certify that it was worth only one hundred and thirty pounds. There is a littleness in all this, unbecoming any party. There are many put down as silenced ministers, as rectors and vicars, that I have discovered never were so, but only licensed preachers in parishes where the incumbent was not agreeable to the ruling powers: it was so at Barming, and several near parishes. Mr. John Doddridge wanted no such irregular calls for observation. "He was an ingenious man, and a scholar of the university of Oxford; an acceptable preacher, and a

very peaceable divine." He left a family. Philip, one of his sons, was steward to the first Duke of Bedford; another, suppose a younger one, was an oilman in London, who by a daughter of Mr. John Bauman, a suffering Protestant emigrant of Prague, in Bohemia, who fled to Britain about 1626, for his religion, and being received here, became master of the Free Grammar School, at Kingston upon Thames, had issue twenty children, of whom only a daughter, unfortunately married to Mr. John Nettleton, a dissenting minister, at Ongar, in Essex, who died in 1734, and Dr. Doddridge, survived.

The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D. of Northampton, the youngest child of his parents, and left an orphan, and by the imprudence of a guardian, a destitute one, became one of the greatest ornaments of those who refused to enter into the national church; for though he was not a very deep thinking man, not such who fathom vast depths in any science, yet he was respectable for his learning, but far more for the rectitude of his life. Dr. Doddridge was a polite scholar, a general reader, and most exemplary in his conduct. The public gave a willing homage to his worth. The clergy of the establishment respected themselves by respecting him. I have elsewhere endeavoured to do ample justice to his merit. Dr. Doddridge was born in London, on June 26, 1702, and died at Lisbon, whither he had gone for his health, Oct. 26, 1751, and was laid in the cemetery of the English factory. Though he had much of the enthusiasm which we see in those who are not in the church, yet he had all the charity of humanity which ought to distinguish all who believe in Christ. By Mrs. Mercy Maris, a native of Worcester, whom he married in 1730, he left Mr. Doddridge, an attorney at law, and three daughters; one of them only married; she was the eldest, and became wife of Mr. Humphreys, an attorney at Tewkesbury, in the county of Gloucester. I am hurt to add, that though some collection was made for Mrs. Doddridge, yet it was very inadequate to the situation she had held in the lifetime of Dr. Doddridge.

It is said that Dr. Doddridge was heir at law to the estate.

of two thousand pounds per annum, left by Sir John Doddridge, the judge. I have in my study a very curious work of Judge Doddridge. It is the History of the Ancient and Moderne Estate of the Principality of Wales, Duchy of Cornewall, and Earldome of Chester, collected out of the Records of the Tower of London, and divers ancient Authors. By Sir John Doddridge, Knight, late one of his Majesties Judges of the King's Bench; and by him dedicated to King James of ever-blessed memory. Small 4to. London. MDCXXX. I own I am very incredulous upon this head. It requires something far better than bare assertion. An estate, peaceably enjoyed for a century, could not well admit of another claimant; and who would so well have known, and prosecuted the right, as Mr. Philip Doddridge, an attorney, and steward to the Duke of Bedford, the uncle of Dr. Doddridge?

THE LAW OF DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

Esuriunt, postquam causas vicere trecentas.

Souvent demeurèrent gueux de vingt procès gagez.

Menagiana, Vol. IV. p. 241.

PERSONAL LIBERTY is asserted by DE LOLME, BLACKSTONE and others, to be better secured by the present existing laws of England, than those of any other country; yet it is in the power of *any one* to imprison another for a sum to the amount of ten thousand pounds, or more who so far from owing the money, may never have heard the plaintiff's name until the arrest. The sole preliminary to the commencement of such an action, as shall instantly deprive defendant of his freedom, is an affidavit of plaintiff that defendant owes him a certain sum of money, which has all the effect of the most solemn judgment of a supreme court of judicature. This affidavit ought in justice to state in addition—that defendant obtained

the credit by artifice or deception, or that he intends concealing himself or absconding, or that he has fraudulently conveyed away his estate and effects, and the circumstances on which such belief is founded, as is the case in Scotland, on a suggestion that the defendant is *in meditatione fugæ*—the affidavit too should be indorsed by a judge previous to the arrest. Or the ancient practice should be revived of making plaintiff give *real* pledges of prosecuting the cause to judgment, instead of the nominal pledges, *John Doe and Richard Roe*, at the end of the declaration. With his imprisonment his remedy may end, for he has none against the keeper of the prison, the sheriff or his officer, and the main spring of the whole is perhaps *in nubibus*, has assumed a wrong name, absconded or is not to be found.

After a prisoner (being unable to find bail) is in custody of the marshal of the King's Bench, or the warden of the Fleet, plaintiff proceeds regularly in his action, if he delivers a declaration before the end of the next term after the writ is returnable; the prisoner therefore may, if arrested in Trinity vacation, lie seven months in gaol before plaintiff is obliged to deliver him a declaration, and he need not do it till the last day of the succeeding Hilary Term. It is true that the plaintiff by the present practice is obliged to state the *cause* of action, i. e. that the debt has been contracted for goods sold and delivered, money lent, &c. but this is not sufficient, since it is as easily sworn as the simple existence of the debt.

Ever since the act, which prevents arrests under ten pounds, it has been customary to recover small debts by a writ of *subpæna* or *venire* out of the Exchequer, or *clausum fregit* from the Common-Pleas, on which, if no appearance be put in, a *distringas* issues in four days, whereon a levy is made of forty shillings, for which the officer takes *any thing he pleases*, frequently to the value of ten times the sum, and always above the value required. If there be no appearance in another four days, plaintiff levies for four pounds, and so goes on *doubling* for every default, and the costs by these means frequently amount to ten times the debt. Sometimes the attorney proceeds against defendant, till the debt and costs exceed

ten pounds, and then takes him in execution; in either case a shameful accumulation of costs is the consequence.

LORD BACON writes that no man should be arrested for debt in England, according to the constitution. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE remarks that the detention for debt is injurious to the nation; and LORD TALBOT declared that according to the principles of humanity and good policy, the debtor sufficiently paid a debt of any sum by an imprisonment of three months. By the laws of *Holland* no defendant can be arrested on process in the action; a debtor, *only after judgment obtained*, can be imprisoned, and he has the action of *cessio bonorum*, by which an honest debtor is sure of gaining his liberty. The law of debtor and creditor in all *Germany* is the same; and even in the *Turkish dominions*, arrests for debt are prohibited. In the progress of the 2d Geo. II. c. 22, commonly called the *Lords' act*, through the house, the EARL OF STAFFORD took notice of the hardship of the case of insolvent debtors, which he observed was worse than that in *Turkey*, where if after *nine* months imprisonment, it appeared that they were unable to satisfy their creditors, they were, on oath of delivering up their all, released. The EARLS AYLESFORD and HAY, and LORD BINGLEY, remarked that the case of many debtors was worse than that of galley-slaves. The state of our prisons, at this moment, makes the serious consideration of this humane and enlightened policy an indispensable duty.

In fictione juris consistit æquitas. So an original writ from Chancery was *supposed*—secondly, pledges of prosecution, or security against groundless suits, was *supposed*—thirdly, notice to defendant was *supposed*—fourthly, the sheriff's enquiry for goods, was *supposed*—fifthly, the sheriff's answer or return, that defendant had no goods, was *supposed*: And upon these suppositions, the writ for seizing defendant's person issued, and instead of being the *last* was the *first* proceeding. See the *Progressive History* of Imprisonment for debt.

Instead of a creditor giving previous notice of his intention, and having a debtor peaceably examined touching his ability to

pay, he is instantaneously dragged from his family, his friends, and society, to be put in durance at a ruinous expence. The very payment of the money at the instant of arrest is insufficient to obtain defendant his liberation, for he is always detained till the office is searched, and if it happens on a Saturday, he must remain in custody till the Monday, and so in case of holidays. Under this restriction a person, who arrests another at a distance from the county town, insists on bringing him up for the examination, from his house, and the assistance of his friends, before he will discharge him. It frequently happens that the officer avoids making his caption, till he knows the office is closed, when of course it is most likely the books cannot be seen, but if they can by favour of the gentleman who conducts the office, yet his interest will prompt him to avoid it. The sheriff's office for Middlesex and London should continue open for the express purpose of searching the books at least four hours a day longer than has been customary, and no holidays should be allowed.

Particular attention should be paid to the mode of suing out writs on bills of exchange. At present they shoot at the whole covey. A few years ago Mr. GARROW applied for the interposition of the court in the case of an attorney who had grossly misconducted himself. He had purchased a bill of exchange, value ten pounds seventeen shillings, by discounting it, and brought a number of actions upon it against the acceptor, and indorsers for the purpose of increasing costs, which amounted to forty-six pounds. LORD KENYON referred the case to the master, observing, "that there were many things done in practice which ought not to be done, but which he could not prevent. We do not sit here," continued his lordship, "as a court of conscience or of honour—we may feel a great deal of resentment, but cannot punish."

It is the practice of many attornies to discount bills, supposing that they will not be punctually paid by the acceptor, (for if it were certain that the payment would be punctual, they would be the last to discount,) and immediately on default notice is given to all the parties on the bill, and writs sued out

against every one of them, a race is run for a judgment, still if any one of the parties should wish to discharge the bill, he must pay the costs in *all* the actions.

A poor man may recover a small debt and taxed costs; and yet in the best of circumstances be a loser; but if his debtor be unable to pay them, he must follow him to gaol, where being daily auditors of each other's folly, they will perhaps soon be anxious to effect a mutual release, which will then not depend upon them, but their attorney. Something should in justice be done to make such prosecution more secure. The law for the easy recovery of rents has already entrusted the creditor with the power of carving for himself, without any limitation of the sum to be distrained for, and without either oath or warrant; and yet after many years' experience, no one mischief has been found to follow this practice, but on the whole infinite benefit to debtor and creditor. Surely then there can be no danger in adopting a similar, though more guarded mode of proceeding, for the recovery of small and limited sums.

REMARKS ON AUSONIANUS.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I did not think to have troubled you so soon: But the remarks of AUSONIANUS, on a subject so favourite with me as the sonnet, have tempted me.

There are several more *forms* of the original PYTHAGORAN SONNET, strictly confining the epithet to those adopted by that great author himself, than is suspected. This I have shewn in my preface, now nearly completed, to my selection.

* See p. 14 & 96.

2—VOL. VII.*

The two chief differences, however, are that there is one in which the rhymes in the second quaternary alternate; and another in which they are alternate in both. The latter I would call the *elegiac Petrarchan*:

But in general there is the present established sonnet: from which, except in sonnets of this inscriptive species, PETRARCHA has rarely deviated; where the first and fourth, fifth and eighth, rhyme to each other, and the second and third, sixth and seventh. The reason for this I think I have found in a musical analogy.

These constitute two rhymes to the octave in a very rich and harmonious rhythm. So that if the sonnet be, as it is, difficult, its difficulty is compensated by its beauty.

The second, or minor system of this regular and exquisite lyric composition, is in two *terzettes*; and in the arrangement of these, considerable variety is admitted by PETRARCHA himself, and more sometimes with good effect by his successors.

And here I would observe on the *basis* and the *volte*. I agree that in the construction of the sonnet, it is true that the *octant* division gives the *subject*; and the *hexachord*, as I would call it, *enlarges* on it: and in this I assent to AUSONIANUS. The *basis* and the *volte*, may therefore be thus explained. But I suspect there is another reason derived from the *rhythmical* construction; which if not principally, is at least *concurrently* concerned in this appellation. It is this—that in the *established sonnet*, the *basis*, or *subject*, has a fixed rhythm; the *secondary* division runs *variations* on it, which have greater latitude in the *rhythmical* arrangement.

I have found this morning in an old French poet, a sonnet which from me, a votary of the *severer Muses*,* you would hardly expect; and indeed it has more latitude than this species of composition, or my taste and sentiment, would generally admit. Yet I trust that it is rather *sais* than licentious. It has the strictest regularity of arrangement, much beauty of numbers, and an unexpected elegance of expression. The fe-

* *Qui Musas colimus superiores.*

licity of the GUY or GUIDO in the *fine arts* is somewhat extraordinary.

In my translation I have a little moderated the freedom of the original; and I have supposed the scene to belong to *ancient mythology*, to avoid any thing bordering on *profane-ness*.

A very fine and affecting novel, lately translated from the same, by Miss HAWKINS, *Siegebert*, and in which there is high morality, deep and significant pathos, is however in a great measure founded on a similar incident.

Without more preface,

Troston-Hall, Feb. 14, 1810.

I am yours sincerely,

CARL LOFFT.

I admit that *rhyme* is the proper accompaniment of the *sonnet*. I think, however, for variety, *blank verse* admissible. But then the *two systems* should be as *distinct* as that *form* will admit: the *subject* in the *octant*, and the deduction in the *sextant*. And it will be better still if, beside this, the *first quaternary* contain the *proposition*; the *second*, the *confirmation or distinction*.

SONNET.

GUY DE TOURS.

Ma CLAUDE étoit dedans une chapelle,
 Au-deux genoux devant d'un autel;
 Et là prioit le Puissant Immortel
 De telle ardeur qu'il n'en fut jamais telle.
 Là des *Beautés* la brigade plus belle,
 Là des *Amours* que me donnent martel,
 En la voyant supplier d'un ceil tel,
 Se misent tous en prière avec elle.

Journal Encyclopédique, année 1780, p. 87.

L'un sur son front supplioit à genoux ;
 L'autre en ses yeux rigoureusement doux ;
 L'autre en son sein, l'autre en sa tresse torte :
 Quand elle auroit avec moi couché,
 Je suis certain que d'un si doux péché
 Elle auroit grace, en priant de la Sorte.

TRANSLATION.

Within the temple of *Diana* pray'd
 My Julia on her suppliant knees ; with air
 So heavenly, and so humble was her prayer,
 Such the pure fervour of the lovely maid,
 That, erst of that severest shrine afraid,
 A band of *Beauties* hover'd round her there ;
 And winged *Loves*, whom I, to my despair,
 Well knew : for never far from her they stray'd.

One on her forehead, lowly bending, sued ;
 Others, in her chaste, tender eyes I view'd ;
 These in her locks, her bosom those had place.
 Had she infring'd *Diana's* laws with me,
 Unpardon'd by the goddess could not be
 The sweet offence to such a winning grace.

Feb. 14, 1810.

C. L.

PRINTING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAD NO thought of the *Commentator* on *ATHENÆUS*, in my remarks on the reflections lately made with an intent to shew that there is no merit in the modern application of stamps to printing.

It is certainly true that the ancients had the elements of printing. For the *stamping* of a single word or letter, implies the *stamping* of that art. And indeed it is more, it is the art itself on different materials. But yet there is great merit in *applying* a discovery to a most extensive purpose, to which, in so many centuries, the inventors had not applied it; and that purpose of universal and perpetual interest to mankind.

It had been known for ages, that a *concave mirror reflects* images, and gives them projected and *enlarged* toward the eye. It had been known for ages, that a *convex transparent substance enlarges* images by *refraction*. But this knowledge detracts nothing from the merit of JANSSEN and GALILEO, of GREGORY or of NEWTON, the inventors, — the former of the *refracting*, the last, independently, of the *reflecting* telescope; the latter, perhaps, one of the greatest efforts of human skill, and one of the happiest in its result. It had been known for ages, that *transparent mediums* of different *density*, had different refractive powers: it was a result from this that different lenses of different *refrangibility* might be employed to *counteract* and correct the refraction of each other, and thus *coloured rays* and *imperfect images* from *aberration* of light might be reduced to an evanescent degree. But the knowledge of the first simple facts does not diminish the estimation of DOLLOND, of RAMSDEN, and others, to whom we are indebted for the achromatic telescope. It has been long known that there were *sidereal strata*, but this obscure and vague knowledge does not impair the fame of the beautiful *theory* of WRIGHT of DERBY, or of the admirable discoveries of HERSCHEL, and of the *arrangements* which his science and his genius have conceived from them.

In my remarks I had *another* paper in view, and which had no connection with those in the MONTHLY MIRROR. The *Commentator* on ATHENÆUS* would have not been mentioned by me in these terms; nor indeed any other writer;

* The remark on *printing* was not made by the *Commentator*, but by the Rev. S. Weston. *Edit.*

If I had not been, perhaps, somewhat too much warmed by strong censure on the insanity, as it was represented, of all the fame which has been ascribed to FUSK, KUSTER, CAXTON and others, (and I think deservedly ascribed,) for introducing into Europe so great an acquisition to mankind.

ASYMPTOTES.

For right handed, *r. right lined*. This article in HARKIS's *Lexicon technicum* (the earliest *CYCLOPEDIA* of any that I know) is treated, I think, in as clear and interesting a manner as its nature seems to admit. And thence my remarks were taken.

RHYTHM.

I have never seen this subject treated with regard either to *English prose* composition, or to *music*, as it seems to me to merit. I do not hesitate to say that I consider it as the soul of *oratorical, poetical, and musical expression*. And when I say *musical*, I wish to keep in view the just, beautiful, and sublime idea of DRYDEN, that *music is poetry speaking an universal language*. The author who conceived, and could thus express such a thought, was worthy indeed to write the *Ode to Harmony*, and the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*: and to have his immortal *verse* united to the *music* of HANDEL.

The ancients, indeed, classed under *music*, all the sciences and arts, which had *proportion* for their object; which is in truth all that can deserve the name of an *art* or a *science*.

And they used *rhythm* in that extent. They applied it to all *movements*, or *imitations* of movement; in *walking, dancing, sculpture, or painting*; in the cadence of the periods in an oration; in the modulation of verse; in the combination of measures either for *singing*, or for instruments;—regulated by art, and producing a beautiful and graceful, a tender, a pathetic, or sublime flow of harmoniously connected parts: alike whether that excellence addressed itself to the *eye*, or to the *ear*. They would have spoken of the *eurhythmia*, the fine rhythm of the statues of PRAXITELES, or of the

statues formed and temples built by PRIMAS, no less than of the periods of HOMER or of DEMOSTHENES, of VIRGIL and CICERO, as we may now speak of those of SHAKESPEARE or MILTON, of JUNIUS, of BROOKE, or of WORDSWORTH.

RHYTHM, however, as addressed to the ear, I would define a *various and artificial combination of measures*; so that their *tunes, tones, rests, and cadences, shall combine and flow in a manner the most just, beautiful, and expressively adapted to the subject.*

Measure implies *equal times*, divided into *equal portions*.

Rhythm divides *measure* into *unequal portions*: of which the *sum*, however, taken in the *aggregate*, coincides with the *aggregate* of the *measure*.

Metrical bars, consequently, contain times *always equal to each other*.

Rhythmical bars contain measures, the parts of which are unequal to each other; and the *aggregate* only equal to the *metrical aggregate*.

4 | 2,2 | 1,1,1,1, | 3,1 | 1,3 | = 20 *metrical* division.

3,2 | 1,2 | 2,1, | 3,2 | 3,1 | = 20 *rhythmical* division.

The *times* are equal in both: 20. But they are *very differently* divided; the first, according to its nature, into five *equal* divisions, of four *times* in a bar: the second also, according to its nature, into three bars, all of *unequal* time; of five, six, nine times in a bar.

In consequence, *rhythm* is chiefly relative to *compound*, measure to *simple* parts; one is the *analysis* or *resolution*, the other, the *synthesis* or *composition* of finely flowing periods.

A whole poem, or musical composition of length, strictly *metrical*, and where the marked equal intervals were *pointedly* sensible throughout, has this difference; that in *poetry* it would soon become tediously monotonous; though it would be easy and agreeable, and sweet in its effect for some few lines; in *music*, such pointedly and uniformly marked continuation of *metre*, or *measure*, seems fittest for *country dances* and *military marches*, where the equality of each

position of the movement ought to be very clearly and distinctly recognised throughout; but in the higher and more extensive compositions, where greatness and extent of beauty, pathos, and sublimity; are the object, rhythm ought to prevail; yet not to that degree as for any considerable portion of the composition to *obscure* the perception of the *measure*. The measure should be recognised; the *trist* and *flow* of it should not wholly cease to be perceived; but it should appear, as I once heard it very finely observed by a lady, from her natural taste, when she had been hearing one of the delightful *concertante* lessons of PLEYELL; it should appear like a river winding through extensive wood-scenery; lost for a moment to the eye, at uncertain intervals, but retained in recollection, and becoming, by its partial disappearances, the more vividly impressed on imagination. It is obvious that *prose* is susceptible of *rhythm*, but not of *measure*; and that *true recitative*, with the times discretionary, and without bars, is the same. All other *musical* composition, and all *poetical*, have both measure and rhythm.

If I find these remarks acceptable, I may probably proceed.

C. L.

ATROPHY IN OLD AND YOUNG PERSONS.

Of the *atrophia senum* there is no remedy. It is the natural termination of old age, as feelingly described by Milton.

Of the *atrophia juvenum*, especially as it affects the female constitution, and as distinguished from the pulmonary consumption, one should think there might be remedy. And it might be of service to society, and beneficial in the highest degree to many families, if some eminent physician could be induced, by any hints thrown out in the *Mirror*, to lay before the public, remarks on the predisposing causes, the characteristic discrimination, and the cure.

QUERIES.

MR. EDITOR,

You will oblige me by inserting the following queries in the Mirror, the wide circulation of which induces me to hope that some of its readers may be able and willing to give me the information I request.

I. The reason why the medal hereunder described was struck, how many copies were struck, and to whom such copies were presented?

Obverse.—A quarter-length figure in armour, the head crowned with laurel, and the right eye closed, with this inscription—LUIZ DE CAMOENS.

Reverse.—Within a wreath of laurel—ALOLLO PORTUGUES HONRA DE ESPANHA, NACEO-1524. MORREO 1579. Underneath—OPTIMO POETÆ I. T. BARO DE DILLON DEDICAVIT, 1782.

All the information I can gain of this medal is from the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1784, in the miscellaneous plate to which number it is engraved, and a short account is prefixed, which states that it was lately caused to be struck by the Baron de Dillon, and that the portrait was taken from a picture in the possession of the Marquis of Nysa, the ninth descendant of Vasco de Gama, without further description. I am indebted to your worthy Kentish correspondent for a memoir of the eccentric baron, and he regrets his inability to inform me further concerning the medal; he says, however, that Sir John gave one to the English ambassador, and he conjectures one was presented to the sovereign of Portugal. The ambassador at that time was the honourable Robert Walpole. The word ALOLLO in the reverse, I should think must be a mistake made by the engraver, and that APOLLO was intended to have been inscribed.

II. Whether any particular value attaches to the book hereunder described from its dedication, and whether such dedication is a singular or common instance?

A A—VOL. VII.*

Last winter I was presented by a valued friend with a Spanish 12mo volume, in the original vellum binding, intituled, "Institucion de un Rey Christiano, co legida principalmente de la Santa Escritura, y de Sagrados Doctores, por el Maestro Felipe de la Torre: Dirigida à la S. C. R. magestad d'el Rey Don Felipe, por divina gracia Rey de España, INGLATERRA, Francia, &c. nuestro señor. En Anvers, 1556. The peculiarity in the dedication, it will be observed, arises in Philip of Spain being described as King of England.

I am, sir,

Gateshead, Oct.
1809.

Your obedient humble servant,
JOHN ADAMSON.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

"The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."

No. XXVIII.

CONTINUE in the same book xi. for *καὶ τὸν δ' ὑπερβολὴν πινυ-
μεναι*, read *καὶ τὸν δ' ὑπὲρ πινυμεναι*. P. 482. F.

At p. 483, F. and 484, A. B. C. we have some medical advice with respect to drinking. In the first place it is said that they who drink inordinately, injure both their bodies and their minds, but occasionally it is prescribed as physic to the former, and relief to the latter. Reasons are given, which it would not be delicate to translate. Hippocrates is said to have recommended drunkenness, once a month, as beneficial to the constitution; and some people, apparently doubtful about the time, and fearful of missing it, get intoxicated every day.

In F. p. 484, *πεγίς* might better come before *τραγ.* and in the next line put *ανδροποδιον* in the genitive plural, reading afterwards *ονοματα* with an apostrophe instead of *ταυθ' ὁρᾶς*.

Aristophanes is quoted in A. p. 485, where we have the words *λεπασση*, a sort of cup like a shell, and *λαψαι* from *λαπῖω*, which was applied to persons who drank greedily, and made a noise in the act like a dog; whence, says Dalechamp, the French verb *laper*—and of course our *to lap*—a natural derivation like *to hiss*. They had opposed to the *λεπασση* a kind of cup called *βομβυλῖες*, because of the buzzing noise like that of an insect, produced by the narrow passage through which the liquor flowed. In the same page, D. the last two lines from Theopompus are vilely translated. *Ανσαδρον*, see *Tryphiodori Ilii exciditum*, v. 440.

Page 486, B. introduces us to a lady, who *θαυμα καὶ ψιδυς* (better* translated *mira res, sed non falsa*) drank three gallons of wine—*νῆγίς*, it is said, which both Dalechamp and Casaubon interpret *jejuna*, but the word also signifies *piscis quidam*, which supposing the lady to be a loose fish, or any other, does not make it a matter of so much wonder! See Casaubon, at p. 807, for a serious consideration of this subject.

How to prevent deep potations is shewn at p. 494, C. One of the verses of Cratinus—

Καὶ τὰς καδίσκας συμερανῶσω σποδῶν,

Dalechamp turns thus, “*Cadiscos admixtis sordibus inquirabo.*”—*Alidam jacienda in terram*, is the meaning. See Casaub. 814, who corrects the passage, and translates the lines—“*Cadiscos simul omnes contemam tundendo.*”—his cups are next to be broken, and not even, as we may say, a nut-shell left him to drink out of. The deprivation of liquor seems, alone, to be a preventive quite sufficient.

March 4.

*Certum ac indubitatum miraculum. Dalechamp.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. EDWIN.

(Concluded from P. 86.)

THE following lines to his memory, are inscribed on a tomb in St Werburgh's Church-yard, Dublin :

" Here lie the remains of Mr. JOHN EDWIN, of the Theatre-Royal, who died Feb. 22, 1805, aged 33 years. His death was occasioned by the acuteness of his sensibility. Before he was sufficiently known to the public of this city, to have his talents properly appreciated, he experienced an illiberal and cruel attack on his professional reputation, from an anonymous assassin. This circumstance preyed upon his mind to the extinction of life.

" While in apparent bodily vigour, he predicted his approaching dissolution. The consciousness of a brain rending with agony, accounts for this prescience, and incontrovertibly establishes the cause of his death.

" This stone is inscribed to the memory of an affectionate husband, as a tribute of duty and attachment, by her, who, best acquainted with the qualities of his heart, can best record their amiability."

When Mr. Thomas Sheridan visited Ireland, in his official situation, he saw Mrs. Edwin perform, and on his recommendation she was engaged at Drury-lane Theatre, on very advantageous terms, to fill the first line in comedy, and not to be liable to the acceptance of any character that she might not deem congenial with her qualifications.

Before we remove the fascinating subject of this brief memoir from the hospitable shores of *Erin*, both verity and gratitude demand, that her biographer should, on her part, express that deep sense, which she has uniformly entertained for that warm and generous support, which she received both in public and in private life, from the fair, and the noble, and the wise, in that happy and excelling island. Nor should the

gentlemanly and liberal demeanour of Mr. Jones towards Mrs. Edwin be forgotten, as, while she remained under his managerial and fostering wing, she experienced nothing but kindness from his agency, and instruction from his language.

Mrs. Edwin made her *debut* in London, at the Lyceum Theatre, on Saturday, the 14th of October, in the character of the *Widow Cheerly*, in the Comedy of the *Soldier's Daughter*, and was greeted with the most rapturous applause from all parts of the theatre. Since that event she has appeared with equal success, in *Lady Teazle*, *Bizarre*, *Violante*, *Angela*, *Beatrice*, *Clara*, &c. and has been registered by the most learned and acute critics of the metropolis, as a brilliant star in the dramatic hemisphere.

In Mrs. EDWIN'S last passage from Dublin to London, she consented to play at Cheltenham for a few weeks, where her attraction was so powerful, that the theatre was filled every evening, in boxes, pit, and gallery, which is a circumstance that has rarely occurred there.

That unaffected gentleness of deportment, which Mrs. EDWIN bears towards her histrionic sisters and brethren, whom nature and fortune have placed beneath her, is not the least amiable trait in her character. The consciousness of her own merits elevates her far above the influence of arrogance or envy: as none assume importance but those who suspect their own claims to human respect!—The warm and generous compliment which Mrs. JORDAN paid to Mrs. EDWIN, when she saw her perform *Beatrice*, for the first time, at the Lyceum Theatre, was evidence of her own knowledge, that she felt herself too professionally mighty, to be jealous of competitions. A lesser spirit would have startled at her success, and have laboured to undermine her renown, and not have thus confirmed it, by a dignified praise, that was equally honourable to either party.

HISTORIANS.

No. IV.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

His character received additional lustre by his behaviour in retirement, which was as easy and as elegant as a Scipio or a Lælius. *Tindal.*

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances indecently so. He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind, and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people, whose blasted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but respected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. *Lord Chesterfield.*

LORD GRANVILLE.

He degraded himself by the vice of drinking, which, together with a great stock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practised ever afterwards. *Lord Chest.*

In the reigns of George I. and II. he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and, says the *Biographical Dictionary*; "was highly acceptable to the people of *that kingdom*." What recommended him is very clear, for Lord Chesterfield observes that "he had been bred up in high *monarchical*, that is, *tyrannical* principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones."

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

I will mention one instance of his dread of *innovation*, which I think will set it in the strongest light. When I brought

the bill into the House of Lords, for correcting and amending the Calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions. He was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me *not to stir matters* that had been long quiet, adding that he did not love *new-fangled things*. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weakness it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind. He was as dilatory in dispatching business as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked but always run; insomuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his fleetness, one should rather take him for the courier, than the author of the letters.

His levees were his pleasure and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so. There he generally made people of business wait two or three hours in the anti-chamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favourites, in his closet. When at last he came into the levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

Lord Chesterfield.

He was *minister* for above forty years together. * . *

This is a remarkably well written piece. ON POLITENESS.

“To apply oneself to others, is good; so it be with demonstration, that a man doth it upon regard, and not upon facility.”

LORD BACON.

MR. EDITOR,

POLITENESS may be defined “an habitual attention to the pleasure of others, which is shewn in doing what may be agreeable, and avoiding what may be disagreeable, to them.” It flatters our self-love by the assiduities of respect and affection; it forbears to irritate our feelings by ridiculing or exposing our weak-

It is the sweetener of life and the solder of society.

nesses. It is the varnish of society, which, while it hides the defects of the picture, gives an additional lustre and beauty to its excellencies. It is "the sweetener of life, and solder of society." It adds interest to wisdom, and amiability to ignorance; it makes beauty irresistible, and ugliness engaging; and like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

Notwithstanding the great value of politeness, we rarely see it possessed in perfection. A good heart, a knowledge of the world, a quick and delicate sense of propriety, and considerable self-denial, are essential to real and uniform politeness. There are some men who pretend to despise the refinements of good breeding; they affect to regard them as the artifices of dissimulation, to which their love of sincerity will not allow them to submit. A man of this sort will speak his mind out (as he calls it), though he kindles blushes in the face of his hearer. Such a character is well described by Shakspeare,

" A fellow, that doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth:
And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain."

Such men, though they pay no regard to the feelings of others, are as fond of respect and as susceptible of offence, as the rest of their fellow-creatures: and while they refuse to sacrifice to their neighbours' feelings, expect others to bow down to their own wills and caprices. They desire to be exempted from the tax, which they would impose on all besides.

There are many men who are generally polite, and who would be always so, were it not for some darling inclination, some "master-passion which swallows up the rest," and which sometimes breaks through all the fences of good-breeding. The wits and humourists are offenders in this way. The love of saying a good thing has made many a man do a bad one. It is the greatest selfishness to desire admiration at the expence of another's feelings: a good man would rather be loved than admired, and would scorn the tribute of ap-

plause which is raised by the oppression of his weaker neighbour. One man will lose all his good-breeding at the slightest opposition to his religious or political opinions: the politeness of another is proof against any thing but a badly dressed dinner. A third will refuse nothing but his favourite arm-chair. Almost all of us have some darling inclination, which we delight to have gratified and can hardly bear to have opposed. Over this, we should keep particular guard, and never allow it to get the better of our good-humour and good-breeding.

The politeness of some people is as changeable as the weather. It varies with their temper and their company. Inconstans is extremely polite or extremely rude. He will meet you in the street, reproach you with your neglect in not having called upon him, make many protestations of his esteem and affection for you, and conclude with compelling you to fix a day for visiting him. You go at the time appointed. Inconstans seems to have forgotten he ever asked you: he has met with a more agreeable engagement which your coming disappoints. He makes so little exertion for your entertainment, that you are heartily glad when the hour of departure arrives. By this time, his ill-humour has pretty well worked off, and he presses you to stay longer with as much vehemence as he before entreated you to visit him. Sometimes he is extremely affable, and makes himself very entertaining to you, till another person of greater consequence arrives, when he totally neglects you, and seems unconscious that you are present. When he walks out with you, he will call upon an acquaintance, and upon the doors being opened, will bounce up stairs, and leave you to wait his return in the hall. After keeping you in attendance for a considerable time, he at last comes down, only to make an apology for sending you away. Such variability of behaviour commonly wants the right foundation of politeness, a good heart: though it is sometimes the effect of carelessness, or an habitual levity of disposition.

Some are deficient in politeness from an excess of modesty. Their fear of giving offence, overpowers their desire of obliging. Their endeavours to please are awkward and ill-timed, which, the consciousness of failure (as no persons have

a quicker sense of propriety) contributes to aggravate, and they relinquish the attempt in despair. From such characters, we should accept the will for the deed; we should shew them that we are pleased and gratified with their attentions, and endeavour, by every kind office in our power, to raise them in their own estimations.

Excessive confidence spoils the politeness of others. The confident man often fails of gaining our affections from his too great certainty of obtaining them. He seems to consider you in his power, and makes sure of your capture at the first assault. His boldness betrays his designs, and puts us on our guard against him: we receive his attentions with distrust, and return them with coldness and indifference.

Politeness is the surest passport to the hearts and affections of our fellow-creatures. Wanting it, many characters, who are entitled to our esteem, fail of gaining our affections. It is in vain that we are reminded of their virtues and intrinsic worth: we can only reply—

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

It is as essential to the preservation of affection, as it is to the acquisition of it. We are fond of respect, and generally resent the want of it towards us. The delicate flame of friendship must be nourished by the assiduities of affectionate respect; it will soon expire if too rudely blown upon.

“The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back,
How he esteems your merit;
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.”

The politeness of Benevolus has its foundation on a good heart which endeavours to promote the happiness of all within its influence. Great delicacy of feeling, and considerable ob-

ervation of mankind, direct him in the choice of the best means of effecting it. In company, his politeness is general and unobtrusive; he is neither morosely sullen, nor affectedly gay; he seldom takes the lead in conversation, but never betrays his contempt of the company by refusing to join in it. The old and the unfortunate, are the objects of his particular attention. He has often at a ball, to the surprise of all the beaux and belles, chosen the plainest girl in the room for his partner, because he saw that she was deserted by every one else. He has the art of entering into the feelings of others, and of doing what may be most agreeable to them. He draws out their hidden accomplishments and abilities, and sets them in so beautiful a point of view, that every one retires from his company better pleased with himself. He is equally polite at home and abroad: his wife, family, guests, and even his servants, are treated with affectionate respect and attention. He anticipates their wishes, gratifies their partialities, and compassionates their failings. His habitual cheerfulness and good-humour prove that his own pleasure is best promoted by contributing to that of others, and that politeness, like mercy, both "blesses him that gives and him that takes."

I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,

DOMESTICUS:

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

LETTER XXVI.

WHAT an unconscionable Dido must you be, to ask me to narrate the whole history of the late war between the people and the stage, which war I was so unhappy as to see, and of which I myself formed no inconsiderable part. Who, in relating the depredations of the Bow-street myrmidons, the Jews, and that fierce soldier, Mr. WINHOLT, could refrain from tears? I am unequal to the task, and must refer you to a spi-

rited little pamphlet, called *Rebellion, or All in the wrong*, which carries two of the parties into a court of law, and there leaves the whole concern in the lurch—

The adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle:

It is sufficient for me to observe that the contest is now at an end, and that the audience *within a few seats of the stage can hear* what passes on it, Mr. SMIRKE, the architect, not having extended that indulgence to the more remote parts of the house. The baffled and exhausted manager has sued for peace, which has been granted upon certain terms, digested before dinner, and dictated after it, by HENRY CLIFFORD, Esq. Emperor of the Malecontents, and Protector of the Confederation of the O. P.'s. You have already been apprised of the terms, and are pleased to express great indignation at what you call a degrading compromise on the part of the managers. But when submission or ruin are the two remedies for a grievance, it requires a degree of fortitude to adopt the latter alternative—much easier for the by-stander to applaud, than for the sufferer to practise. I was present last Monday in Tottenham-Court Road, at a stubborn battle with the fist, between a huge fellow six feet and a half in height, and a pigmy of about a moiety of his dimensions. The dwarf manfully stood his ground, till he had been knocked down three times, after which his penchant for black eyes seemed evidently on the decline. This excited strong indignation in a tall muscular baker, who cheered him from among the crowd, with—"O zounds! keep it up—never give in—now for it—at him again." "*You had better try it yourself*," answered the little gentleman, stepping out of the ring, and putting on his coat and waistcoat, "you seem to have an appetite for the sport, and this is a glorious opportunity of getting a belly full." The baker took the hint, and lifting his basket of loaves upon his shoulder, was out of sight in an instant. The bravery, which prompts a man to fight a whole nation single-handed, is laudable in the *Rodomont of Ariosto*, but should not wander beyond the pur-

lieus of romance. It is beautiful in theory : what a pity that it should be so homely in practice ! A moment's patience, my dear friend. I already in fancy behold you pacing up and down your parlour, swelling with indignation, and exclaiming with Horace :

*Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ.*

* * * * *

Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

The quotation is beautifully appropriate : it is elevated and grand. To be brave upon paper is no mighty matter : to spill ink is a less painful operation than to spill blood ; and the heart is never so well disposed to be open, as when the purse-strings are closed. The *Morning Post*, quietly seated in the Strand, has any time these ten years called upon the Dutch, the Germans, the Italians, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese, jointly and severally to conquer or die ; but those unaccountably obstinate nations seem resolved to do neither. Let us suppose Mr. KEMBLE repeating to himself the ode from which I have pictured your quotation. As a scholar, I believe no man can relish its beauties better ; and as an actor, I know that no man could in recitation better cause its beauties to be relished by others. I will allow him, if he pleases, to apply the epithets *justum et tenacem* to himself, the *civium ardor prava* to the rascally citizens, and the *vultus instantis tyranni* to the purple visage of KING CLIFFORD. But what shall we say to the *impavidum ferient ruinæ* ? Would he think the labour and expence of erecting this huge pile, amply repaid by the pleasure of having to build it up again ? He must be the most extraordinary hero that ever grasped a truncheon, if he would. In the valiant sentiments inculcated by that ode, I am informed that Mr. KEMBLE was encouraged by a large body of titled private-box holders, who did not much relish the rude notices to quit, which they were in the nightly habit of receiving, and accordingly countless were the letters sealed with coronets,

which the manager received, urging him by his hopes of happiness here and hereafter, never to yield to a *furious mob*. "I kept it up as long as I could," (it is Mr. KEMBLE who now speaks) "till I began to perceive that a theatre depends for support, not upon the stars and garters in the private boxes, but upon the great-coats and boots in the public ones, and that without the countenance of the public, it must inevitably 'slope to its foundation,' even though supported by such ornamental pillars as the Lords *O'Straddle* and *Thingumbob*. I have learned a lesson, which I shall retain without a prompter, to the end of the chapter." Previously to indulging in this soliloquy, let us suppose that Mr. KEMBLE called a meeting of his right honourable coadjutors: that a debtor and creditor statement was laid before them, and that in contemplation of fresh losses, all that the manager required at their noble hands was, "Indemnity for the past, and security for the future." But halt here a little—this was reckoning without his host. Their lordships and ladyships had no objection to treat him as a butcher treats his cur—they would halloo approbation in his rear, clap him on the back and spit in his mouth, but as to defraying any part of the expences, or encountering any portion of the hazard of the war, that was a totally distinct part of speech. The consequence was such as those who were mis-called the manager's enemies, had predicted. The war was as hastily closed, as it had been absurdly begun, and the managers retired from the field, with the costs of a protracted suit out of pocket. All this is Hebrew to you, Ambrose. You still shelter yourself in the fastnesses of the law, and assert that the proprietors had a legal right to erect as many private boxes, and to exact as high a price as they pleased. This is unquestionably true. But alas! my friend, how many ways are there of ruining a theatre according to law? I know of no statute which prevents my making as much noise there, as the majority then present, chuse to tolerate. I may laugh, cough, groan, and hiss. I may at all events drown the dialogue in incessant applause. Such applause, wasted on a modern drama, you may say will carry irony upon the face of it. True; but

what jury is to judge of my taste, prejudice, or motives? Enough, however, of this—peace to the manes of O. R. The theatrical ocean has been shaken by a tempest, and like the waves of the sea, when the winds have ceased to roar, still retains a rough and unsettled surface. A spirit of free enquiry has been set on foot respecting theatrical monopolies, and applications for new theatres are now as numerous as walnuts in October. It is not a little amusing to hear the disinterested opinions of managers upon this subject. Men who a few years ago obtained patents themselves upon a plea that the theatrical market ought to be completely open, and that Melpomene and Thalia ought to be permitted to rant and giggle where they list, are no sooner seated in their new tenement, than like shipwrecked mariners in the long-boat, they are foremost to exclude any additional intruders: “*O, it is monstrous, illiberal, and cruel—the town never can support another theatre—we shall all be ruined!*”

So have I seen on an attractive night a party in a box, assailed by a petitioner with clamours for admission, urging vehemently that there is room for half a dozen; but no sooner does he secure a seat, than he turns short upon the candidates in his rear with, “*O, it’s impossible for more to come in—this box is more than full already. Sir, I insist upon your letting down the bench. Here, box-keeper, shut this door.*”

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE SONNET.

ON conversing with a friend, who is intimately acquainted with Italian poetry, I find I have been perhaps too rigid in fixing rules for the arrangement of the rhymes of the volte, or tiercets.

After a more attentive examination of the sonnets of Petrarch, I perceive he allowed himself great latitude in this re-

spect; frequently using three, instead of two rhymes: but he generally interweaves them in such a manner, as seldom to conclude the sonnet with a couplet. I am inclined to think, however, that these variations were more from necessity than choice; for his latter sonnets, those written after the death of Laura, are more generally regular. We may naturally suppose that this was the result of a greater facility in composition, or of an improved taste.

If Petrarch availed himself of this privilege, certainly others may claim it without a blush; but I think the following reasons may have some weight in deciding at least an English poet to conform, whenever it is in his power, to what I venture to call the most regular arrangement.

Milton, if I may trust my memory, has composed most, if not all, his sonnets on this model. It is more consonant to the genius of English versification, as it is only an extension of our common elegiac metre. The irregular recurrence of rhyme in English, is not so obnoxious to the ear as in Italian, and therefore may more easily escape attention. For Italian rhymes, except occasionally in lyric composition, are always double; such as "pleasure," "treasure." These of course make a more lasting impression upon the ear than monosyllabic rhymes, and the Italians are so fully aware of this, as in their "sistine" to suspend the rhyme for six or eight lines. By the regular arrangement there is a closer connection of parts; and where a sonnet ends with a couplet, it seems to be tagged on to complete the number of the lines.

I cannot conclude, without recommending those who are desirous of knowing what were the opinions, respecting the sonnet, of two celebrated poets, who have successfully entered the lists with Horace, in prescribing to us the rules of poetic art, to refer to Boileau—*Art Poétique*, Chant second—where he says—

"Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme."
and to Menzini, dell' *Arte Poetica Italiana*, Canto quarto.

AUSONIANUS.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"Beaucoup de personnes lisent, mais il y en a fort peu qui sachent lire. Si l'on est prévenu en ouvrant le livre, tout ce qu'il contient est inutile ; on fait penser l'auteur soi-même, ou on ne le lit que pour se moquer de lui."

Reflections on the Abundance of Paper in Circulation, and the Scarcity of Specie. By Sir Philip Francis, K. B. 8vo. 2s. Ridgeway. 1810.

AUTHORS, and amongst others, REVIEWERS, might reasonably be supposed to possess more than an adequate judgment of the abundance of PAPER, and the scarcity of SPECIE ; but we confess that, in the proper acceptation of the terms of the above title-page, experience and habit have by no means qualified us to handle these matters, with all the ease of frequent use, and constant familiarity. The lights, which we might need on this important subject, (and it is no disgrace to any politician now living to confess his deficiency, or inferiority before the present writer) are amply afforded us by the work itself here under review—a work written, says a popular periodical register of the day, "with the united strength of genius and disdain ; and worthy, in every word it utters, of the earnest attention of the reader." Though our pages are rarely varied by the introduction of politics, yet the name of Sir PHILIP FRANCIS is not new to them, as former reviews of his valuable labours,* with copious extracts, will testify, to the honour of our publication, and the justice due to his distinguished merit. If ever there was a subject of universal interest, it is the one, which he has now chosen—*money*—for we still have some, such as it is, and cannot say with *Dromio of Ephesus*, that we have "not a rag of money,"† for we have nothing else, and this is his just

* Mahratta War, No. 131, O. S. Letter to Lord Howick, No. VII. N. S.

† Comedy of Errors, act iv. sc. 9.

complaint. What irrefragable facts he has adduced, and with what admirable perspicuity and force he has maintained his argument, remain to be shown.

The first impression, made on the mind by a perusal of this pamphlet, is perfect conviction of the truth of all its positions; and no little surprise that what is so obvious and unproblematical, according to our author's statement, should ever have been involved in doubt, much less that it should still continue so. If the sophistry of interested writers and reasoners, can thus impose on any part of the rational creation, we have no certainty that the consciousness of existence may not, in some men, by similar logic, be rendered questionable.

After a prefatory anecdote to the point, Sir Philip thus enters on his thesis:

"Most men are ready to admit that plainness and simplicity are good moral qualities, and not at all unwilling to encourage them in others. But it is not so generally known or admitted, that these qualities instructed by experience, or enlightened by reflection, are the surest evidence of a sound understanding. A cunning rogue may cheat a wiser man of his money; but, in an abstract question, to be determined by judgment, it is not possible that skill and artifice can finally prevail over plain reason, which, in the ordinary transactions of life, is called common sense. If it were possible for me to personify the British nation, and if I were at liberty to offer my humble advice to so great a person, the first thing I should commend to him, would be to adopt the maxim of Lord Chatham, to stop for a moment in order to take a general view of his situation with his own eyes, and to reflect on it himself. The first question I would urge to his consideration, as more immediately pressing, though not more important than many others, is, whether this kingdom, with many appearances to the contrary, be not essentially impoverished, and whether the causes of that effect be or be not in a state of progression. It is in vain to argue with any man, who professes to think that a circulation of paper, not convertible into specie, and which may be increased *ad libitum* by those who issue it, is as sure a sign of wealth as specie itself, or at least answers all the purposes of gold and silver, as it certainly does some of them. His principle, if he be in earnest, which I should very much doubt of any person in possession of his senses, would oblige him, in many other cases to maintain that the shadow of a good thing is just as good as the substance; or that water, forced into the system, performs the functions of blood, with equal effect, and greater facility. With the help of tapping, it might do so, as long as the stamina lasted. But, in these cases the patient is apt to give the lie, or the slip to the physician, and to die of a dropsy with the panacea

in his bowels. He, who really suffers his mind to be amused with such fancies, has something to enjoy, and it would be cruel to undeceive him. But, in fact, there is no such person out of Bedlam, except perhaps on the coast of Angola, where, in former times at least, the honest Christian trader persuaded the infidel natives that cowries and glass beads would answer their purposes much better than gold or silver. In this way, they were converted out of their property, but not at all out of their infidelity." P. 3—4.

This is the lively and pleasing, yet impressive and convincing style, which Sir Philip can always adopt, in a masterly manner, to lead us on to the most serious reflection :

"While our houses," he continues, "are ransacked for taxes; while the community are crushed by the weight, and harassed by the exaction, while the opulence of a few, who share in the produce, is the only consolation left to those who pay for it; let us see and consider what sort of comfort we receive from the dealers in paper." P. 6.

He now puts the *question* (for some people will still make it one) of the *depreciation of Bank notes*, in several points of view.

"Suppose," says he, "the thing, which any man wants to buy, is *Bank notes*, and that he has nothing to pay for them but gold. Yesterday his ounce of gold would only have bought four pounds in paper. To day he can get five pounds of the same paper, with the same ounce of gold. Is the paper cheaper to-day by twenty-five per cent than it was yesterday? But, cheap or dear, is measured by price, and, if the price be so much lower, is, or is not the value so far reduced? Whether reduction of price be depreciation or not, or equivalent to it, is a verbal question very fit to be argued in Change Alley; but probably will not be entertained by any man, who has brains enough left to defend his pockets. Here this part of the subject may be dismissed, with one short memorandum to the reader, which he should for ever bear in mind, *viz.* that, considering specie and paper as equally a medium of circulation, there is this essential and eternal difference between them, that paper at best, can be nothing but a sign among ourselves, but that, by the common consent of mankind, gold and silver have an intrinsic value, and constitute a real pledge, or deposit, as well as a sign; and though the price may accidentally vary, according to the quantity and the demand, still an intrinsic value adheres to the substance. If indeed wealth be an evil, and poverty a blessing, there is nothing so easy as to get rid of the evil, and not only to secure the present blessing, but to entail it on posterity. For this desirable purpose, no effort is ne-

cessary but to persevere in the smooth downhill course, which we are now pursuing. The plane is inclined, and the machine once in motion, will go of itself. There is nothing so easy as the descent of a falling body, through an unresisting medium." P. 10, 11.

At page 13, he proceeds :

A Birmingham shilling may do as well for common change, as a shilling from the mint, if such a thing existed or ever came into sight, because, in petty dealings, where the shilling changes hands every minute, a small shifting loss is not regarded—*nulla est de minimis cura*; or, because we are willing to pay a light tax for a constant convenience; but not so, when great payments are in question. For then we know the difference, and that it constitutes an object worth attending to. Would any debtor make a payment of one thousand and fifty pounds in guineas, if, by melting the same guineas, he could pay the debt, and put a hundred pounds worth of the circulating paper into his pocket? The case is just the same in purchase as in payment. If, to buy a certain quantity of corn or cloth, he parts with a thousand new guineas, instead of one thousand and fifty pounds in Bank notes, I say he is cheated, ~~or~~ he cheats himself; because the guineas are worth fifteen or twenty per cent more; which difference he might realize by melting or exporting them; and, if he were resolved to forego that profit himself, somebody else would get it instead of him. The public would gain nothing by his forbearance. But what signifies arguing such questions, when we all know that there are no heavy guineas in common circulation, and very few even of those, that have been most severely sweated? Does any landlord receive one guinea in a thousand pounds in the rents of his estate? The question was asked in the House of Commons seven years ago, and neither then, nor since, has ever been answered in the affirmative." P. 13, 14.

He now touches on the foreign trade of England, which is constantly and confidently painted in such flourishing colours, but these colours will not stand under his proof.

"Of all general propositions concerning the real state of profit and loss by foreign trade, the truth is difficult to be proved, when they are true, and the falsehood still more so, when they are false, that is, by direct and specific evidence; because there is an underhand trade, of which no account can be taken, and even the valuation of goods entered for exportation, is not measured by the quantity, but by a computed price, and therefore must be at all times problematical; as if, on much the same principle, it might be fairly concluded that he, who eats a pound of bread, when it costs a penny, must of course eat six times as much, when the same pound costs him sixpence, or, as if a baker could prove that he had sold six pounds of bread, because he had made a return of that number of pence to the exciseman. So, at least, I am advised by the learned." P. 15, 16.

He lays it down as a fundamental proposition, that to account for the extraction of specie, not only the balance of trade, supposing that to be unfavourable, but of all money transactions whatever, with foreign nations, must be considered, and that, if this united balance be against you, it must finally be made good in specie or bullion. He says that—

“ A great foreign expence can only be provided for in one of two ways; either, first, by a credit abroad, equal to all those expences, which credit cannot be had otherwise than by a proportionate profit on your trade, and, if that was the case now, there would be no occasion to export specie. Gold and silver would remain *in statu quo*, and the Bank of England would never have been under the necessity of stopping payment. Or, secondly, you must pay the balance out of the existing wealth, or substance of this kingdom. For these services the foreign bullion goes first; then go the guineas; for as to silver coin there is none, other than that of Birmingham for common change, and lately a few dollars; and even of *them* there is no great plenty, though the Bank say they have issued to the number of 4,817,634, since the year 1797, which shows that most of the old ones have taken wing, and will soon be followed by the rest. They are all alike birds of passage. A lame dollar will be as much a curiosity as a woodcock in August, for the dollars go just like the guineas; and, if so, it proves another thing, which the best dreamers never dreamt of; that raising the nominal value of your coin, won't keep it from travelling. Finally, the plate must follow the guineas, or you must stop short, and stop payment; and then, I say, that in spite of Bank notes and paper circulation, or any agreement among ourselves to receive and pay in that sort of coin, and in spite of a grand sinking fund into the bargain, the nation must be bankrupt, beggared, and undone, and that we are every day approximating to that conclusion.” P. 22, 23.

SWIFT, in his “ *Proposal for the universal use of Irish manufacture*,” seems to have foreseen all these evils as they respected his own country, and to have had a proper horror of *Banks*. “ I cannot,” he observes, “ forbear saying one word upon a *thing* they call a *Bank*, which I hear is projecting in this town. I never saw the proposals, nor understand any one particular of their scheme; what I wish for at present, is only a sufficient provision of *hemp*, and *caps and bells*, to distribute, according to the several degrees of *honesty and prudence in some persons*. I hear only of a monstrous sum already named; and if *others* do not soon hear of it too,

and hear with a vengeance, than am I a gentleman of less sagacity than myself, and a very few besides, take me to be. And the jest will be still the better if it be true, as judicious persons have assured me, that *one half* is altogether imaginary. The matter will be likewise much mended, if the merchants continue to *carry off our gold*, and our goldsmiths to *melt down our heavy silver* *.

Much of the justice, dealt out by Swift, in the *Drapier's Letters*, applies with double force to our circumstances, inasmuch as *half-pence of base metal* are at least as valuable again as a morsel of flimsy paper, which the issuers have ceased to pay in specie. "If a hatter," says he, "sells a dozen of hats for *five shillings* a-piece, which amounts to *three pounds*, and receives the payment in Wood's coin, he really receives only the value of *five shillings*." Will he, we ask, under all circumstances, and in all times, get so much from the receipt of *three one pound notes*? The Bank has found the *Philosopher's stone* after a new manner, by making paper, and resolving to force it upon us for gold.

The concurrence of sentiment here in two writers, who have eyes and use them, is by no means surprising, since there is but one truth. Sir Philip, proceeding with a nice arrangement, or chain of argumentation, supporting and supported in its progress, but which our limits necessarily injure, comes to these observations :

"In the last extremity, and when the facts stare us in the face, and the authors of all the mischief have no subterfuge left, they still have a triumphant way of talking—" *Well, where's the remedy? and what is your advice?*" as if it rested with the patient, whom they have reduced to the point of death, to cure himself; and, indeed, if we cannot cure ourselves, there must ere long be an end of us." P. 24.

* *Works*, vol. x. p. 10. In a passage immediately preceding, the DEAN thus describes the situation of Ireland, and time has only served to heighten the colours of the picture. "I have heard great divines," says he, "affirm, that *nothing is so likely to call down an universal judgment from Heaven upon a nation, as universal oppression*; and whether this be not already verified in part, *their worship, the landlords, are now at full leisure to consider*. Whoever travels this country, and observes the *face of nature*, or the *faces and habits, and dwellings of the natives*, will hardly think himself in a land where *law, religion, or common humanity*, is professed."

At P. 26, he states the only "resource left to save us from beggary."

"There is but one, if we have strength and stamina left to wait the effect of it. The nation must tread back its steps, and reverse its proceedings in the same path, which has brought it to its present decline. Stop your foreign expences. Sell more than you buy: and then the wealth that has left you will gradually come back again. When the foreign account is against you, the gold and silver must go to balance it; when that balance is reversed, the gold and silver will return, but never till then, or by any other means. This is up-hill work, I know, but this and nothing else can save us." P. 26, 27.

We must now hasten to a conclusion of our review of an article, which, to have done it justice, should have been copied throughout, *verbatim et literatim*. His sound remarks on the foolish and wicked policy of Ministers, with respect to Spain and Portugal, and the necessity of abandoning all hopes of a reform, we must pass over, to indulge in one or two other extracts, and the closing observations.

"The laws, it is true, prohibit melting or exporting the current coin: but, with respect to offences impossible to be prevented, and so little open to detection, what signify positive laws or penalties and especially when the object of them is not a crime in itself? If gold be a commodity, as the merchant says it is, why not sell it for the utmost price, like any other property? But, in a particular form it ceases to be a commodity, and then you must not dispose of it to the best bidder. Why not? Because it would be a positive offence; for, as to any moral difference between melting a guinea and an ingot, I do not see how it can be proved: either of them is just as much my property as the other. And what is property without the power of using or disposing of it as I think fit? The reader, I trust, will not suspect me of providing a shelter for any practice of my own. I really did never melt a guinea in a crucible, though many of them have melted in my hands. Against clipping or sweating the current coin, there is or may be an effectual remedy. A general resolution to take light guineas only by their weight, would soon put an end to the crime in that form; for crime it is, and they who practise it are thieves. After all, this is but an empty argument *de non apparentibus*, and one of the surest proofs, though not a direct one, of the extraction of all the gold is, that there are no light guineas in common circulation. Light or heavy they all emigrate, with this difference only, against the general laws of motion, that the heaviest march first, and leave the sick and wounded to follow. Here and there a few fugitive guineas make their escape *in transitu*, but, sooner or later, the leaders and the followers are equally taken prisoners; or desert to the enemy." P. 33, 34.

The following passage has already been quoted elsewhere, but it can never be too often repeated.

"I do not mean to deny that individuals in great numbers thrive by the prodigality, and fatten on the public spoil. The fact is sufficiently known though little felt; because a very symptomatic insensibility to this and every other national concern, prevails more or less over the whole empire. The evil of the day is sufficient to occupy a degraded population, who, thinking of nothing but how to exist on any terms, how to pay taxes, or how to evade them, gradually sink into indifference about every thing but the enjoyment or distress of the moment—*Pascum et Circenses*. As if we had converted our whole inheritance into an annuity, and had nothing but a life-interest in the salvation of the country. Even that base calculation may fail under the selfish being who trusts to it. No man, who is not superannuated already, can be sure that the thing he calls England, and by which he means nothing but the stocks, will survive even himself. Such apathy, wherever it prevails, is a sure forerunner of national baseness first, and then of ruin." P. 35, 36.

On such writing as this all praise bestowed is superfluous. The few Sentences at the end, of a personal nature, and some strictures on the composition of this work, will be all that we shall now present to our readers, whose taste and curiosity are of a singular description, if, after what they have received, they can rest contented until they have enjoyed the whole.

"Let no man believe," says he, at P. 40, "that I have not sense enough left to feel that these faint ideas, the languid produce of an impoverished mind, left to fallow without manure, hardly deserve the name of reflections. But, such as they are, they may perhaps lead others to a right course of thinking on the subject they relate to. The expiring lamp, that glimmers on a post, shews the passenger his way. He who grows the flax or the wool, is of some little service to art and industry of a higher order, though he cannot manufacture the articles himself. Even this insipid essay will not be quite unprofitable, if it furnishes materials to greater abilities, and helps to set some superior understanding at work."

* * * * *

"In better times, while feeling was alive, and when reason was animated by passion, these incentive materials might have furnished some force of thought and energy of language. But age and infirmities have done their office and their worst. *Plurima de nobis anni*. The reader, who believes my intention to be good, will make allowance for the natural effects and progress of decay. Any account, if it be honest, has fairly a claim to errors excepted. A

man of my age may still be in his senses, when his senses are good for nothing. With a callous heart, there can be no genius in the imagination or wisdom in the mind; and therefore the prayer, with equal truth and sublimity says, "Incline our *hearts* unto wisdom." Resolute thoughts find words for themselves, and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply, will express strongly. The language of slight sensations is naturally feeble and superficial." P. 44.

Had we set out with quoting this last passage, there would have been a time for refutation, but here it is too late. Indeed, there seems something of the vanity of exultation in the placing of his remarks respecting his age, since, after what has preceded, it is not easy to suppose that he can be in earnest, and we therefore conclude that all this is what the French call *persiflage*; or, as we say, in vulgar English, "*a copy of his countenance*." Sir Philip may number his years in memory, but his age, as it regards infirmity of mind, is nowhere marked in his writings. The very reverse of garrulity (perhaps sometimes even to a fault, through too much respect for the knowledge of others) is every where apparent. The works of Sir Philip Francis resemble, in a great measure, those of Lord Bacon, of whom it was said, that *no man crammed so much meaning into so few words*, or, as Edmund Burke said of his style, *there is no gummy flesh in it*. His language is figurative and expressive in perfection. You never doubt about his meaning. In argument he lightens rather than reasons on his subject. Vivid flashes from his mind, in rapid succession, illuminate the question, not by formal induction, but by uniform splendour and irresistible conviction. When we add to this just, though feeble, acknowledgment of his talents, the contemplation of a life of unexampled consistency between his principles and his practice, and of undeviating perseverance in the public service, what are we to think of the pitiful politicians, who bought and sold him in 1806!

His style is so perfectly musical, and moves to such a sprightly, animated, and interesting measure, that, as it has been observed of Greek, there would be a delight in hearing it read, even if one did not understand it. The sentences

are so constructed that they roll down of themselves, and, like Sisyphus's stone, the moment they reach the bottom, rebound and mount again on the other side.

ΑΥΤΙΣ ΕΠΕΙΔΑ ΠΕΘΟΝΔΕ ΚΥΛΙΝΔΕΤΟ ΛΑΟΣ ΑΝΑΙΔΗΣ.

This excellence is not, however, produced by a sacrifice to pedantic or affected phrases. The essence of language is to be intelligible. New-fangled terms, and sesquipedalian words, may please fools, and deceive them into a belief that they cover sense; but sense, were it ever accompanied, would be disgraced by such ornaments. As Sir Philip has a fine ear for the collocation of words, so has he a true taste in their selection. The first of Latin critics * has said—“*Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus.*”—Our author has felt the weight of that remark, and by it acquired a noble simplicity of expression, worthy of his thoughts. Every thing in his writings, whether profound or otherwise, is plain and clear. “He that runs may read,” and dullness itself may comprehend. Other authors of our time would, with the quantum here exhibited of facts, reasoning, and illustration, have swelled this theme into a quarto volume. Sir Philip has, however, comprised all that can be said on it, in seven-and-forty pages; thus forming a work, “to read which,” in the words of Dr. Johnson, “the busy may spare time, and the idle find patience.” This is the man, of whom Burke and Fox, and Windham, and Sheridan in his zenith, have delivered it, under their hand and seal, *that their good opinion of him had grown in exact proportion to the minuteness and accuracy of their researches into his conduct in India.*

The Substance of a Speech which ought to have been spoken in a certain Assembly upon the Motion made by the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, on the 25th of May, 1808, &c. Stockdale. 8vo. pp. 95. 1809.

THE author states that the Catholic church “can never cease to be intolerant, because it can never cease to maintain

* Quintilianj Institut. Orat.

that horrid tenet that there is no salvation out of the pale of its own church." And this is said to be "a characteristic feature of Popery." Now, in our humble opinion, it is not so. Ask the Calvinist, if he thinks that any one who doubts or disbelieves any of the five points of his system, if any one who is not of the elect, can be saved; he will undoubtedly answer—no. Ask the Baptist, if those who are not admitted members of the Christian church by immersion, are real Christians, or whether they will be saved; and a large proportion of them will give the same reply. We say a large proportion, because the *General Baptists* certainly will not. Lastly, consult the Athanasian Creed upon this subject, where we are told that all those who do not believe in every word which it contains, "*shall without doubt perish everlastingly.*" Now, without entering into a discussion of the truth or falsehood which this creed contains, is it not a notorious fact that thousands of sincere, pious, and learned Christians, disbelieve what this creed so positively asserts? How then can it be affirmed with truth, that "a claim to infallibility," and a restriction of salvation to those within the pale of its own church, are characteristic features of Popery? The fact is, howmuchsoever it is to be deplored, that all sects of Christians have asserted a claim to infallibility, by persecuting their opponents, when they have had the power. The Popes and their agents were persecutors: Calvin caused Servetus to be burnt alive: Socinus procured the imprisonment of one of his religious opponents, and the Church of England has sacrificed its victims at the stake, as well as the Church of Rome. The author of this intended speech also enumerates "auricular confession, absolution, and excommunication," among "the tremendous powers of Popery." True—but these powers, absurd and impious as is the assumption of them, are not peculiar to Popery. Auricular confession is constantly practised by the Methodists, and the power both of absolution and excommunication is asserted by the Church of England. The conduct of parliament in founding a college for the education of Popish

priests is reprobated in warm terms. Here again we cannot agree with the author. In the first place, it is clearly better that the priests of Ireland should be educated in Ireland than in France, at Maynooth than at St. Omer's; and secondly, it is much better policy that they should be educated than ignorant. Education may promote enquiry, freedom of thought, and change of opinion. Ignorance can produce nothing—"ex nihilo nihil fit"—except the grossest superstition and barbarism. Upon the system of education some good change may arise, upon that of ignorance this chance is completely excluded. Let the Popish clergy then be well educated, and educated at home. There is an annual parliamentary grant which we most strongly object to—we mean the allowance to the emigrants. About £.16,000 of the public money is every year voted to support a set of lazy, and generally speaking, worthless priests, many of whom are no other than spies in the pay of Napoleon, and all of them are warmly engaged in the dissemination of Popish opinions. This money, indeed, may fairly be said to be paid "for the encouragement of Popery in a Protestant kingdom," and it has been matter of astonishment to us for years, that government has not rid the kingdom of this tribe of locusts.

There are some other points in this *speech* which might merit animadversion, had we not already so exposed the temper and judgment of its author, as to make the controversy a waste of time.

The Rudiments of Chemistry; illustrated by Experiments and eight Engravings. By Sam. Parkes. 18mo. pp. 294. 5s. Lackington. 1810.

Mr. Parkes lately published a work intitled the *Chemical Catechism*, which becoming very deservedly popular, Sir Richard Phillips, "the popular bookseller," thought it proper that he should have some hand in its circulation. He consequently, with that fine, noble public spirit, which marks all his actions, and will give him a marble slab of immortality

after his death, printed something so very like Mr. Parkes' book under the name of "*Blair's Grammar of Chemistry*," as, through the medium of an injunction, to entitle him and his labours to all the honours paid on these occasions to "*spirited publishers*,"* by the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

It was feared, and reasonably, from certain signs, that his active and enterprising soul was ill satisfied even with the glory he had already acquired, and that like a true knight of better days, he deemed nothing done while any thing remained to do! What remained to do was, with the assistance of one of his squires, aliàs men of straw, to abridge Mr. Parkes' work, in that sort of *spirited* way, which might not be obnoxious to injunctions. This being apprehended, Mr. Parkes, ashamed of the trouble he had already given Sir Richard, politely undertook the task of abridging his own work himself, and the student will derive much advantage from his greater accuracy, while the scientific author will reap the benefit so justly due to his labours.

The Vaccine Scourge, No. III. containing the Cambridge Report, with a Poetical and Philosophical Epistle from a Bone-Setter. In Numbers, Price 1s. Callow. Soho. 1810.

In our third volume, N. S. p. 442, we noticed a number of this work, in a manner that induced the editor to republish all we said on the subject. Any person or publication that gives support to this righteous cause—the cause of human beauty and happiness, shall have our best patronage. The shameless means used by the basely interested, to check the progress of *vaccination*, which is, we contend, calculated to prove an universal good, are here bared to the light, and these worst of quacks, whose names shall not disgrace our pages, are subjected to the well-merited severity of the *scourge*.

* Sir Richard's designation of himself.

DRAMATIC.

Riches ; or, the Wife and Brother, a Play, in five Acts, founded on Massinger's Comedy of the City Madam. By Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. London. Tipper. 1810.

Sir James Burges has, with the above title-page, and the following "preface," printed the play, into which we entered so fully in our MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, for the last month.

"The City Madam of Massinger, like most other plays of the same period, presents so strange a mixture of good and bad writing, of exalted sentiment and gross obscenity, that it is less surprising it should have been so long banished from the stage, than that its representation should ever have been suffered. Nor was its contexture better than its morals; its plot was extravagant and improbable, its characters were ill-supported, and any interest, which might have been created in the course of the drama, was effectually stifled by the absurdity of its conclusion. To alter or adapt such a comedy for a modern audience was impossible; but to suffer the beauties, which it contained, to remain concealed in the impure mass which enveloped them, was unjust alike to the name of Massinger, and to the good taste of our own time. The only way by which they could be properly brought forward, was that which has now been adopted, by WRITING A NEW PLAY, in which might be incorporated those passages of the City Madam, which were considered as deserving of preservation."

So, Sir James persists that he has "written a new play:" our opinion is that he has only spoiled an old one. As to the idea of his preserving Massinger, it is too ridiculous for fair unconscious humour; the infant dandling the nurse, the herrings preserving the fisherman, or any other of the pictures in *The World turned topsy-turvy*, are quite rational compared with it. No: when the poem of *Richard the First* shall sleep as soundly as the sovereign himself, and when the *Exodus* shall be a word unknown, it will be recorded in the editions of Massinger's works, that one Sir James Bland Burges, bart. did in the year 1810, distort the *City Madam* into *Riches, or the Wife and the Brother*, and this is all the "preservation," in which Sir James Burges will be concerned.

We have not again gone through the play of *Riches*:

we shall not, we cannot, we need not ; but as Sir James makes so great a boast of his " writing a play," we give a short extract from one of those patches of *Riches*, which are not Massinger's, in which the skill of the dramatist, in pointing and varying his exits, will be most apparent. Not to speak it in the cant of reviews, we quote at the merest random, and from one of those few places, at which our copy, with its leaves uncut, as they will always remain for us, chances to open.

" HEARTWELL.

" I'd rather stand upon the bleakest summit
Of our bare wolds in a December's night,
Wrapt in a wet sheet, than again encounter
Such a virago ! Farewell, good Sir John !
*Your daughter is an angel, but your wife—
I give you joy of her !*

[Exit Heart.

" EDWARD LACEY.

" I hop'd to find
In your alliance happiness and honour.
*Your daughter, sir, is all my fondest hope
Could picture of perfection ; but her mother—
I spare you more reflections—on my soul
I pity you, Sir John ! I do, indeed ;
Nay, all the world must pity you. Farewell !*

[Exit Edward Lacey."
(P. 45.)

We know not at what rate either the theatre or the press paid Sir James for his play ; but if they treated it like any other theatrical novelty, the worthy baronet has been guilty of the compound crime of *taking advantage of his own wrong* ; and really with our old dramatists to steal from, and with the Lyceum Theatre to receive the theft, there is many a dishonest penny to be picked up : *the receiver is as bad as the thief*.

The prologue turns out to be Sir James's own ; and the epilogue the production of " S. J. Arnold, Esquire."

 BRITISH STAGE.

We acted a play, written by one of the actors, and I admired how they should come to be poets, for I thought it belonged only to very learned and ingenious men, and not to persons so extremely ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every body writes plays, and every actor makes drolls and farces; though formerly, I remember, no plays would go down but what were written by the greatest wits.

Quevedo's Life of Paul, the Spanish Barber.

THE AFFECTATION OF MODESTY.

Palam compositus pudor, intus summa libido.

TACIT. Annal. lib. iv.

Mrs. COWLEY is gone, and Mrs. INCHBALD is tottering on the edge of eternity, and may soon be expected to slip into it, or at any rate to become dramatically defunct, therefore, all that peculiar humour, by some called "*sailing near the wind*," is likely to be utterly banished from the dialogue of our plays. The Lady-Dramatists did to the last keep up, what Mr. CUMBERLAND mincingly terms, the "*tawdry*," of the old school, but our male Play-wrights, have, in our days, avoided it with maiden bashfulness. How far it was proper or judicious in the public to exact this observance from them, is a matter very liable to question. I have heard one, a leading dramatist of the hour, declare, that it was "a perfect wet blanket to his genius," and that, if he were allowed to take a fair liberty with Nature, her works, and actions, he could produce comedies as witty as VANBRUGH's or FARQUHAR's—which he certainly does not at present. For my part, I cannot but think that this embargo on the pen, to the prohibition of all that sort of trade, is, if nothing else, a bad prognostic with regard to the morality and virtue of the community; for I take it to be an axiom, that in proportion to the decrease of real chastity, the affectation of it increases—The "*blush is guiltiness not modesty*."

DRYDEN, in his Preface to *All for Love*, in which play he professes to have *excelled himself*, because, by a most singular fancy, he imagined that he was *imitating* Shakespeare *, treats the matter thus :

“ The faults, my enemies have found, are rather cavils concerning little, and not essential *decencies* ; which a master of the ceremonies may decide between us. ’Tis true, some actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented ; and broad obscenities, in morals, ought in *good manners* to be avoided : *Expressions, therefore, are modest clothing of our thoughts, as breeches and petticoats are of our bodies* †. If I have kept myself within the bounds of modesty, all beyond it is but *nicety and affectation* ; which is no more but *modesty depraved into a vice*. They betray themselves, who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them than of the poet.”

Honest MONTAIGNE goes yet farther : “ *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie ; la ceremonie nous emporte, et laissons la substance des choses : Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc et le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu’elles ne craignent aucunement à faire : nous n’osons appeler à droict nos membres, et ne craignons pas de les employer à toute sorte de debauches. La ceremonie nous defend d’exprimer par paroles, les choses licites et naturelles, et nous l’en croyons ; la raison nous defend de n’en faire point d’illicites et mauvaises, et personne ne l’en croit.*”

A great source of rich and natural wit is thus sacrificed to *affectation*, without in any degree benefiting the interests of

* If he meant merely in the story of *Antony and Cleopatra*, it would be very well, but he says, “ In my *style* I have professed to imitate the divine Shakespeare ; which that I might perform more freely, I have disencumbered myself from *rhyme*. Not that I condemn my former way.”—Which, however, most people do.

† Foote’s grosser witticism to this effect, was clearly borrowed from Dryden.

true delicacy and modesty. So much for the pledge of *civility and good manners*, given by our dramatists. "As the *civilized* man in the company is commonly the dullest, so these authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure *good manners*, make you sleep."

* *

STRICTURES ON MOLIERE.

Monsieur SORTIERE, speaking like a true Frenchman, says, In reading the *Tartuffe* of Moliere, I figure to myself Plautus, Terence, Cestius, Andronicus, and Menander, falling at the knees of Moliere, and acknowledging him for their master; confessing not only their incapacity to have written this play, but declaring it to have totally effaced their own productions.

Mons. de SOGRANS, with a more sane spirit, makes these observations on him.

The comedy of the *Learned Ladies* brought MOLIERE into vogue. On the rise of his reputation, he said, "I have no occasion to study Plautus or Terence, or to consume my labour in examining the fragments of Menander: the world is my theatre." Notwithstanding this declaration, the poet sometimes goes beyond actual observation. The *Learned Ladies* exhibits more what Moliere thought comic, than what he thought to be just. This writer is not only indebted to Plautus and Terence, but to Italian writers, in particular to Trivelini. His *Tartuffe*, or *Impostor*, is the most generally admired of his plays.

BOILEAU gives the preference to the *Misanthrope*: but a great objection lies against this piece, the circumstance of the *misanthrope* appearing so often on the stage; for his part does not contain less than 1800 lines. He almost engrosses the whole representation.

MONS. DUFOUR LONGUERUE says—*The Learned Ladies* and the *Impostor* are, in my judgment, the best of this Poet's plays. But the former comedy has too many passages of erudition to please the ladies, or men of the world, who have very little learning. Under the name of *Magius* in this comedy, Moliere represented the character of M. Menage. When any person was introduced to this eminent scholar, his first question was "*Is he fond of Greek?*"

In the first copy of the play, *Magius*, to signify *Menagius*, was expunged, as being too undisguised. *Tartuffe*, a name which has been given to his *Impostor*, is borrowed from the German tongue, in which it signifies *the Devil*. His *Misanthrope*, and *Les Facheux*, or the *Impertinents*, are all-planned and conducted; they exhibit an inartificial view of different traits of the same character.

BOILEAU was his uniform admirer. Moliere, off and on the stage, exhibited, said he, great comic powers: his mirth, and his whole conversation, were becoming a gentleman. The only circumstance degrading to him was his profession of a player.

March 1.

ARISTOPHANES

Is, according to SCALIGER, a most excellent author, valuable for his Attic phrases, and worthy of our greatest attention. He, who has not the writings of Aristophanes at his fingers' ends, can boast little knowledge of the Greek language. Terence bore among the Romans, the rank of Aristophanes among the Athenians.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK III. ODE 27.

TO A YOUNG LADY EMBARKING FOR INDIA.

Impios parvæ rectantis omen &c.

THE raven, whose portentous strain
Foreboded ill to Scotland's Thane ;
The coffin from the flames ;
The winding sheet, the taper blue,
Let auguries like these pursue
The host of wedded dames.

But thee a happier fate shall greet,
Before the crow with envious feet
Shall print thy furrowed face ;
Hymen for thee with flaming torch,
Some indiscreet Nabob shall scorch,
O happy, happy GRACE !

Then from thy chamber drive away
The parrot and ill-omen'd jay,
Who prate of what they see ;
And when some future six-foot swain
Thy bosom's transient lord shall reign,
" Oh then remember me."

But hark the angry billows roar,
Be wise like me and rest on shore ;
Fool-hardy once and vain,
I ventur'd in a Margate skiff,
Paler than Albion's chalky cliff,
To brave th' insulting main.

Forgive me, GRACE, I did but jest,
Let ancient maids forlorn, depress'd,
Forebode a watery fate ;
Thy happier stars to India's clime,
Shall bear thee in thy beauty's prime,
To lure an Indian mate.

But since, as ancient proverbs say,
Example often wins the day,
When lagging precepts fail ;
Those ill-dissembled fears to quell,
List, wondering GRACE, and hear me tell
A mythologic tale.

EUROPA left her native shore,
A bull the fearless damsel bore,
Far from her virgin train ;
But soon the blush forsook her cheek,
When gambol'd round in scaly freak,
The monsters of the main.

She who, like thee, employ'd the hours
In stringing pearls, and culling flow'rs,
To catch some amorous beau ;
Now wander'd far from lawn or grove,
The moon beam'd silently above,
And Neptune roar'd below.

When many-citied Crete drew near,
She dropp'd for every town a tear—
“ O father dear,” she cried ;
“ Whence and what am I ? break my heart
Come death, and freeze with icy dart
A horned monster's bride.

Live I to mourn my virtue lost,
Or is it some ill-omen'd ghost,
That draws me o'er the sea ?

No longer fair Phœnicia's pride,
 Either this night a bull I ride,
 Or the night-mare rides me.

Unhappy maid on penance bent,
 To keep at sea eternal Lent,
 And live on fish the while ;
 To gardens coral rocks succeed,
 To blooming roses vile sea-weed,
 Blue waves to Flora's smile.

Had I a sword of temper true,
 Those branching horns I'd hack and hew—
 Ah no ! betray'd, undone,
 That punishment, alas, were vain,
 Too lovely bull, they'll grow again,
 If Hymen makes us one.

Whene'er thro' tumbling waves I ride,
 With Amphitrite by my side,
 Around in finny flocks,
 Mermaids my motions will explore,
 Nereus will open the chariot door,
 And Triton mount the box.

Ye maids who woo'd Europa's smile,
 Sweet friends, while yet she liv'd in style,
 Now turn'd to bitter foes ;
 Presuming on my lost renown,
 How will ye drop the eye-lid down,
 And curl the wrinkled nose.

Say shall I wait till pining care,
 Slow wrinkled age, and dark despair,
 Corrode my youthful bloom ?
 No, let me yet in virgin pride,
 Leap from the bark I now bestride,
 And find a watery tomb."

Venus stood by, and heard the fair
 Thus vent her sorrows and despair,
 Torn from her native shore;
 Cupid with smiles enjoy'd the scene,
 And sure the laughter-loving queen
 Ne'er laugh'd so much before.

Sated with glee, "Forbear (she cries),
 Nor mourn thy lot, nor blame the skies,
 Requite yon amorous elf;
 Implanting horns was once his trade,
 But henceforth (with Europa's aid)
 He wears the horn himself.

Know thou'rt the *chere amie* of Jove,
 O dry those tears, return his love,
 Enjoy immortal fame;
 When mighty Jove himself shall fall,
 The fairest portion of the ball
 Shall bear *Europa's* name."

J.

BOOK III. ODE 23.

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus, &c.

TO PHOEBE.

O PHOEBE, tho' thy heart, untaught and rude,
 Be the sole altar whence thy vows arise;
 Tho' from thy lips the breath of gratitude
 Be the sole incense wafted to the skies:

Yet shall no bigot fiend his pinions spread,
 To dim the sunshine of thy prospects here;
 No harpy horrors shall surround thy bed,
 To scream perdition in thy dying ear.

Deck'd in the pomp and pageantry of Rome,
 Let mitred pontiffs shine in proud array,
 While swelling organs fill the fretted dome,
 And tongues harmonious hymn the labour'd lay.

The lowly homage of thy simple zeal,
 Tho' deep polemic lore be all unknown,
 Thy cottage orisons which sweetly steal,
 In lonely accents to the eternal throne,

Shall more propitiate Heaven's approving smile,
 Shall beam more lustre round thy rural fane,
 Than the loud clarions of the marble pile,
 And high Hosannahs of it's gaudy train.

H.

EPIGRAM.

*Translated from a Latin Impromptu on Lords Eldon and Grenville,
 during the late Election of Chancellor of Oxford.*

Would you wish to find out these two Candidates' ends,
 You need not be long at a loss—
 At the *King's Arms* * you'll see all the CHANCELLOR's friends,
 And LORD GRENVILLE's put up at the *Cross* *.
Trin. Coll. Feb. 2. H. K.

* Two inns in Oxford.

MAGDALENE OF THE ISLES.

“INTREAT me no longer, the villain shall die,
And, degenerate girl, thou shalt know,
What treatment she merits who dares to deny
A fond father's wish, and basely to sigh
For one he has mark'd as a foe.

“Then rise from that posture, offend not again,
But remember whose daughter thou art,
On the name of Macdonald affix not a stain—
Let those lips claim the hand of Glenduff's gallant Thane,
As those eyes have subdu'd his proud heart.”

“Recall, oh my father! the words you have said,
Wealth and title for me have no charms.
Another I never—ah! never can wed;
Long, long, Allan's couch has been Magdalene's bed,
Allan's pillow been Magdalene's arms,”

“Thy couch with my vassal, false girl, hast thou shar'd?
Then thy portion be sorrow and shame!
Had he seen and but lov'd thee, his life I had spar'd;
But when he to love and possess thee thus dar'd,
What was folly, then sinful became.

“Monteith, take these keys, they unclose the black Tower,
And Allan that recreant bring—
He then shall soon feel that I've over him power,
To lengthen or shorten his life to an hour,
And each sting to repay with a sting.”

“ Hear your once belov’d daughter, your Magdalene sue—
How oft on her suit have you smil’d !
Again on your cheek the kind smile let me view—
Your eye let the tear of affection bedew,
And pity,—Oh ! pity, your child ! ”

“ Of my fortune the bane—of my clan the disgrace,
May my curses sink deep on thy head !
Now welcome, Monteith—in thy looks I can trace,
That Magdalene soon will her husband embrace—
That already prepar’d is their bed. ”

“ Oh ! Baron, have mercy—and let me not tell,
Lest my story make Magdalene rave— ”
“ Thou dotard, proceed, tho’ thy words bore a spell,
That could sound the false Magdalene’s funeral knell,
She, this instant, should sink to the grave ! ”

“ Oh ! lady, forgive, if I wring that fond breast,
Nor think I bear a murderer’s stains ;
But brave Allan no more on that bosom shall rest,
Of the Tower, alas ! he’s no longer the guest,
And his skeleton only remains ! ”

Nine days, oh inhuman ! had food been denied—
Nine days had he drunk but his tears ;
As he thought of his Magdalene suff’ring, he sigh’d
In murm’ring a prayer for her safety he died,
And with him the proud Baron’s fears.

“ And is Allan then gone ! of all Scotland the pride—
The pride of each maid of the Isles—
I’ll moisten with tears the dear spot where he died,
And even in death to continue his bride,
I’ll meet the fell monster with smiles.

“ But no ! It delights thee to see me thus weep,
 And I'll rob that hard heart of its bliss—
 In silence beside his cold corpse will I creep,
 Nor shall my heart's throbbing embitter his sleep,
 For I'll breathe out my soul in a kiss !”

By heav'n ! she faints—will those lips no more speak,
 That once gave her father delight ?—
 Ah no ! for that heart was too fond not to break,
 Ah no ! for the roses that bloom'd on her cheek,
 Have wither'd and faded in night !

P. G.

EPITAPHS BY THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

ON MR. JOSEPH KING.

HERE lies a man than whom no better's walking,
 Who was, when sleeping even, always *tall King*;
 A *King* by birth was he, and yet was no king,
 In life was *this King*, and in death was *Jo King*.

ON MR. CUMMING.

“ Give me the best of men,” said Death
 To Nature—“ quick, no humming !”
 She sought the man who lies beneath,
 And answer'd, “ Death, he's *Cumming*.”

ON MR. MATHEWS,

Commonly called Mat.

DEATH argued right—“ I've so much *dust*,
 I needs must have a *Mat*—I must !
 Dead as *the door-nail* now's *the Mat*,
 And here how well laid down—how flat !

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

1809.

Feb. 21. Free Knights.—A Budget of Blunders.

22. Id.—Id.

23. Id.—Id.

24. Id.—Id.

26. Lear.—Harlequin Pedlar.

27. Free Knights.—Who wins?

March 1. Jealous Wife.—A Budget of Blunders.

2. Revenge.—Honest Thieves.*

3. Free Knights.—Oscar and Malvina.

5. Lear.—Harlequin Pedlar.

6. Every Man in his Humour.—A Budget of Blunders.

7. Ash Wednesday.

8. Man of the World.—~~Farmer~~

10. Castle of Andalusia.†—Don Juan.

Mar.

* Mr. Webb made his first appearance in the character of *Teague*. Every thing is poor in this way after Johnstone, but as he cannot live for ever (notwithstanding his promising appearance) and as our playwrights never turn out what they call comedies without an *Irishman*, with “a head that may err, but a heart in the right place,” we must not despise the attempts of others. All at present known, however, including Mr. Webb, enjoy an unenviable mediocrity. He has played at Brighton and elsewhere; and with the recommendation of his comic singing, might we think be valuable—in the country.

† This is a revival of an opera written by O’KEEFE, a long, faithful, and profitable servant to laughter, now old and poor, blind and deserted! This it is to indulge the humour of the public, to feed the vanity of actors, and to fill the pockets of managers! If his dramatic style had shared the fate of its master, and with him been neglected and forgotten, we should have been so much the better, inasmuch as we should have been relieved from the pressure of a miserable host of imitators, the Dibbins, Cherries, Brاندons, Arnolds, &c. The *Castle of Andalusia* is an opera, with, of course, songs, duetts, chorusses, &c. and, of course, a *banditti*, and it is,

Mar. 12. Lear.—Harlequin Pedlar.

13. A New Way to pay Old Debts.—Honest Thieves.

15. Henry IV. first Part.—Tom Thumb.

17. Man of the World.—Blind Boy.

19. Lear.—Harlequin Pedlar.

20. Exile.—Raising the Wind.

is, on the whole, rather dull. This has, in every particular, been copied a thousand times. However, there is something in the plot, which shews the superiority of O'Keefe's ingenuity over that of his servile flock. The mistakes would have laid the ground of a good farce. The author of *Wild Oats*, perhaps, deserves better treatment than to be mentioned in the same page with the scribes already named, and the illegitimate method which, with EDWIN at his beck, he adopted to excite mirth, might, under his peculiar circumstances, have been forgiven, if the parent had not filled our dramatic earth with a progeny, whose sins are heavily visited upon us.

In *Spado*, which resembles the mischief-making character he plays in Ben Jonson, Mr. Munden was very pleasant and effective. Mr. Fawcett, in *Pedrillo*, was humorous—but no retrospective comparisons are we suppose required. *Lorenza* can hope for no better justice than she received from Mrs. Dickens. Mr. Bellamy doubtless expects the same compliment after all his toil and trouble in *Don Cesar*, but we cannot afford it. In his singing he is better than tolerable, but in his acting he is much worse. Being adorned with a cloak, he perfectly forgot that he was a *bandit*, and affected all the airs of *Coriolanus*. If he can do nothing but start, stare, and storm, by the way of accompanying his singing with what he is pleased to think *sensible expression* and good acting, we advise him for the sake of his own character, the character he is playing, and the better pleasure of the audience, to sing, like most of his fellow singers, with no acting at all.

LYCEUM.

1810.

Feb. 21. Which is the Man?—Critic.

22. Duenna.—Who's the Dupe?

23. Ways and Means.—Ella Rosenberg.—High Life below Stairs.

24. Merry Wives of Windsor.—Review.

Feb.

Feb. 26. Riches.—Hit or Miss.*

Feb.

* This is the title of a new musical farce from the pen of Mr. Po-cock, the artist, who, at the Haymarket theatre, some time back, produced the farce of *Yes or No*. We never saw so bad a piece so well received. The first act was a mere imitation of Mr. Colman's translations from the French; but the disguises and equivoques had not even the probability of the French farce-writers, and, in the dialogue, we looked in vain for the point and fun of the English ones. The plot pretends that *Janus Jumble* (Mr. Decamp), a would-be kind of *Puff*, a bookseller in a country-town, and proprietor of a weekly newspaper, cannot get into the house of his mistress, *Clara Stirling* (Miss Kelly), except in disguise, and, accordingly, he appears like the lover in Mr. Colman's *We fly by Night*, in the character of a lame soldier; but *Adam Stirling* (Mr. Penley), the father of *Clara*, suspecting this cheat, *Jumble* takes advantage of his turning round to the audience to sing his part in a quintett, and changes dresses with *Jerry Blossom* (Mr. Knight), a rustic, whom the old gentleman is about to hire as a servant, when he, who had detected a man to be in disguise, whom he had never seen before, fails to discover two men to be so, whom he had, and turns his servant out of doors for a masquerading lover as he is, and retains *Jumble* for his servant. In his disguise, *Jumble* gives *Clara* a paper of directions for her elopement with him, which she accidentally drops, and which is picked up by old *Stirling*, but of the perusal of which he is defrauded, first by *Jumble* himself, who pretends that the paper is his written character from his last place, and of course unfit to be read by his new master, and secondly by the old gentleman's maiden sister, *Mrs. Augusta Carolina Honeymouth* (Mrs. Sparks), who, supposing it to be a love-letter for her, persuades her brother that it is a family receipt dropped by herself. The idea of this amorous maiden is even older than the actress, who performs it. Now, about the middle of the second act, arrives the character, for the sake of which the piece was doubtless written, *Dick Cypher* (Mr. Mathews), a whip-club attorney, who is destined by old *Stirling* to marry his daughter. He brings down into the country with him, in his whip-club capacity, the long great-coat, dreadnought, and nosegay, of our uniform-clad driving amateurs, and, in his legal capacity, a wind-fallen estate for poor *Jumble*, in whose favour he resigns his pretensions to *Clara*, and to whom he lends his character and

Feb. 27. Hypocrite.—Hit or Miss.

Mar.

and dress, as a passport into old *Stirling's* house; for, since in *Stirling's* eye, it was the possession of 10,000*l.* which made *Cypher* an eligible husband for his daughter, and the possession of nothing which made *Jumble* an ineligible one, and since *Cypher* expressly tells us that he has spent his ten thousand pounds, and since we actually see him bring *Jumble* an estate of that value, it follows of course that still old *Stirling* would prefer *Cypher*, whom neither he nor his daughter had seen, with nothing, to *Jumble*, whom he had seen, and whom his daughter loved, with ten thousand pounds; nothing can be more consequential! In his third disguise of a coachman, *Jumble* therefore appears before unconscious old *Stirling*; and, after a little more delay, which was not quite so intelligible to us as the natural and beautiful piece of reluctance, which we have described, every thing ends as it should do, and "all the characters" join in the *finale*.

The principal episode might be entitled, *Blossom in search of a Sister*. It seems that *Jerry Blossom's* sister, *Dolly* (Mrs. Bland) had run away from her brother to be married to *O'Rourke O'Daisy* (Mr. Johnstone). *Jerry* first applies to *Jumble*, in his newspaper capacity, to advertise for his sister; *Jumble* makes him sit down to read one newspaper, while he writes another; and hence come some of the oldest of Mr. Theodore Hook's, or his father, by punning blood, the late Caleb Whitford's cross-readings. *Jumble* recommends *Jerry*, however, to a service at old *Stirling's*; and he finds his sister himself, under the protection of *O'Rourke*, with whom the Yorkshireman has a conference that reminds us very forcibly and regretfully of the *Wags of Windsor*.

The only pretension to novelty in Mr. Pocock's farce is the character of *Cypher*; but even he is only new to the stage in his dress and his slang. The style of character is as old as *Squire Groom* and *Goldfinch*. More might have been made of the idea of ridiculing the four-in-hand clubs of the day. They do more themselves every time they mount the box. The driver should have been a more important character too than an attorney: it is our lords, our honourables, and our esquires, whom barouches and four run away with. At any rate, a driving attorney would sink the shop, and not proclaim himself every where, like *Cornelius O'Dedimus*, in Mr. Arnold's stupid play of *Man and Wife*, "Richard Cypher, Esq. attorney

- Mar. 1. Trip to Scarborough.—Hit or Miss.
 2. School for Scandal.—Id.
 3. Which is the Man?—Id.
 5. Riches.—Id.
 6. Much Ado about Nothing.—Id.
 7. *Ash Wednesday*.
 8. Honey Moon.—Id.
 10. Hypocrite.—Id.
 12. Riches.—Id.
 13. The Maniac! or the Swiss Banditti.*—Weathercock.
- Mar.

ney and solicitor." No man ever made such an addition as this to his name, in talking of himself: it is really almost necessary for critics to meet, and *resolve* that there is no humour in such distortions of nature. Mr. Mathews had a song in this character, which of course trenched somewhat upon our friend J.'s *Mail-Coach*: the verses were badly written; but the *speaking* between them, or *patter*, 'as it is technically called, was in Mr. Mathews's usual style of droll mimicry. His personation of a *barouche driver* is, we are told by one of the party, as much like an original, because he wears the uniform great-coat, as Mr. Mathews in his own gig, resembles a *barouche-driver* on his box, because he has a whip in his hand. As a sample of the wit of this chef d'œuvre of bad taste, and vulgarity, without humour, we shall give the principal points in the language of *Richard Cypher, Esq.* which consist of what is only known by the term *slang*, viz.:—*That's prime—Bang up—Spooney—Johnny Raw*, &c. at the repetition of which, we are ashamed to say, the audience seemed pleased. Mr. Pocock is an artist, and if we are to judge of his painting from his dramatic drawing, is, we know not how many degrees, below the grossest dauber of the Dutch school.

* This is called "*a serio-comic opera*," and it is indeed both *seriously comical*, and *comically serious*. We should have dismissed it with the old critique, "*a string to hang ballads on*," and never thought of detailing a plot, but the author or authoress, (for it may have been written by a young gentleman or a young lady, or it may be the production of the offspring of both) has been pleased through the medium of the newspapers, to assure us that this is the

DRAM. PERS.

<i>Henry Cleveland</i>		Mr. Phillips.
<i>Montalbert</i>		Holland.

Reperit

Mar. 15. The Maniac.—Hit or Miss.

Mar.

<i>Rupert</i>	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Augustine</i>	Raymond.
<i>Gosford</i>	Palmer.
<i>Samson</i>	Smith.
<i>Hubert</i>	Dowton.
<i>Dory</i>	Mathews.
<i>Lauretta</i>	Mrs. Mountain.
<i>Claribel</i>	Bishop.
<i>Jennet</i>	Bland.

PABLE.

Montalbert and *Augustine*, brothers, and men of rank in the army, are enamoured of *Claribel*, the daughter of *Rupert*. Jealousy rankling in the mind of *Augustine*, he employs *Gosford* (an assassin) to murder his brother, whom he attacks, wounds, and leaves as dead. Rumours being abroad, accusing *Augustine* of the supposed murder, he flies in company with *Gosford*, and they become the leaders of the banditti. *Montalbert*, summoned to the wars, leaves *Cleveland* as protector of *Claribel*. During his absence, *Cleveland*, forgetful of his duty, seduces *Lauretta*, the sister of *Claribel*, from her father's house. *Lauretta* becomes frantic, and flies from her lover's arms, and wanders wildly in the country, making the ruins of an abbey her abode—being humanely protected by *Hubert*, a trusty servant of *Montalbert*, who affects madness to avoid punishment, that he may be enabled to secure her from insult. *Rupert*, in the mean time, has been ruined by the fraud of a friend, in whom he confided, and retires from the world near the very spot to which his frenzied daughter has flown. The wars ended, *Montalbert* returns, and arrives at the head of troops destined to disperse a banditti who infest the country—rescues *Claribel*, who had been torn from her home by *Augustine*—and at last meets with *Cleveland* with whom he is about to fight, when *Lauretta* appears, prevents them, recognizes *Cleveland*, flies from him in horror, is about to precipitate herself from a rock into the lake, and is saved by her father: the sudden shock of meeting her father and lover restores her partially to reason.

The rivalry of *Dory* (a fisherman), and *Hubert*, for the love of *Jennet*, forming the other and lighter part of the drama, and the piece ends with a general reconciliation."

G G—VOL. VII.*

Had

Mar. 17. The Maniac.—Hit or Miss.

Mar.

Had the fable, plot, or whatever ingenious people may fancifully term it, been left to us, we should have deemed it sufficient to say that it was "*Crazy Jane*" and her *Henry* dramatized, or rather *operatized*—the lady, as it often happens after the *fall*, assuming an *alias*, that of *Lauretta*. To prove as we go, we shall quote two stanzas of the ballad, which contain the plot, the character, and the spirit of all the remarks of the *Maniac*.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe:
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false,—I found them so.
 For I lov'd, Oh! so sincerely,
 None could ever love again;
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
 Stole the wits of crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one;
 He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
 He was false, and I undone:
 From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain;
 HENRY fled, with him for ever
 Fled the wits of crazy Jane!

G. M. LEWIS.

This, with our old friends the *BANDITTI*, and groups of fishermen to open and finish each act with a *chorus*, is the constitution of the present opera, which, for weakness and dulness as it respects the writing, is, to say the worst, superior to the labours of a Brandon or an Arnold. The little serious interest was marred by the acting, and the more lively scenes were of a nature incapable of support from the comic talents of the performers. There were some little exquisite touches of feeling delineated at the meeting of *Hubert* with *Montalbert*, which belong almost exclusively in our time to the natural conception, and great expressive powers of Mr. Dowton. This was a spark of his own genius, beaming amidst the gloom thrown round him by all the pitiful absurdities of such a character

Mar. 19. The Maniac.—Hit or Miss.

Mar.

as Hubert. When we say that *Lauretta*, the Maniac and heroine of the piece, was undertaken to be acted by Mrs. Mountain; it seems to us, as if every play-going person could write a criticism on the performance, and be, in a few words, all agreed in their verdict. Not so our country friends, therefore we shall say something more of this sweet singer, and no actress. *Lauretta* and Hubert together, make one ridiculous *Octavian*. In her share of the character, with tattered garb and dishevelled locks, she formed a true picture of a dairy-fed lady, who having appeared as *Opelia* at a masquerade, was late in the morning, after a row, returning all on foot, and considerably overtaken with liquor, to her lodgings in *Howland-Street*. Such an appearance with corresponding action, we may safely say with Johnson, "takes away all dignity from distress, and makes calamity ridiculous." Mrs. Bishop was also in masquerade; walking about in her flannel petticoat, with a head and body dress that defies all description. We suppose this to be the proper *Swiss-Lycæum* costume. Mrs. Bland in *Jeinnet* was enchanting. Her first song, and her ballad in the second act, "*When absent from the Lad I love*," received loud and merited applause. The verses are poor stuff in general—the last stanza of her first song is entitled to most praise. Advice to ladies:

" Your nets with care and caution spread,
Nor strive too large a *draft** to get,
One lover may be freely led,
But more will surely break your net."

Mr. Philipps was encored in "*When deeds of fame*," and he and Mrs. Bishop were very successful in the delightful duett—"Say fair one, has thy virgin heart." "*'Tis Hubert the madman*," was too much for Mr. Dowton's powers of singing: and such was the case with Mr. Smith in "*'Tis when to sleep the world returns*." He made the earth tremble during his painful delivery; but, to deserve the credit of singing, less noise, and more melody are to be recommended. The latter part of the "*serio-comic*," fell principally to the share of Mr. Matthews in *Dory*—a fisherman, as you might guess, or you are very dull. His character is made up of puns on his calling. He is naturally drawn by his *Hook*, and has much net profit and sport amongst the

* This spelling is equivocal.

Mar. 30. *The Maniac*.—Hit or Miss.

gudgeons and *flat fish*. The character was quite a nullity. In the duet with Mrs. Bland,

"Tho' I've fish'd all my life,
I ne'er hook'd such a wife,"

they were both very happy, and we never heard him give a comic song without mimicry, &c. in half so effective a style as he did "*Fishermen all, tol de rol*." This is a verse:

"*The port for fame, and for food often strolls,
The doctors all fish for a large cane and wig;
Tis the care of the parson to angle for souls,
And he baits with a sermon, and hooks a tythe pig.*"

But, in the best comic song by far, "*In England they tell us*," which is an excellent versification of the old fable of the man with two wives, he entirely failed. It could not be sung worse.

Of the music we may speak very differently. From the overture to the final chorus it is full of exquisite combination, science, and taste. Mr. Bishop is to be envied in every thing, but his helpmate on this occasion. Mr. Arnold has at length afforded Mr. Greenwood a few yards of canvass to work upon, and we have several little baby-house scenes that are pretty enough. Still we cry out for more use of the duster, and something better than hard boards to sit on, in the *stage box*.

On the following day, the bills announced that *The Maniac* had been received with "*general approbation*." Now as a quibble is better than a black lie, we wish Mr. Arnold had had the wit to say, "*with particular approbation*,"—it would have answered his purpose as well, and been nearer the truth, since so many persons hissed at the end, and opposed its giving out for repetition, that nothing was heard.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. KENNY's comedy is rejected at Covent; and his opera descends to the Lyceum.

Green-Room Pun.—Tom Dibdin might, would, could have said, if he had thought of it, that the *barouche-driver* was a fit character for the stage.

Since our critique, we hear a report that *The Maniac* is Mr. Arnold's work. This accounts for the expence of new scenery—and

we have to apologize to him for thinking the piece *worse* than he could write.

The ~~revenue~~ of the Opera-House is averaged at 45,800*l.* and the expenses at 23,200*l.* leaving a profit to the manager of 22,600*l.* Is it credible that fashion can, in times like these, make such egregious fools, and shameless prodigals!

On the second of March at a Common Council held, the Lord Mayor laid before the court the requisition he had received, to consider of petitioning parliament against the erection of a theatre within the city of London; which was read, and, after some debate thereon, withdrawn.

DUBLIN.—In the Court of Common Pleas, *Dwyer against Connolly*, an action was brought by the plaintiff to recover compensation in damages for libels published in *The Weekly Messenger*, reflecting on the plaintiff as a comedian. Damages special—the loss of his employment at the Dublin and Galway theatres. *Verdict* two hundred pounds for the plaintiff, and sixpence costs. The origin of these libels is thus stated by Mr. Goold, counsel for Mr. Dwyer. On the 5th July “Dwyer” was at a short notice to play the part of *Mirabel*, the more difficult to perform, being played by Talbot with unprivalled success. This circumstance occurred on the occasion. Mrs. Jordan, with the vanity of a female, forgetting that beauty is perishable, and perishes, thought that her name would produce every thing that beauty and talents could command. Mrs. Jordan played *Bizarre*. Dwyer was not so quick at repartee as she wished. She rebuked him on the public stage; and he would be less than man, had he borne such a reprimand from any person, except from one of that body, the public, who should be the only judges of his talents—he did take fire at the rebuke—he made the imputation recoil on the quarter from whence it issued. This circumstance was magnified into a species of haughty resistance to her absolute and contemptuous authority. She was to give laws, and any man who would positively deny her authority, would be considered a rebel to the public stage.” Mr. Goold then adds, according to the Dublin paper, that “she effected, from the unbridled licentiousness of the press, the object of her resentment,”—concluding an excellent speech for his client with these words: “It is lamentable to conceive how much the press has lost of its original purity. The present state of the press puts the character of every man into the pocket of his jealous competitor.” So much for the character of the journals in Ireland! Sir JONAH BARRINGTON, on the other side, made a most trusperry and contemptible speech.

ORATORIO.

The Ashleys proposed to commence their " *Lenten entertainment,*" on the Ash Wednesday, but the *Patent Christian* put in his veto against any such profaneness as *sacred music* on the first day of the quadragesimal fast. Whatever may be said of the distinction, the argument was irresistible; so Messrs. Ashley opened on the Friday following with the *Messiah*. These old and approved *caterers*, during the *fast*, having spared no expence to fill their instrumental and vocal department, with all that is counted rare and excellent in the art, we find Mr. Ashley, leader of the band, Mr. J. Ashley, at the organ, and a long list of choice performers on various instruments; while at the head of the vocal choir we see Mad. Catalani, Mrs. Bland, Miss Grigietti, Mr. Braham, Mr. Goss, and Mr. Bellamy. The consequence is that the *oratorios* were never so well attended. The conductors have done their best—the public are, generally speaking, well contented, and the reward will, as it is just, be great. Having said so much, and nothing less is deserved on the whole, we shall speak more particularly of the merits of Catalani and Braham, in the execution of Handel's music. All that we have said in former numbers of Mr. Braham, we repeat, and the objections are, because he is not of her "*infinite divisibility,*" doubled on the head of Catalani. She sang "*Angels ever bright and fair,*" and "*Holy, holy,*" in her usual manner, always astonishing, but in the worst possible taste as it respects the divine and impressive character of Handel's music. It does not belong to his measures to tickle the ear only, but to rest upon the heart. Had Handel (for we know what he said on a similar occasion) heard the musical fireworks, which Catalani made of his "*Holy, holy,*" he would have gone mad. Mr. Braham may have no more feeling than to do the same in "*Lord, remember David,*" but MARY knew better; and after her, Billington is in our day the only singer that does any justice to Handel. In a most ridiculous composition called a "*New Scene by W. Diamond, Esquire,*" Mr. Braham was at home, and shared the laurel with Rauzzini. Though Catalani has at all other times the sober countenance of a *Madonna*; the moment she begins to sing, she begins to laugh, without any respect to the subject.—So she sang "*Frenar vorrei le lacrime,*" and treated of a wish to restrain her tears, while she was upon the broad grin. In our closet we can see these errors, but when she sings, judgment is suspended, and all is wonder.

Some little opposition took place on her first appearance, but she has ever since been received with universal approbation.

KING'S THEATRE.

MADAME CATALANI returned, on Tuesday the 6th of March, to the Opera-House, again freely to breathe her native air, (or, as Tom Dibdin would say, *airs*) and to burst forth and flourish with ~~un~~ confined and vigorous luxuriance. Her first appearance was in Mayer's *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, in which her wonderful powers are so admirably supported by the acting, and instrumental, as well as vocal music of Naldi in *Don Febo*. Her reception was enthusiastic, and just such as might be expected from Englishmen, who so delight in prodigies. No human being ever possessed such a "miraculous organ," as Mad. Catalani, but it is no blasphemy to say that she stands alone in the choir more in what may be called *the surprising*, than *the excellent*. For a correct and perfect ear, as well as science, Mad. Mara first, and then Billington, are, by the consent of our mortal Apollos, entitled to a preference. Her powers, however, are so vast, that the imagination commonly outrunning all reality, is here surpassed, and criticism frequently forgets its office; but where it is exerted, we have too often found that amidst her endless divisions, and *ad libitum*, both tune and "time toil after her in vain." Her voice, however, is *sui generis*, and seems subject to no laws, but those of unmixed admiration.

The dancing of Deshayes in *Narcisse et les Graces*, added to the attractions of Catalani, now makes the opera worthy of a certain degree and sort of patronage. It is much to be regretted, however, that Mr. Taylor could not continue to collect the subscriptions, and exhibit *ballets* and *operas*, without *dancers* and *singers*. He would have made a great deal more by it! That this ingenious project should have failed, is pity! "This was a way to thrive," as Shylock says, "and he was blest; and thrift is blessing, if men steal it not." Now none could have called a subscription voluntarily given, by the odious term *stealing*!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter from Mr. West, the president of the Royal Academy, to the Calcographic Society, Jan. 23.

"It must be allowed that there is no other country in the world, when divided into classes, which will produce in each class so many

men of wealth as this; and when taken in the aggregate, can exhibit such a mass of riches: but notwithstanding this wealth, neither the acknowledged abilities of a STRANON, a WOOLVERT, or a HARRINGTON could have found in this country subsistence by their labours, were it not for that patronage their merits drew from the continent of Europe; and as a proof how torpid patronage is here, we find that since the exclusion of English prints from the Continent, both historical painting and historical engraving have sunk for want of national patronage, to that level they stood at fifty years past, when they had no other patronage than that which flowed from the fashionable booksellers of the day, for embellishing their several publications."

A very entertaining volume of the *Spirit of the Public Journals*, for 1809, is just published.

Mr. Parke has still further improved his *Chemical Catechism*, the numerous additions to which have occasioned its remaining so long out of print. The last sheets are, however, now at the press, and in a few days that interesting and popular work will be issued in a fourth edition.

A Collection of Fugitive Poetry has lately appeared in two elegant volumes, under the title of "English Minstrelsy;" it is very tastefully selected, and contains also some original pieces from the pen of Mrs. Hunter, Dr. Currie, Walter Scott, Heber, Mrs. Baillie, Southey, and Rogers.

Lord Woodhouselee has republished his "Historical and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch," and has subjoined a translation of some of the sonnets; the volume is curious and interesting, and is embellished with portraits of Petrarch and Laura with a view of Vauchuse.

The Correspondence of the late Miss Seward, with the principal literary characters of the age, have been some time preparing for publication, and will very shortly be submitted to the world in six volumes, small octavo.

A dramatic poem founded upon the story which Mr. Scott has taken for his poem, "*The Lady of the Lake*," will appear in April.

Mr. Scott has given up the editing of *SWIFT*. As he offered to do it at two prices, either *shop-way* or *well*, we think he could not do better than leave it alone.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

APRIL, 1810.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. LEIGH HUNT, ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN,
FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	242
Memoir of Mr. Leigh Hunt	243
England during the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Nor- man Conquests	249
Letter from the author of My Pocket Book to Miss F—, with a present of a Hare	254
Tibullus, Lib. IV. Carm. II.	255
Notes on Athenæus	256
Endymion the Exile	258
Bailiffs and Bail	261
Bon Mots and Anecdotes	264
On the Corrupt Pronunciation of Greek and Latin Verse	267
Money and Paper	270
Printing	274

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Hunt's Attempt to shew the Folly and Danger of Me- thodism	275
Spirit of the Public Journals for 1809	284
Cursory Remarks on Corpu- lence	286
Mrs. Norris's Euphronia	292

BRITISH STAGE.

Musical Theatricals	293
A Distressing Case, by the Author of My Pocket Book	294

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Rural Felicity	299
Horace in London	302
The Lesson	303
Sonnet on the Death of Wil- liam Adamson	304

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

Covent-Garden Theatre	303
Lycæum	310
Theatrical Chat-Chat	ib.
New Theatre	311
Bannister's Budget	312
Olympic Pavilion	313
Oratorio	ib.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Edinburgh Theatre	313
Sunderland Theatre	315
A third Theatre	315
Literary Intelligence	320

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1810.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

C B. on the practice of the *Eschequer*; J. P.—r's attempt to shew that the *Lyceum* is preferable to the *Olympic Pavilion*; a constant reader, *Glasgow*; and J. S. to Maria are received.

P. G's *Meeting*; and some of the contributions of J. C. *North Walsham*, in our next. The editor thanks these gentlemen for their letters, which are more flattering to him than just to themselves.

A Mr. Jamieson has sent us a sort of advertisement, describing a middle-aged lady who is lost. All that we can say to it is, that we have not found her, and that if we do, we shall certainly not keep her.

The querist (see our last) who asks "*Why chicken, hatched in an oven, want rumps?*" will, as we suspected, find his answer in the *Athenian Oracle*, published thirty years ago, where he probably found his query. For our readers. The position is not generally true. At *Grand Cairo*, and in the *Levant*, where the trade of hatching in ovens is very great, the chicken are sometimes produced with one leg, or one wing, or no rump, or otherwise imperfect, which arises from the unequal operation of the heat.

L. O. a young writer, does himself honour by his remarks on the stage. "*The pit,*" he says, "who could make such a stir about an advance of sixpence, and feel so alive about the indecency of private boxes, can see all sorts of gross immorality practised in the house and hear cathis wantonly used on the stage, with the greatest unconcern."

J.'s ode on Sir Francis in the Tower; ††† on *Book-making*; T. on the alterations of *Shakspeare*; and Donald and *** on the theatres of *Glasgow* and *Leeds*, next month.

** on the conduct of the armed force, which escorted Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower, deals so much in truth, that we fear he has written a libel. His motto is all we can venture to give:

"Faith, we have been to kill, we know not whom,
Nor why: led on to break a commandment,
With the consent of custom and the laws."

Part, in the *Wits*, a comedie, by Sir W. D'avenant, 1636.

Errata—In our last p. 183, the last rhythmic bar should stand 3231 undivided—line 4, for "*Brooke*," read *Burke*—and p. 184, l. 16, for "*true*," read *free* recitative as contradistinguished from the *obligato*. P. 230, l. 9, for "*ones*," read *one*.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
APRIL, 1810.

MEMOIR OF MR. JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(*With a Portrait.*)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,

Examiner Office, April 20, 1810.

You know my opinions respecting the biography of living persons, especially of those who either deserve no such notice, or may wish to deserve it better: but you have succeeded in persuading me, that a public writer, who pays attention to the drama, is a person of some interest to your readers; and as an author, on these occasions, must be an assisting party to what is said of him, I have thought it best to say quite as much as need be said, in my own person; and thus perform the task as frankly and decently as possible. ADDISON has observed, in corroboration of your arguments, "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." (Spec. No. I.) And it was said of TOM BROWN, I think, when the second edition of his poems did not sell, that the joke was lost, because he omitted the portrait. Now, as my first wish is to be well understood, I would not willingly lose any help towards that valuable qualification. I should be very sorry were the reader puzzled with any opinion of mine, from his ignorance of my having a dark complexion, or

the ladies inclined to doubt my sensibility, for want of knowing that I am very happily married. Thus I fairly disclose these two important secrets to the public; and that no possible joke may be lost, the artists, you see, have produced a very good likeness of my face.

Of birth, &c. you tell me it is absolutely necessary to say something. Well:—I was born at Southgate, in October, 1784. My parents were the late Rev. I. HUNT, at that time tutor in the Duke of Chandos's family, and MARY, daughter of STEPHEN SHEWELL, merchant of Philadelphia, whose sister is the lady of Mr. President WELT. Here indeed I could enlarge, both seriously and proudly; for if any one circumstance of my life could give me cause for boasting, it would be that of having had such a mother. She was indeed a mother in every exalted sense of the word, in piety, in sound teaching, in patient care, in spotless example. Married at an early age, and commencing from that time a life of sorrow, the world afflicted, but it could not change her: no rigid economy could hide the native generosity of her heart, no sophistical and skulking example injure her fine sense or her contempt of worldly-mindedness, no unmerited sorrow convert her resignation into bitterness. But let me not hurt the noble simplicity of her character by a declamation, however involuntary. At the time when she died, the recollection of her sufferings and virtues tended to embitter the loss; but knowing what she was, and believing where she is, I now feel her memory as a serene and inspiring influence, that comes over my social moments, only to temper cheerfulness, and over my reflecting ones, to animate me in the love of truth. At seven, I was admitted into the grammar-school of Christ's Hospital, where I remained till fifteen, and received a good foundation in the Greek and Latin languages. On my departure from school, a collection of verses, consisting of some school-exercises, and of some larger pieces, written during the first part of 1800, was published that year under the title of *Juvenilia*, and in a manner, which, however I may have regretted it, it does not become me, perhaps, to reprobate. My verses were my own, but not my will. The pieces were written with sufficient imi-

satire enthusiasm, but that is all :—I had read GRAY, and I must write something like GRAY ; I admired COLLINS, and I must write something like COLLINS ; I adored SPENSER, and I must write a long allegorical poem, filled with *ne's*, *whiloms*, and personifications, like SPENSER. I say thus much upon the subject, because as I was a sort of rhyming young Roscius, and tended to lead astray other youths, who mistook reading for inspiration, as in fact has been the case, I wish to deprecate these precocious appearances in public, which are always dangerous to the taste, and in general dissatisfactory to the recollection. After spending some time in that gloomiest of all "*darkness palpable*," a lawyer's office—and plunging, when I left it, into alternate study and morbid idleness, studious all night, and hypochondriac all day, to the great and reprehensible injury of my health and spirits, it fell into my way to commence theatrical critic in a newly established paper, called the *News*, and I did so with an ardour proportioned to the want of honest newspaper criticism, and to the insufferable dramatic nonsense which then rioted in public favour. In 1805, an amiable nobleman, at that time high in office; procured me an humble situation in a government office. This office, in January, 1809, I voluntarily gave up, not only from habitual disinclination, but from certain hints, futile enough in themselves yet sufficiently annoying, respecting the feelings of the higher orders, who could not contemplate with pleasure a new paper called the *Examiner*, which, in concert with one of my brothers, I had commenced the year before, and in which I pursued the very uncourtly plan of caring for nothing but the truth. This paper, which it is our pleasure to manage as well as we can, and our pride to keep as independent as we ought, is now my only regular employment ; but I contrive to make it a part of other literary studies, which may at a future time, by God's blessing, enable me to do something better for the good opinion of the public ; and as to its profits—with constitutional reform for its object, and a stubborn consistency for its merit, it promises, in spite of the wretched efforts of the wretched men in power, to procure

for me all that I wish to acquire, a good name and a decent competency.

I find I have been getting serious on this magnificent subject; but a man's muscles unconsciously return to their gravity when employed in talking of his own affairs, and few persons have enjoyed a more effectual round of flatteries than myself, who have been abused and vilified by every publication that has had the least pretension to infamy;—not to mention the grateful things said of me by the writers of "*comedy*," to whom I have been teaching grammar any time these six years,—or the epithets lavished upon my head by our prepossessing ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who has twice brought me into court as "*a malicious and ill disposed person*," purely to shew that he could not prove his accusation. It is in vain, however, that I write as clearly as I can for the comprehension of the ministerialists: nothing can persuade them or their writers, that all I desire is an honest reputation on my own part, and a little sense and decency on theirs. It is to no purpose that I have preserved a singleness of conduct, and even kept myself studiously aloof from public men whom I admire, in order to write at all times just what I think. The corruptionists will have it, that I am a turbulent demagogue, a factious, ferocious, and diabolical republican, a wretch who "*horrifies the pure and amiable nature*" of royal personages, a plotter with CORBETT whom I never saw in my life, and an instrument of the designs of HORNE TOOKE whom I never wish to see. It is equally in vain that I have taken such pains to secure the gratitude of the dramatists. I understand, they never could be brought to regard me in the proper light; and a variety of criticisms, as well as the reports of my "*good-natured friends*," have conveyed to me, at divers times, the most positive assurances that I was an uninformed, an unwarrantable, and an unfeeling critic,—a malignant critic,—a bad critic;—no critic at all,—nay, a black-hearted being who delighted in tormenting—a sort of critical RHYMICK WILLIAMS who went about slashing in the dark,—and in fine, what I must

confess I really was, at one period of my life—a boy. The worst publications that attacked me, I abstained from noticing, not only from a proper respect to myself, but upon the principle that their own vices had already given them their death-blow. However, they still continued fighting, like the vivacious deceased in the romance, who had not time, you know, to discover he was dead:—

*Il pover' uomo che non sen era accorto,
Andava combattendo, ed era morto.*

Orlando Innam.

But you see they die off, one after the other. The process is the same, though slower, with these “*living dead men*,” the dramatists: and even the Attorney-general and his right honourable friends whose vigour consists in the persecution of news-papers, and whose genius in the waste of their country's blood, will recollect, I trust, that the inevitable hour awaits them also, and a much more serious one than can be contemplated in jest.

But enough of this egregious history. Disinclined as I was at first to the publication of this little memoir, I am at length not dissatisfied, I confess, with having an opportunity of contradicting, under my name, all those motives of envy or of ill-temper, to which my humble efforts in the cause of taste and reason may have been attributed. To envy Mr. CHERRY or Mr. DIBDIN is no easy task; but to feel a personal ill-will against bad writers would be, I trust, a still harder with me, if possible. If such persons lose their reputation or their profits, and become bye-words for bad writing, they must attribute the misfortune to its real cause, and make the plain shoulder-shrugging confession which the other day escaped Mr. REYNOLDS, who has now given the town not only a fair warning, but a better proof of his sense than all his comedies put together. The just severity of criticism regards nothing but what is public; and had I made any answer to those poor reprobates, who when they could find nothing personal to at-

tack in me, attacked the character of those who were related to me, I should have challenged them to produce a single passage, in which I had made any personal attack on the deformities, morals, or hearts of those whom I criticized. Political stricture is another thing; and to be bitterly severe on men who grow wealthy and wanton in the lavishment of English blood, requires nothing but to be commonly virtuous. But I have heard that even some of our present rulers cut a very good figure at their fire-sides, and I have no doubt that our bad writers cut much better. So far from meddling with either of them there, who would not wish them there, wrapped up for ever in social enjoyment? The dramatists would at once make the proper use of their talents by fitting up baby-theatres for their children; and Mr. PERCEVAL, instead of sending his countrymen to prisons and graves, would hit the exact pitch of his genius in the forging of cherry-stone chains and the blowing of bubbles. But as criticism is not to invade the privacies of men, so private considerations are never to issue out upon and obstruct public criticism; still less are they to be sacred in the defence of political character, when they are so continually brought into play by the politicians themselves, and elevated to the room and to the rank of public virtue. As I began therefore, I shall proceed. I am not conscious of ever having given praise for policy's sake, or blame for malignity's; and I never will. A strict adherence to truth, and a recurrence to first principles, are the only things calculated to bring back the happier times of our literature and constitution; and however humble as an individual, I have found myself formidable as a lover of truth, and shall never cease to exert myself in its cause, as long as the sensible will endure my writings, and the honest appreciate my intentions.

Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

LEIGH HUNT.

ENGLAND DURING THE ROMAN, SAXON, DANISH, AND NORMAN CONQUESTS.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND E.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I PROPOSE, in this paper, to ascertain what effects the various conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, have had on the kingdom of England, relative to population, the commixture of the inhabitants, and their wealth. The subjects are in themselves not only curious, but they are such as must interest every considerate mind.

It is by all agreed that Britain had been known to, and traded with, by the Phœnicians, and afterward the Greeks, particularly for tin, a metal little found in the rest of the world, but every where prized. At this time the Britons were a rude unlettered people, divided into various petty tribes, or nations, though all perhaps deriving their origin from Gaul, whose language, with some peculiarities, they spoke, for, even in Gaul, there were various dialects. These restless natives of the island, ever at war with each other, were all in what might be called a rude state; yet they admitted of various degrees of faint civilization. Such of the coast nations, who kept up a correspondence with the Phœnicians in very remote times, and with Greece, or Greek colonies, at later ones, were far more enlightened than others. In general they were in much the same situation as their common ancestors the Gauls. What has been a great detriment to their character with the Romans, and with the moderns, is their having laws that were not written; and a religion whose dogmas were not promulgated to any, but by oral means, and tenets, which, forbidding image worship, left no marks of the arts in temples, or other public structures. Indeed temples, properly speaking, were prohibited; a circle of stones only marked the spot for sacrifice, prayers, and thanksgiving. Nations, who erect no temples

will build no palaces. A mound of earth, or an unsculptured stone, is consecrated to mark the spot where reposes a beloved chieftain, or where a victory has been gained, or a treaty has been made. Commerce is the great leading feature to distinguish the degrees of civilization; that of Britain was confined chiefly to the now Scilly Islands, and the western coast; so that it made but little impression on the island in general. Religion did more, perhaps, by keeping up a constant intercourse with Gaul; for Britain, the chief seat, the very sanctuary of druidism, brought hither the youths of Gaul for education.

Such I suppose Britain to have been at Cæsar's first invasion. The people, though divided, were brave. They well knew the character of Rome by the cruel wars she had so long, and so cruelly waged in Gaul. They, therefore, opposed the illustrious general. He gained but few laurels by his landing on the hostile shore. His second attempt redounded more to his glory. The Britons agreed to pay a small acknowledgment to a people as rapacious as ambitious.

The intercourse between Britain and Italy from the time of Cæsar's leaving us until the third invasion, in the year of Christ, under Claudius, had undoubtedly made a wonderful change in the situation of the islanders. The reason, I suspect was this: the trade carried on to Britain had always been in a confined manner. The Phœnicians long kept secret the situation of Britain, then unknown to Asia, and even to Europe, except Gaul, and perhaps Germany, countries themselves not then distinctly known to the civilized world; and when the Greeks, or their colonies, obtained the commerce of Britain, the situation was kept as secret as possible: but Gaul conquered, Marsailes, the principal Greek city, which had the trade of tin, becoming also subject to Rome, the intercourse by traffic became open to merchants of Italy, as well as Gaul, and probably to various other nations who were subject to Rome. This will account for the quantity of money coined by the British prince *Cunoboline*, not only in brass, but in the precious metals. The people were making rapid

improvements in arts; for the very conquest of Gaul, now become a Roman province, would tend to this; the arts the Romans taught the Gauls, the Gauls would teach the Britons; perhaps too, many illustrious Gauls, at the same time hating the Romans as masters, and as enemies to their religion, might retire to Britain, at once to secure their persons, their properties, and the enjoyment of their religion, amongst the sacred oaks of a land consecrated to their own mode of divine worship.

It is in vain to expect to ascertain the population of Britain at this third invasion, before the Romans had made any settlement. I suppose it was not less full of inhabitants than prior to Caesar's coming hither; the slaughter he made having been fully repaired by the influx of strangers, and the peace with all external foes. It is allowed that the whole island was peopled, and that they had no colonization of any foreign nation, all speaking, like the people of Gaul, the same language, but varying in dialect only. I think then that we may safely estimate the population at about two millions of Britons. This indeed is but a few considering the space for them to cover; but then it must be recollected that their roving habits of hunting required much room, and that there were very extensive forests in all directions; they even preferred to reside in their woods, partly from sanctity, venerating the oaks, and partly from defence against the neighbouring clans, with which they were ever in a state of warfare; beside too they used little land for agriculture; milk, and the flesh of their tame animals, and still more those of the chase being their principal food. Though surrounded with a prolific sea, and as fine rivers as could water their plains, yet they were strangers to the taste of fish.

It is probable that by the conquest of the southern part of Britain, and the repulsion and slaughter of the northern, the British nations lost at least 150,000 of their inhabitants, chiefly the men in the prime of their lives; this must have been a very great loss, as checking population in future. To make up for this deficiency the Romans brought hither not only a very large body of soldiers, who were stationed here, but

many of their great men settled in Britain; and persons of all descriptions, after the final subjugation by Agricola, came hither. It was rendered so delightful a province, that here were seated, at times, not only the Roman eagles, but the imperial court. The whole country bore a new face; regular walled cities, towns, sea-ports, stations, castles, villas, were built, and it was adorned not only with public structures, temples, afterwards Christian churches, bridges, aqueducts, and public paved roads in all directions, but porticos, galleries, and baths, all magnificent in their kind. Commerce flourished, and so enriched the country, that it is supposed that the Roman part of the island yielded at least two millions of money. It is undoubted that, besides finding herself in provisions, she was enabled to export cattle, hides, corn, and the precious metals, gold and silver, but in a small degree. I believe the more profitable ones were tin, lead, copper, and iron; pearls too were one of the favourite exports; another was, shame to say, slaves;—unfortunate persons taken in war, or condemned for crimes: this horrid traffic remained many centuries after the Romans had left the island.

There must have been a very great improvement in civilization, in wealth, and also in population, in the latter part of four centuries the Romans resided in Britain, though there were circumstances which were constant checks to British population:—the severity of the conquerors, the constant drafts for their armies, and this nefarious trade in human creatures.

It may well be asked did the Romans mix in blood with the British, as the Spaniards do with their native American subjects? Yes, undoubtedly; we have even Roman emperors, whose mothers were British ladies. The British youth strove to imitate the manners of their masters, as well as their dress; but this was only those of the higher orders: so also they often spoke not only the British, but Roman language. The matter will next be to ascertain what quantity of Roman blood the Britons had during the time of their subjection to the haughty conquerors of the world. I do not suspect that it was very much. My reasons are, that for a length of years all

was warfare and enmity ; and when they had become reconciled to their foreign yoke the Romans would, for some time longer, regard them with too much contempt to feel any passion for them. Indeed the rude manners of the islanders would want a generation or two to refine themselves, so as to be deserving the endearments of a refined nation, such as were the Romans. The bulk of the people were, before the Roman conquest, and remained constantly afterward, slaves to their superiors ; it cannot be expected that the Romans would regard the British, more than they would the Italian peasantry. Slavery in its worst form disgraced the Romans ; these slaves were either domestic ones, or attached to their lands, and both of these would seldom be raised from their situation : the former kind might be sometimes taken away by their military masters, when they retired from the island, either on their return to Italy, or to fill some post or office in their wide extended domains. So that I think when the Romans retired from the island they left little of their blood here, the Britons being very much an unmixed people ; I am the more of this opinion, because when they reluctantly quitted this favourite province, they entirely left it ; none lingering here, but every soldier was withdrawn, and every Roman, whatever might have been his reluctance, gave up, abandoned his delightful villa, his woods, and his lawns, his flocks, and his herds, never to return, not even to visit them again.

When this extraordinary change happened, which was in the year of Christ 412, the unhappy Britons, long forbidden the use of arms, except drafted into the Roman legions, felt the destitution of hope. They had a country enriched and adorned in a manner far beyond what their ancestors or themselves could ever have done ; but these were temptations to ferocious neighbours for plunder. Their case was rendered still more unhappy by their being robbed of all their strength. The British youth were compelled to quit their native country to assist in defending such parts of the empire as the Romans still strove to retain. When the savage Picts and Scots broke in upon them, they supplicated in the most moving language

for some assistance from Rome. A small force was sent, but the barbarians pressing upon Italy, what could South Britain expect! The Roman army was withdrawn, and every calamity followed.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF MY POCKET-BOOK

TO

MISS F.——

With a Present of a Hare.

Dear F.

Temple, Dec. 1809.

A PERFECT *stranger* to me dropt in here this morning; and I find on enquiring into his merits, that, though they are to the *taste* of some people, he will be to me a mere burthen, therefore I send him to you. In a *fable*, written about him, for he has been celebrated both in prose and verse, I learn that *he* has, like myself, had *many friends*, and that they have, as we say, *worried him to death*. You may do what you please with him—he'll bear *roasting*, and you may even *cut*, and *baste* him, without exciting the least ill-humour on his part. Although he never owed any person a shilling, no one that I know has been so hunted by mankind, which, though *game to the backbone*, used to alarm him exceedingly, but he has conquered that weakness or timidity, and is now perfectly indifferent about it. As a proof how much stouter his nerves are *at present*, you may attack him, stab him, take his coat off his back, and sell it before his face, without stirring in him the feeling of fear, either for his property or himself. I fancy such a poor creature will get completely *dished* at your house. Still he is not, whatever you may imagine, *without brains*; and this I will say, that the more you can get of them, the more you will resemble me. He is indeed a *hair-brained* fellow, yet you may keep his company *some time* before you will perceive him

to be *lively*; but I believe you will like him better in his present quiet state; for, to tell you the truth, when he does get a *maggot* in his head, he is, to my way of thinking, very offensive. His *ears* too (or *two*) are certainly *long*, but you may say what you like before him, for he was never known to blab half so much as those who have *shorter*.

I beg that you will, when he is *well dressed*, introduce him to the most familiar acquaintance of Mrs. S. and merely a select few, for being of tender years, he is not capable of affording much *entertainment* to a *large* company. Of the maxim, "*the more the merrier, the less the better cheer*," he only sticks to the latter part, and it will be well for *yours*, if you also attend to it. He is a perfect *child* in one respect—I am ashamed to mention it, but he is particularly agreeable, (at least so I have thought) where there is plenty of *black currant jelly*. I will not however pretend to dictate the measure of civility, which your amiable disposition, and esteem for my recommendation, may incline you to shew him. Sure I am of your good nature, and that you will for his own, as a *well-bred stranger*, if not for my sake, give him a *warm* reception, *stuff* him well, and, as it were, *devour him*, with kindness.

Yours, —————

TIBULLUS.

LIB. IV. CARM. II.

"*Sulpicia est tibi culta tuis*," &c.

GREAT Mars, Sulpicia, this day keeps thy festival: if thou art wise, descend from Heaven and behold her. Venus herself will pardon it; but beware, thou violent, lest in thy admiration thine arms basely forsake thee. Love, when he wishes to inflame the gods, lights from her eyes a double fire. Whatever she does, wherever she turns her step, Grace waits

upon and bewitchingly composes her. If she dissolves her hair, it becomes her to have dishevelled locks; if she binds them, it is dignified to have tresses bound. She fires us, whether she chooses to appear in a Tyrian mantle; she fires us, whether she comes shining in a snowy vest. So the happy Vertumnus, on the eternal Olympus, wears a thousand attires; and wears a thousand becomingly. * * * * *

††.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. XXIX.

"The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."

THIS number will take us to the end of the eleventh book, and terminate the treaty on *cups*, which certainly entitles the Deipnosophists to be included in Horace's "*Calices**, quem non fecere disertum," for they are *diserti* or *copious* here, with apparently a most loving fondness for the *subject*.

Of all their cups, the *Pentaploa*, which had its name from the five ingredients in the mixture it contained, is the one least to my taste. It is thus described at F. in p. 495. The Athenians had certain games, in which youths *εφηβοι*, fourteen years of age, contended in a foot-race, bearing a vine branch loaded with grapes, which was called *ορχος*. They ran from the temple of Bacchus to the temple of Minerva scirrhas. The victor received a cup, called *pentaploa*, and bore it off, accompanied by his mates, in bacchanalian procession. The cup was distinguished by the title *pentaploa*, because of its contents—wine, honey, cheese, flour, and a little oil. The an-

* The *facundi calices* is singularly well translated by Shakspeare in Henry V.: "In their *flowing cups* freshly remember'd."

tients were strangely addicted to mixing their liquors, but surely this is one among the worst for a beverage, that could well be hit upon. Dalechamp remarks that Erasmus gives *πενταπλοα*, *pentaploa*, as an adage, and on turning to him, I find that he says it may be applied to an oration loaded with various arguments.

No people understood the true spirit of hospitality better than the Greeks, and here it is expressed in what we term a *heartly welcome*. Ου βουν παρὶς σιμὰν' ἢτε χρυσας, ἢτε πορφυρεῖς ταπῆες· ἀλλὰ θύμῳ ευμάρῃς, μῦστα τε γλυκεία, καὶ βοιωτικῶσιν ἐν σκυφοῖσιν οἶνος ὄψος. B. p. 500. That is, in our more homely phrase—I can't roast an ox for you, nor feed you on plate, nor can I boast of the richness of my furniture; but if you'll come and see me, you shall have the best I have—an honest heart to welcome you, a cheerful song, and a good glass of wine.

Against the use of large cups, or what is called in our days a *dumper*, let us hear Socrates in Xenophon. The wisest of men recommends wine, beautifully observing that, by moistening our souls, it puts our cares to rest, as mandragora* composes man; and excites our hilarity, as oil produces flame. But, comparing our bodies to plants, he is an advocate for small cups; for as torrents destroy the latter or prevent their standing erect, while gentle showers refresh and make them flourish, so are we, in a very similar manner, affected by an inordinate draught, while small cups, taken frequently, *πυνκτα*, (that you won't forget) do, as it were, cheer our hearts with the dew of gladness. P. 504. C. D. E.

April 2.

* "Nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East."
Othello.

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

LETTER XXVII.

MY last exhibited the English stage in a state of warfare: it is now my intention to give you some notion of it in times of peace. One of the most popular topics with the critics here, is the degeneracy of English comedy; but from all that I have observed, it is quite good enough for those who witness its exhibition. I will even go a step further: if the word *degeneracy* is to be taken in its moral sense, and to signify a departure from virtue, then do I flatly deny the charge, for at what era were the virtues ever scattered over the boards half so plentifully? These Aristotles of the sabbath should consider the purposes to which the day whereon they write is dedicated, and should pardon the decayed wit of poor comedy, in consideration of her flourishing morality. Then again they have an ill-natured way of dividing the stage into ancient and modern, placing in the former class the productions of about two centuries, and in the latter those of about twice ten years. They then pick out about half a dozen great guns from their ancient depôt, which they forthwith place in three columns, and fire away point-blank at the poor moderns, who have of course nothing but puns and popguns, wherewith to return the compliment—no wonder their battery is silenced! Now this, Ambrose, is unfair play. Epoch against epoch *communibus annis* might do; but two hundred years against twenty! Oh monstrous! And yet this is endured, nay, enjoyed by a nation, which piques itself upon seeing all fair in boxing! It is certain if you bruise the writers of two centuries into a mass, you may extract an essential oil of comedy of poignant flavour: and it is also certain that if you collect (provided you can find them) all the plays, which have appeared since the year 1780, and bray them in a mortar, you would find amidst a heap of loyalty and sentiment, wit enough to make one dish of a very tolerable taste. If the old writers had most wit, the

modern have most virtue. If the head be but intelligent, the heart may be depraved as it will, was the creed of the wicked wits in the time of good Queen Anne: if the heart be in the right place, the head may wander, is the prevailing dictum in the reign of George the Third. What sad wicked fellows are the fine gentlemen of Farquhar and Congreve, compared to those who assume that title among the moderns. They seemed to consider themselves born to drink, fight, and intrigue at pleasure, provided in so doing they pleased their auditors. It must be admitted that all they said, and all they did, was natural enough: but human nature, we are told, on grave authority, is radically corrupt, and so convinced are the moderns of this, that they seldom exhibit it at all, aware that common politeness requires us to keep what is disagreeable, out of sight. Then again the terrible want of feeling, which is to be met with in old writers, must be revolting to every sensitive mind. Ben the sailor, in CONGREVE'S *Love for Love*, when reproached for being undutiful and graceless to his father, answers: "Then why was he graceless first? If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not beget myself." So much for his filial reverence; and now for a specimen of fraternal affection.

"Ben, How does brother Dick and brother Val?"

Sir Sampson. Dick! body o' me! Dick has been dead these two years. I wrote you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess: that's true: marry I had forgot! Dick's dead as you say."

Now, my dear friend, putting the want of feeling exhibited in these passages out of the question, how obvious is their want of policy! A writer of these times would not have been fool enough to miss so glorious an opportunity of descanting on respect to him who gave us birth, *the salt tears of an English sailor, snob the spray, eye-pumps at work, &c. &c.* to the great emolument of the actor, and proportionate edification of the gallery. The whole play, if cast on the mould now in fashion, would have assumed a different complexion. Its wicked wit would have been purged away, and nothing but

the presence of virtue would have remained. *Valentinus* would not have been dissolute from want of grace, nor *Jenny* pent from want of wages. *Scarsdale* would never have thought the young wife of an old star-gazer, lawful game. *Bert* would have been a loyal and generous one, and *Miss Pene* a very manageable and well-behaved young lady. I was conversing lately at the Piazza Coffee House with a celebrated comedian, who had appeared the night before as a gay young nobleman in a new comedy. The general equality of dress among the English was mentioned by the actor, as detrimental to the stage, from the difficulty of giving a marked distinction to the different ranks of life. "I was myself an instance of that last night," said he; "I played a nobleman, but my dress was that of a merchant's clerk." "But why not wear a star?" said I. "My dear sir," answered the performer, "of what use would that be? It could not have been seen." "Not seen," I replied, "what should conceal it?" "My right hand, sir," he retorted. "The character is called gay; but from the first act, even unto the fifth, he talks of his honour and his feelings according to the mode now in vogue. Now, sir, it is impossible to talk of honour and feelings, without spreading your right hand upon your left breast; and then what would become of my poor star? 'shorn of his beams,' egad, by my palm, four fingers and thumb! The audience would have compared me to Milton's Death, spreading his lean paw over the firmament, '*the blasted stars that look'd wan.*'" The London clergy rail against the emptiness of the churches till their sounding boards rattle in sympathy, without reflecting upon the obvious cause. The theatres have taken their trade out of their hands. When men can get as much religion and morality as they please, and a warm theatre, why should they go to a cold church in quest of these commodities? Well may the Rev. *Rowland Hym* call a play-house the Devil's hot-bed. It is so, but our modern hands have made it too hot to hold him.

An English poet, second only to the inimitable *Boileau*, calls "*a wit a feather*," but "*an honest man the noblest*"

work of God." This feather wit wedded in plentiful plumeage around the brows of FANQUHAN, VANBRUGH, and GONDREVE, but such a supple ornament is properly disregarded by their more sober successors. Your *honest man*, *swish-dandy*, insinuates a portion of himself into every man. John of the *dramatic personae*, making old men liberal, young ones chaste, valets faithful, daughters dutiful, bailiffs beautiful, '*credat Judaeus*,' Israelites benevolent! Oh *harlequin*, *harlequin*, thou friend of my early youth; why conceal thy sable visage from the audience till the finish of the play? Though unseen by mortal eye thou art surely in the house by half past six, ere the prompter tinkles his opening bell; and these moral metamorphoses are indebted to thee and to thy Ovidian graces for their existence.

BAILIFFS AND BAIL.

AR! quareis tibi punctum spendent omnes
WICKHAM GIBBS, *subsiste: timenda vel optima lia est.*

THE tricks of *sheriffs' officers* would occupy a volume: The *attorney* has too intimate a connection with them, and when they happen to confederate, miserable indeed is the situation of the defendant. The sheriff himself in the present day, possesses infinitely too much power—he is appointed by the interest of the crown, and, if so dishonourably disposed, can have a jury of men, whose sentiments are congenial with his own. With regard to the under-sheriff, it is declared by statute of Henry V. c. 4, that none shall practise as an attorney, while in office; yet this statute is shamefully evaded by their practising in the names of their agents in town.

After arrest the next object of consideration is *bail*, which offers a wide field for observation, as it is now managed. By a once venerated law, it is provided that *excessive bail* shall not be required, and though what excessive bail is be not de-

find, we may safely pronounce it to be that, which *man* cannot procure. Englishmen then boast of their laws, which provide that no man shall be imprisoned *for life*. But, where is the difference between being sentenced to imprisonment *for life*, and loss of liberty till bail is found, which the man has no power to obtain? The harsher sentence would be the more candid of the two.

The restrictions on bailiffs are, according to the statute, very rigorous; and the bailiff, as it might naturally be expected, often refuses compliance with an act that so ill suits his convenience. He permits the prisoner, indeed, to chuse what *lock-up-house* he pleases; but if it be one the bailiff dislikes, he will prove vexatious to him in procuring bail, by keeping out of his way, and other cross purposes, *always* in his power. If the defendant cannot procure bail by the return of the writ, he is carried to gaol, and is not rarely arrested purposely so near the return of the writ, as to render it impossible to procure bail to the sheriff, in which case he must go to prison, where he may, if the writ be returnable the last day of Term, lie during the whole vacation. The writ having been returnable, the sheriff can no longer take bail for defendant's appearance, which is understood to be putting in bail above; till he can do this, he must lie in prison. It must be done before a judge, and though he may be able, through the exertions of his friends, to procure bail, yet should the judges be absent at the assizes, or on any other account, or being in town should refuse to take the bail, which has sometimes happened when plaintiff's attorney would not consent, the defendant must remain in prison till Term-time.

The reason too ought to be enquired, why, in civil actions, bail is demanded for double the sum. The unwarrantable liberties taken by counsel with respectable characters, who offer themselves to the courts as bail, have been so long suffered to prevail, that men of character will no longer come in the courts to give bail—this circumstance, added to the above demand, makes the practice rigidly exact security on behalf of

the creditor, while it does, in a manner, deny the debtor the means of granting it. Chief Justice Eyre emphatically observed, that "the law was a very terrible engine of oppression, if the courts would not look into the abuses of their proceedings."

Persons living in the country, sometimes in matter of bail, suffer additional hardships. As for instance, the arrest being on a short return, the man and his bail may ride from town to town, in search of a commissioner to take the recognizance, and be at last obliged to come to London, and put in bail before a judge to prevent an assignment of the bail bond. Then the bail put in, in London, must justify in London, and so on.

This story is on record.

In 1707, a poor old man between seventy and eighty, came off the way on foot from Cumberland to the King's Bench prison, to surrender in discharge of his bail. When he reached the door of the gaol, he was barefooted, and holding his shoes and a small bundle of clothes, hung across a stick over his shoulder. He shewed the door-keeper a letter from an attorney, stating his case, and at whose suit he came to surrender. The door-keeper told him that he could not surrender so as to discharge his bail, without going through the proper forms, and ordered the tipstaff to go with him to Chancery Lane, where having paid the customary fees, at least three pounds, he was indulged with permission to repose himself in gaol.

There was here some difficulty, but it is nevertheless notorious how easily an unfortunate man finds his way into prison—the roads by which he gets out are—an insolvent act—the Lord's act—and Death.

When a plaintiff's case is by a jury found to be perfectly just, the defendant should pay *all costs whatsoever*, for otherwise the plaintiff, who recovers twenty pounds, is relieved by the present practice of more than half; and he is thus ultimately placed in as bad a state, as if the defendant had been a bankrupt; and hence it is that the plaintiff often forbears his right of action, and sits down with his injury, knowing that he shall at last lose, even should he at first be fortunate enough to win.

BON MOTS AND ANECDOTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE MIRROR.

BY C. HERBERT.

Danda est remissio animis; nec in eadem intentione acqualiter
 retinenda mens, sed et jocos revocanda, SENeca DE TRANK.

Books in *Ana*, from which these materials are gathered, have been described as collections of the memorable sayings of persons of learning and wit, much the same as what we call *table-talk*. Chambers has the following remarks on this subject: "Wolffius has given the history of books in *Ana*, in the preface to the *Carubentiana*: he there observes, that though such titles be new, the thing itself is very old; that Menophon's books of the deeds and sayings of Socrates, as well as the dialogues of Plato, are *Socraticana*; that the apophthegms of the philosophers, collected by Diogenes Laertius; the sentences of Pythagoras, and those of Epictetus; the works of Athenæus, Stobæus, and divers others, are so many *Anæ*. Erenthe *Gemæ* of the Jews, with several other oriental writings, according to Wolffius, properly belong to the same class. To this head of the *Ana* may likewise be referred the *Orphica*, the *Pythagoræa*, *Æsopica*, *Pynsophica*, &c."

The *Scaligerana* was the first piece, that appeared with a title in *Ana*, and was not printed till 1662, many years after the sayings of Scaliger were written down by Jean de Vassan. The word *ana* is Greek, and signifying *danno*, *again*, it meaning when tacked to a man's name, as it is in this case, is very apparent. Nothing further need be added, except that the person of *anas* is very likely to injure the taste for more useful reading, as an indulgence in sweetmeats, often destroys the appetite for solid food. With this caveat *lector*, I may proceed with impunity.

M. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, was a prodigy in his infancy. From seven to eight years of age, he used to recite ser-

mons, which he committed to memory. The Marchioness de Rambouillet invited him to exhibit before an assembly of *beaux esprits* at her house. Young Bossuet was brought between eleven and twelve at night, and preached to the great satisfaction of all present. Voiture was there, and speaking of the age of the preacher, and the time of delivering his sermon, he said—"Indeed, I never heard any one preach so soon, or so late!"

In Domenichi, lib. 4, is the following incident, which M. Menage says always pleased him much. Trivelino goes to sleep one day with his horse's bridle under his arm. During his nap, a man comes, and, taking off the bridle, leads the horse away. Trivelino wakes, and, missing his horse, feels himself all over, saying—*O io son Trivelino, e non so io son Trivelino, ho perso un cavallo; se io son son Trivelino, ho guadagnato una briglia*—i. e. Either I am Trivelino or I am not: if I am Trivelino, I have lost a horse; if I am not, I have gained a bridle.

"It is commonly said," observes Menage, "that all the world wish to be related to the fortunate. Euripides says the same:

Τὸν εὐτυχέστερον εἰς ὅλους σὺ γένεις."

For "Euripides" read *Menander*.

A British vessel, with the Bishop of Quebec on board touched at an island in possession of the French, and principally inhabited by savages. The bishop being missed for several hours, a party of sailors went up the island in search of him. In their progress, they met with a savage, and enquired of him whether he knew any thing of the Bishop of Quebec—"Si je le connois? j'en ai mangé." Know him? said he, I've eat him!

The wife of M. de L. instituted a process before the parliament of Paris, complaining of impotence in her husband. At the same time an action was brought against M. de L. in a court below, for seducing a young lady, and getting her with child. It seemed as if he must succeed in one case—he failed in both!

The Portuguese having lost a battle, says Menage, fourteen thousand guitars were found on the spot.

M. Gaudin said that Adam had less pleasure than others, as he knew nothing of history, genealogy, or heraldry.

It is an observation of Scaron, that the most ancient of all complaints is that of the poets, respecting the unhappiness of the times, and the ingratitude of the age.

When M. de Sorbierre presented his *Album amicorum* to Vossius, that he might write some sentences in it, Vossius turned over the leaves to see what was already inserted, and was much pleased with the following one by Grotius:

Γραμμάτια μαθῶν δεῖ, καὶ μαθεῖα τοῦν εἶχεν.

i. e. It is necessary to learn the *belles lettres*, but it is fit that the learner should possess judgment.

In a little book printed at Bourdeaux, we read that Saint Michael knocking at the door of Paradise, St. Peter said, "Who's there?" St. Michael replied, "A Carmelite." St. Peter rejoined hastily—"We've nothing here but Carmelites, I think—when there's a dozen of you, I'll open the door."

As every one was pillaging the chamber of an archbishop, who had just expired, a Franciscan, who had come for a pious purpose, seeing a very valuable crucifix, put it into his sleeve, saying: "*Crucifixus etiam pro nobis.*"

The Pere d'Harrouis said to M. Menage—"When the Pere Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, all the artisans quitted their shops, the merchants their traffic, the lawyers the courts, and the physicians their patients, to go and hear him; but for my part, when I preached there the year after, I restored all things to order;—every one attended to his own business!"

M. l'Abbé de C—— preached at St. Merry with very ill-success. M. Santeuil said: "*He* did better last year." Some one replied: "He did not preach last year." "That's what I mean," rejoined M. Santeuil.

During the time that persons of all trades and professions returned public thanksgiving in the various churches of Paris, for the re-establishment of the king's health, Monsieur de Benserade, in an address on this subject, recited at the academy, said: "The merchant quits his business to throw himself at the foot of the altar; the artisan quits his work; the physician quits his patient, and the *patient is so much the better for it.*"

[To be continued.]

ON THE CORRUPT PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN AND GREEK VERSE.

THE pronunciation of one verse might have taught us that of another. Nothing can be more evident than that

and
*Tityre, tu patulæ,
Arma virumque cano,*

L L 2

are of equal times, and equal numbers; but how different is their pronunciation? DRYDEN, in the preface to his *Æneid*, says that—

Arma virumque cano,

seems to sound a charge, and begins with the clangour of a trumpet. But *this trumpet* is of modern invention, and sounds no bigger than *the pipe* in the pastorals, if *the tune* is rightly play'd; and this humble tune, (see Horace de *Art. Poet.* v. 140) is, I apprehend, more suitable to the exordium, than a trumpet-stop. POPE, in his *Homer*, observes that the *melancholy flowing* of this verse, which I put in Roman characters that the English reader may judge,

Bē d'akeōn para thina poluphkoisboia thalasses,
admirably expresses the condition of a mournful and deserted father; and Dr. CLARKE makes the same remark on the disposition of those numbers, but they in no way differ from

Tityre, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Dr. CLARKE, in his *Homer*, quotes the following observation of *Macrobius* on this verse:

ὁδὲ γορευμένη δ' αὖτε τοῦ γε κατὰ κοινὸν ἐμύχθη.

Lib. x. v. 457.

“*Vide nimiam celeritatem sakno pondere,*” see with what excessive rapidity this verse runs, and yet has its due weight!

Now, if this verse be read according to the vulgar method, there will be no more rapidity in the flow, than in Pope's

“*Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main,*”*

* See Dr. Johnson on this line, in the *Rambler*, No. XCII. He there makes an observation, which is to our purpose. “In the *dactyls* used by the antients to express speed, two short syllables were pronounced with such rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they therefore naturally exhibit the act of passing through a long space in a short time.” *Naturally*, but not always, as it ought, in our way of speaking, or pronouncing Greek and Latin verse.

As Macrobius read it, and as it ought to be read, the verse is composed of the swiftest feet, for they are all anapæsts, and if so read, have both velocity and majesty—

φθεγ, γομεν, δαδατ, γκαδρ, κοιν, σινεμλχ, δε.

Heroics are not to be measured by dactyls and spondees, which method St. AUSTIN complains of, as the vulgar practice of his day. To preserve the time and the law of the verse, they must be measured by spondees and anapæsts. See *St. Austin de Musica*, lib. v. cap. 5.

What is the use of long and short syllables, and why were the poets tied down to such a nice observance of them, if the pronunciation is to destroy all the effect of their measure? In the verse *In nova fert animus*, we all know that Ovid begins with a dactyl—in nõvǎ, but we all know also that in our pronunciation we usually give the short syllables the time of a spondee or two long ones. Why, as there is no difference in scanning between *in nova* and *corpora*, should there be so much in the pronunciation? Read these verses—

Mæcenas atavis edite regibus.

Stratus nunc ad aquæ lenæ caput sacræ.

And

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.

Jam satis Terris nivis atque diræ.

Here are two instances of similar kinds of verse. The poet has set them to the same music, with no alteration of the time; but what is the effect of our pronunciation? Can this be right; and are not the error and its cure equally obvious? But to do what common sense dictates would, at this moment, be thought wrong; and be our pretensions what they may, I fear that our love of truth is not so powerful as our shame of being thought in error.

MONEY AND PAPER.

BY CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

I do assure you I speak of these articles with much diffidence. If I did not see pretty near one hundred to one more in the amount of paper currency than in cash, both from my tenants, (who would yet supply me with cash, as far as possible, if I asked it), or from my clients (when I have any), I doubt I should not remain here. But to me, individually, *paper*, such as I receive, is as good as *money*; yet although I like *paper* full as well as *cash*, as I know the banks from which I generally receive it, and it is therefore, individually, not a direct inconvenience; in the *aggregate*, and indirectly therefore to individuals, (even where not directly) it is a very great one. But it is a mere fruit of *war* and *luxury*, as sure as *taxes*. And having so perseveringly, and so profusely cultivated the *tree*, we must take its *fruits*.

It is a present *facility*, without which, the other circumstances being the same, we could not possibly go on. At present we move smoothly; in fact, we are skating upon *ice*. While the *public credit* subsists, respectable *country banks*, and their correspondents, are likely to hold their heads above water, (and ice has merely the reconvertibility into water) and to proceed as firmly, and more expeditiously and conveniently than on *terra firma*. It is true that to this also there are exceptions, and counterpoise of inconvenience to convenience. One is, that it makes *farming* a kind of *commerce*, and *raises* accordingly the price of the necessary articles of *produce*. Yet without this resort, what *farmer* at present, some few excepted, could cultivate his land, and at the same time pay the rents which the land-owner finds necessary? It is true also that it increases greatly the difficulty of *loans* on *personal security*, and makes such loans nearly impossible to private gentlemen. But this too must be, unless many other things

were changed, which we seem little disposed to change. Indeed, my almost *only* remaining hope of *peace* and *reform*, (and we shall have no safe or permanent peace *without* reform) lies, I am sorry to say, in the sensibility, which still remains, to what is found to affect the *pocket*.

That *solid money* has its real advantages over *paper*, cannot be denied; and when we say *such is the common sense*, or *consent of mankind*, what we call so, if *temporary*, may be common ignorance or common prejudice; but when *permanent* and *general*, it is truly *common sense*. It may not be useless to endeavour to examine a little the grounds of this preference.

Gold and *silver* we say have a *substantial* value. The question still is, what we mean by this? They have not the *real* value of *iron* or of *glass*, those *inestimable* instruments of the *arts*. In this kind of value they are far *inferior* to *paper*. They have not their peculiar value from their solidity. If they had, *lead* and *iron*, and *copper*, would rival them as *mediums of exchange*. Yet as *coin*, the value of *copper* is less than one sixtieth to that of *silver*; and less, I believe, than one eight-hundredth to that of *gold*.

Properly then, their value is their *ductility*, united with very considerable weight and *hardness*, so that they receive and retain the authorized impression, which denotes the amount that they represent; are *durable*, are *portable*, are easily recognized from any thing else; are, by their *scarcity*, not multipliable at pleasure, and consequently are signs which represent the *industry* and the *produce*, which are exchanged against them; as carrying a certain *marketable distinction* every where: variable, it is true, in different times and in different places; but always *considerable*. It aids this circumstance, that by their showy appearance, and their being, as ornamental metals, subservient to *luxury*, this also gives them a price in addition to the other considerations. But in consequence of this *fancy price*, which they have as metals of luxury, in consequence too of the *allowance*, which the *government* of different countries takes to itself for the ex-

peace of making them into money; their value as bullion must be greater than as money. This, of itself, has a tendency to make them *disappear*: and this tendency must be greatly increased, when a vast and habitual circulation of paper mediums of exchange, so much more portable in the same amount, and less likely to be the subjects of theft or robbery, has rendered money of less value in the public estimation. It is true, this depreciation has a tendency to correct itself for money will rise in value when very scarce: but then too it becomes an article of exportation, or an article which is hoarded, and in the mean while paper multiplies to supply the deficit from all these and other causes. And paper can multiply indefinitely, checked by nothing but its own depreciation, when its exercise becomes so enormous, that instead of representing wants and resources in equilibrium, it represents an aggregate of wants indefinitely greater than the aggregate of resources. The worst is that it is of a nature liable to run into this excess, without its being possible previously to ascertain how near to it it may be. Thus, in natural powers, electricity silently accumulates, and produces beneficial dews. It still more accumulates, and produces rain or snow. Still beneficial. But what accumulation shall produce storm and tempest, and destructive explosions, is less ascertainable, compared with the degree, which rests within favourable limits; and when it shall burst into desolating earthquakes, defies calculation, and is known only by the event: or at most the general indications, uncertain as to the moment, and the extent of the calamity. So it is with our paper circulation. The signs are indeed such as to give just alarm to a thinking and sober mind; though the day, the month, the year of the catastrophe be impenetrably concealed from us.

But the remedy! And is there then a remedy, circumstanced as we are, within our reach, within our disposition and resolution to apply? I should rejoice if I could confidently say there is. Export more and import less, the great and real statesman will naturally say. But the statesman is a physician; he might encounter successfully the disease, if the

patient were on the side of his own safety and happiness, as much by his conduct as by his wishes. "*Export more and import less.*" They are weighty admonitions—so exert and command yourselves, that your industry, your produce, your resources shall exceed your wants. Then indeed *paper-circulation*, which becomes morbid and excessive, when the *wants* exceed the *resources*, would find its limits; its natural and its salutary limits. Then *guineas* would stay with us, or come to us; if not sufficient for all the purposes of circulation (which is now no longer to be imagined), yet in a proportion which would be a *scale* to represent the *stability* of our credit, the *adequacy* of our resources. But the three *wesfr'd* sisters, the *oracles* of avarice, of sensuality, and ambition,—*war*, *taxation*, and *luxury*, speak another language. All things are possible or impossible, *relatively* to *circumstances*. And in *our* circumstances of habit and feeling, which are we to think will prevail?

That our allies should like our *guineas* better than *paper*, is quite natural; and in truth they buy them dearly. And we on our side have been *purchasers* at an unbounded commission—year after year, and *decennary* after *decennary*, for the most dreadful *loss* and *disappointment* to ourselves and others.

At the same time it is impossible to read the review of the *Tract* of Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, in the *Monthly Mirror*, without a deep impression of the admirable and incalculable, and for ever renovating resources of *intellect* and *heart*. Man (always excepting his dependance on the Creator) is not like the *organ*, which depends momentarily on an *external* supply, for its wonderful combinations of *sound*. He is rather like those *systems*, which, the arrangement and the impulse once given, have a *principle*, that *continues* it *within themselves*. But even the calm and experienced and comprehensive mind of such a man *despairs* of *reform*. I wish I could confidently negative that despair. But at the time when I have been writing, and am on the point of publishing

In the cause of *parliamentary reform*, it is as the renewed exercise, long suspended, of a *duty*, and with *fears*, I must confess, greater than my *hopes*. If then the prospect is so precarious as to a *reform in the representation*, I see not on what ground we can have better hopes of a *safe and permanent peace*, or of *remedying* the evil of *deficient specie*, and that deficiency most rapidly progressive, and of a *paper circulation*, the increase, and extent, and end of which, no man, I imagine, will be so bold as to say he knows, or can tolerably conjecture.

Troston Hall, April 6, 1810.

PRINTING.

As to *printing*, the article in the *Monthly Mirror** was, as I said, *not* the object of my allusion. If it had, I should have "*shot my arrow over the house*" indeed; and should have been as sorry as I ought to be, had I applied my *remarks* either to the *Commentator on Athenæus*, with whom I am acquainted, or to Mr. WESTON, whom I know only as a critic and a scholar. ALEXANDER's irreligious artifice in directing ARISTANDER to write in the inside of his hand in *reversed order*, "*the gods give the victory to Alexander*," that the encouraging sentence might be read, *impressed* on the *liver* of the victim, is indeed *composing* for a very extraordinary *press*. At the same time it is, perhaps, the first *forgery* of a *promissory* writing: a forgery of a promise as from Heaven itself.

C. L.

* See this Vol. p. 13, and 181.

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"Beaucoup de personnes lisent, mais il y en a fort peu qui sachent lire. Si l'on est prévenu en ouvrant le livre, tout ce qu'il contient est inutile ; on fait penser l'auteur soi-même, ou on ne le lit que pour se moquer de lui."

An Attempt to shew the Folly and Danger of Methodism.
By the Editor of the Examiner. 8vo. pp. 110. 2s. 6d.
 J. Hunt, 15, Beaufort Buildings, Strand, 1805.

THIS laudable and successful ATTEMPT to expose the Methodists, those gloomy apostles of a religion without morality, and therefore apostates from the cheerful, and if we may use the term, honest religion of HIM, whose yoke is easy and his burthen light, appeared originally in a series of essays, first published in a popular weekly paper, called the EXAMINER. They are the production of the Editor, Mr. LEIGH HUNT, whose portrait adorns our present number, accompanied by a memoir, written by himself. What that memoir, from a feeling natural to the writer, has omitted, may here be supplied in a few words.

As editor of the Examiner, Mr. Hunt has exhibited himself in the threefold character of a politician, a theological polemic, and a dramatic critic ; and in all three, notwithstanding the task seems to require a human *Cerberus*, he has acquitted himself to the great dissatisfaction of interested worthlessness and ignorant presumption. The *ministers* have, through their attorney-general, more complaisant than prudent, filed informations against him, and sneaked out of court with a verdict *against

* In the sittings after Hilary Term, K. B., The Morning Chronicle having obtained a verdict *not guilty*, for the same libel, the attorney-general withdrew the record against the *Examiner*, in which the words charged as libellous *first* appeared. A principal part of the libel is seen in this *preface*, p. vi. with two additional words, which make it none by *innuendo*, or by any construction. "The succeeding monarch will, of all the princes since the revolution, have the noblest opportunity of becoming popular by *reform*."

them. The *Methodists* have abused him from the pulpit, (p. xiv.) and all sane minds have taken it for a confirmation of his worth. And lastly the *dramatists born*, not bred, and the *players*, who too often "forget the flaxen-headed plough-boy that whistled o'er the Lea," have assumed a consequence, and pretended to have a right to complain, because truth compels him frequently to make use of the words *absurdity*, *folly*, *vanity*, and *ignorance*—but all, who are not infected with the plague of a green-room atmosphere, think he is just and *merciful*. That Mr. Hunt is equally able in these three departments, it is by no means our intention to say. The last seems to have occupied the most of his time and consideration, and he appears to have a fancy and judgment peculiarly adapted to it. Here he is

"An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, and is always *just,"

It is a "study of mankind" which suits him better, as it leads him to expatiate in a more pleasing and congenial field of reflection, wit, and imagination, than the politics of a newspaper, which are confined to comments on a pettifogging minister, and the bad or idle news of the week. As a politician of no ordinary rank amongst his peers,† his merits are, at present, second in esteem; and as a polemic, in his wars against the *Methodists*, he has fought with all the arms that time would allow him to store his armoury with; and done good service.

In this last labour, which is the subject of our present review, it appears to us, that while earnestly recommending *ridicule*, he has been too serious and sensible. We are com-

* Always excepting his little *dormitats*, or dozes, in which he dreams such unseen things of *Mr. Elliston's tragedy*. We are pleased to hear that matters will not stand so in the second edition of his *Critical Essays on the Players*. This was, on reflection, to be expected from his judgment.

† The Reformist's answer to the article intitled *State of Parties* in the last *Edinburgh Review*, No. XXX, is unanswerable. This pamphlet had appeared in the *Examiner*. Most of his publications in volume, have been previously printed in a different shape, except a volume of *Poems* which he wrote when a boy at school.

paring him with himself, for there is still an abundance of facetious reasoning and fanciful illustration; but we cannot help believing that "*the danger of Methodism*," and the fear of *tearing the cloth*, while removing the stain, imposed a sort of gravity and caution on his mind, to which it is unused. The subject is therefore not handled so as to command a myriad of readers, which, with such a groundwork, we believe he could have done, had he put the *broadest* part of his humorous shoulders to the wheel. Out of their own mouths he condemns them; but we think he could out of the same mouths have ridiculed them more. Still it is an entertaining, useful, and valuable pamphlet, shewing clearly what it professes to shew—"the folly and danger of Methodism;" and the first paragraph declares the reasonable expectations of the writer.

"The reader will not suppose, that the following pages were written under the expectation of converting a single enthusiast. The Methodists, in their plenitude of authority, like one of the mob elevated to a throne, will hear of nothing that does not flatter their passions; and, in fine, people do not write books for the use of madmen. The exercise of common reason however, which ruins me at once with those amiable logicians, may have some influence with less dogmatic persons, who chuse to employ the faculties they have received from nature, for the discernment between facts and fancies: and I shall have attained the great end of my humble endeavours, if they should induce any ingenious young man, hesitating on the threshold of an intolerant religion, to think better of the feelings for which he was created, and of the all-merciful Deity who created him." P. iii.

If they will not shut their eyes, however, "*il y a*" according to Pascal, "*assez de clarté pour éclairer les Elus.*"*

The Preface contains many good remarks.

"There are," says Mr. Hunt, "certain opinions of Deity, which the age has grown too enlightened to endure in the way of dogmatism. Christianity has too long been subject to that well-founded reproach of all other religions, that they represent the Supreme Being as superior to man in nothing but power; and the doctrines of election and eternal punishment have become so ridiculous when contrasted with the epithets *all-just* and *all-merciful*, that the Christian Faith itself would be in danger of destruction, were at-

* *Pensées*, p. 121.

tempts made, either here or on the continent, to revive a dogmatizing and impatient establishment." P. vi.

We presume that Mr. Hunt does not mean to say that *punishment* is inconsistent with the epithet "*all-merciful*," by which can only be signified the *mercy of a good Deity*; for, according to Dr. Young,

"A God *all-mercy* is a God *unjust*."

It seems to us that, however others may escape, the hypocrisy, profaneness, and blasphemy of the *Methodists* cannot go wholly unpunished.

What he calls "the monstrosities of *Calvinism*," are, as he observes, admirably ridiculed in this "exquisite passage:"

"He (Calvinism personified) was no less singular in his opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk of politics: 'All government,' says he, 'is founded upon the right distribution of punishments; decent executions keep the world in awe, for that reason the majority of mankind ought to be hanged every year. For example, I suppose, the magistrate ought to pass an irreversible sentence on all blue-eyed children from the cradle;* but that there may be some shew of justice in this proceeding, these children ought to be trained up by masters appointed for that purpose, to all sorts of villainy;† that they may deserve their fate, and the execution of them may serve as an object of terror to the rest of mankind.' As to the giving of pardons, he had this singular method, that when these wretches had the rope about their necks, it should be enquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not;‡ the first were to be pardoned, the last hanged outright. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterward for any crime whatsoever.§

ARBUTHNOT'S *Hist. of John Bull*, part 2d, chap. 3d.

* Absolute predestination.

† Reprobation.

‡ Saving faith; a belief that one shall certainly be saved.

§ Election." P. vii, viii.

Every one must feel the truth of the following observation:

"As virtue gets a bad name from the cant of fanaticism, so the gayer vices acquire a gloss and a sociality, simply because fanaticism does not practise them:—a severe satire, as natural as it is dangerous!" P. ix.

As we mean to throw our mite into the fund for exposing the *divine quackery* of this sect, we shall merely give the

heads of our author's essays, and then proceed to some quotations from a prose writer, and a poet now before us.

1. *On the Ignorance and Vulgarly of the Methodists.*

2. *On their Hatred against moral Preaching ; on their Doctrine of Justification by Faith alone without Morals, their Love of Ignorance, and their Rejection of Reason in obscure Matters.*

3. *Of eternal Damnation and Election.*

4. *Of methodistical Inspiration.*

5. *On their Melancholy and Bigotry.*

6. *On their Indecencies and profane Raptures.*

7. *On the Prevention of Methodism.*

With Notes.

What Horace has called the "*fanaticus error*," seems to have gained ground, and established itself on the inertness of the regulars in the pulpit, and the conduct of many "*black sheep*" in private life. In "*the Art of Preaching in imitation of the Art of Poetry*," an anonymous poem, published in POPE's time, we have these pictures, which are *perhaps* not without originals.

*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent
An sit amicitia dignus.*

"When dukes or noble lords a *chaplain* hire,
They first of his capacities enquire.
If stoutly qualified to drink, and smoke,
If not too nice to bear an impious joke,
If tame eno' to be the common jest—
This is a *chaplain* to his lordship's taste."

"It much concerns a preacher first to learn
The genius of his audience, and their turn.
Among the citizens be grave and slow ;
Before the nobles let fine periods flow ;
The *Temple Church* asks *Sherlock's* skill ;
Beyond the stones—just how—and what you will."

The Methodists shew none of this partiality—they always

preach their *best*, or never *better* in town than in the country! The greater abundance of their *professors*,

(“For all will preach, without the least pretence
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence,”)

accounts for this degree of excellence! HOBBS tells us in his *History of the Civil Wars*, that “there be very few *bishops* that act a sermon so well as divers Presbyterians and *fanatic preachers* can do:” and St. AUSTIN throws some light on this matter, by observing, “*plus gemitibus quàm sermonibus*,” &c.—more good is done by *sighs and groans* than by words. So “If the *pastors*”—our *pastors* of course—

———“more than thrice five minutes preach,

“Their sleepy flocks begin to yawn and stretch;”

But such is not the case when a Methodist preaches for hours—there is *no* sleeping with his lungs! Is not this the touchstone of *good* PREACHING? Our ministers take a single text from the Bible, stealing in small quantities, as if they were afraid of being found out; but the Methodist

“——— *roves from GENESIS to REVELATIONS,*
And quite confounds us with divine quotations.”

DOWSLEY.

The pulpit manners of the established church too often shew great indifference about the believe or the disbelieve of their congregations with respect to what they utter; but their opponents—

“Loudly bluster, and consign to hell
All, who dare doubt one word or syllable
Of what they call *the faith*.”

This is the way to *convince*! It is true that thus

“*Mysterious turnpikes block up Heaven’s highway,*
And for a ticket, we our REASON pay;”

but few people, and amongst the Methodists perhaps none, will find a *cheaper* turnpike in all his Majesty’s dominions! See too the advantage of such a toll. *The corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit*—the senses being so

* Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu Fabula.

many avenues to the sort of reason, which in this operation is wholly blocked up, or gone.*

The clean linen and well powdered spruceness of our clergy may well account for their having no *light* or any thing else *within*, for remark your commonest pretender to a light *within*, how dark, and dirty†, and gloomy he is *without*: as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some antient *oracle*, and your understanding will be *equally* informed. Some think that when our *earthly tabernacles* are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the *Spirit* delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to decay.‡

The negligence of our preachers with respect to the cultivation of their voices, so essential in preaching, is a kind of *opprobrium theologicum*, while we see the Methodists sparing no sort of expence to give a spiritual perfection to theirs. "Among all improvements of the *spirit*, wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of *conveying the sound thro' the nose*, which under the denomination of *snuffing* hath passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark, but having been initiated into the mystery of it, I shall deliver, says the learned writer§, as direct a relation as I can.

"As yet *snuffing* was not; when the following adventure

* A discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit. Vol. I. Swift's Works.

† As man is dust and returns to dust, they seem to think that the more dirty, the more natural and acceptable to the Deity. In one of their exquisite hymns, or celestial effusions, they make Him thus invite them:

"Come nasty, come filthy, come naked, come bare,
You can't come too dirty, come just as you are!"

‡ A discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit. Vol. I. Swift's Works.

§ Ib.

happened to a *Banbury saint*. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strongly pricked forward by the inward; an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For some think that the *spirit* is apt to feed on the *flesh*, like hungry vimes on raw beef. Others rather believe there is a perpetual game at *leap-frog* between both; and sometimes the *flesh* is uppermost, and sometimes the *spirit*; adding that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge rippon spurs, and when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully head-strong and hard-mouthed. However, it came about, the *saint* felt the *inspiration* very strong upon him. He wrestled with the *flesh* so long that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds, all before. The surgeon had now cured the primary affection, but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into the head; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit, so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of *Hermes* to the upper region, there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the anatomists observe, that there is in human noses an *idiosyncrasy*, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flageolet is made by the stops. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the *snuffle* of a bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of *British* ears; whereof the *saint* had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success in the operation of the *spirit*: for in a short time the doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose.*

* The origin of this great essential in the art of *casting*, is confirmed by WOTTON. "The *snuffling* of men who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our *Dissenters* did too much affect."

Bro Hunt may ridicule the Methodists on account of their slaves; and describe them as nonsense, but he should have known better, and shown more respect for music, in which they are allowed to excel even our *charity children*:—

“A discreet composer, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsensical, before he can make it musical.”* and our orthodox men may reprobate (with how much sincerity they best know) the *opera*, or as MACARTHUR calls them, “the melting *hope* feasts of the Methodists,” and the too ready and frequent communion with the *sisters*, but are those who are the elect of Providence to be imprudent?—“Human life is a continual navigation; and if we expect our vessels to pass with safety through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the *stock*, as seamen say in a store of beef for a long voyage.”† With respect to the interposition of a particular Providence, DEAN SWIFT has spoken just as it might have been expected of a *high churchman*.

“I think,” says he, “that it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power without an absolute and last necessity. If one of the elect hath got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little pultry mortal, droning and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense that either Heaven or Hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection, upon what he is about?”

But, because he never was in want of *tyroches*, and never, like Mr. HUNTINGTON, “obtained a miraculous pair of small,

* A Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit.—A trouble saved to our profane composers by our opera-writers!

† Ib.

clothes,"* *is it proved that no such thing ever did or can happen? Surely this is preposterous! What other sense, however, could be hoped for (none better certainly) from a man who talks in this manner—*

Having mentioned the ass, "*our fellow creature, in whom,*" says he, "*I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations,*" he continues observing on the similarity, adopting the form of *allegory*, as thus—"If you please, from henceforward instead of the term, *ass*, we shall make use of *gifted or enlightened teacher.*"

It would seem then that Myrron said well, when he observed to *Clodamus*,

Κενὸν ἐν αἰσῶσι δούλοισιν ἑστῆναι βροτοῖσι,

that it does not become ~~ENLIGHTENED TEACHERS~~ to judge of, expound, or meddle with the SACRED WRITINGS! We bow to his authority.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1809; being an impartial Selection of the most ingenious Essays and Jeux d'Esprit that appear in the Newspapers and other Publications; with explanatory Notes and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. 12mo. pp. 396. Ridgway. 1810.

THIS annual work, numbering now the *thirteenth volume*, set out with vigour, and continues, with unabating industry, taste, and judgment, in the hands of the same editor, to deserve all the popularity its merits have commanded. To say that the present volume is inferior to none of its predecessors, is to recommend it sufficiently to all who love to be interested and amused. Our space will only suffer us to tantalize our readers with two or three short specimens:

"Lines worked on a Hearth-Rug.

"Fair-one, take heed how you advance,
Nor tempt your own undoing;
If you're too forward, (fearful chance!)
A spark may prove your ruin." P. 48.

* Mr. Hunt, p. 35.

Impromptu by the Author of the *Bath Guide*,

"You say, my friend, that every day,
Your company forsaking,
In quest of news, I haste away,
The Morning Post to take in.

"But if nor news nor sense it boast,
Which all the world agree in,
I don't take in the Morning Post,
The Morning Post takes me in."

P. 70.

"Epigram.

"*Experto credite.*"

"No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound
In learning and science so greatly abound,
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few, who bring any away."

P. 196.

"Latet in Herba.

"My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with laughing eyes—
'Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
Who could expect such hidden harm
Beneath the rose's velvet charm?"

Never did moral thought occur,
In more unlucky hour than this;
For, oh! I just was leading her
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake; but she,
In pity, pray'd it might not be.
'No,' said the nymph, and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelids as she said it—
'Under the rose, or in the dark,
One might perhaps have cause to dread it:
But when its wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they wink so,
One must be very simple, dear,
To let it sting one:—don't you think so?"

P. 386, 387.

Curry Remarks on Corpulence. By a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 8vo. 2s. Callow. 1810.

"*THE whole Duty of Man*" recommends men "not to pinch their bellies, to go smart;" but it is, in the sense there intended, and in another, too much practised. Not to be able to slip into a good-sized eel-skin is now to be out of the fashion—our belles are straightened with steel plates to the great injury of their health, and our beaux wear stays till their bodies seem as little, and as lean as their wits. These tricks, however, are the invention of folly and affectation, and though they may make the appearance, cannot produce the reality—a healthy body, moderately loaded with flesh. The tract before us professes to shew how this desirable object is to be obtained, and, had it touched on the fashions above mentioned, would certainly have deemed them no fit ingredients in the recipe proposed.

The author, who has written an entertaining and interesting pamphlet on Corpulence, and its cure, prefaces his remarks with this observation:

"As it is probable, that the following pages may chiefly attract the attention of those whose 'em bon point' appearance denotes good temper, no apology need be made for offering a few observations to their consideration." P. 3.

We shall now afford our readers the advantage of some of the most important and amusing extracts.

"If the increase of wealth and the refinement of modern times, have tended to banish plague and pestilence from our cities, they have probably introduced to us the whole train of nervous disorders, and increased the frequency of corpulence.

"Hollingshed, who lived in Queen Elizabeth's reign, speaking of the increase of luxury in those days, notices, 'the multitude of chimnies lately erected; whereas in the good remembrance of some old men, there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm.' How far corpulence has kept pace with the number of chimnies, I pretend not to determine; certain it is that Hollingshed and his contemporaries, furnish no account of the front of a house, or the windows, being taken away, to let out, to an untimely grave, some unfortunate victim, too ponderous to be brought down the staircase.

"The English nation has at all times been as famous for beef, as her sons have been celebrated for bravery; and that they understood good living, even in the earliest ages, we may learn from Cæsar, who, speaking of the diet of the Britons, says, 'Lacte et carne vivunt.'

"It has been conjectured by some, that for one fat person in France or Spain, there are an hundred in England. I shall leave to others to determine the fairness of such a calculation.

"That we may, however, approach, or even exceed it, no one will doubt, who reflects on the increasing improvements in the art of grazing, and the condescension of some modern physicians, who have added the culinary department to the practice of physic. And it ought not to be omitted, amongst the great events of the present æra, that the combined efforts of nature, produced in the jubilee year, 1809, the fattest ox, and the most corpulent man, ever heard of in the history of the world.

"It is undoubtedly a singular circumstance, that a disease which had been thought characteristic of the inhabitants of this island, should have been so little attended to. Dr. Thomas Short, in 1727, published a discourse on Corpulency; which, with a small pamphlet by Dr. Flemmyng, and some occasional remarks in a few systematic works, will, I believe, be found to comprise all that has been said by the physicians of this country, on what Dr. Fothergill termed, 'a most singular disease.'

"In answer to this, we may be told that sufficient has been written, for any man to be his own physician in this complaint, and that '*le régime maigre*,' and Dr. Radcliffe's advice, of keeping 'THE EYES OPEN, AND THE MOUTH SHUT,' contains the whole secret of the cure." P. 5—8.

The omentum, situated in the front of the abdomen,

"Is generally known by the term *caul*, and is a conspicuous receptacle of fat in elderly people. In a healthy state it seldom weighs more than half-a-pound, but it has been found increased to many pounds. Boerhaave mentions a case of a man whose belly grew so large, that he was obliged to have it supported by a sash; and had a piece of the table cut out to enable him to reach it with his hands. After death the omentum weighed thirty pounds." P. 13.

"A preternatural accumulation of fat in this part, cannot fail to impede the free exercise of the animal functions. Respiration is performed imperfectly, and with difficulty; and the power of taking exercise is almost lost—added to which, from the general pressure on the large blood-vessels, the circulation through them is obstructed, and consequently the accumulation of blood is increased in those parts, where there is no fat, as the brain, lungs, &c. Hence we find the pulse of fat people weaker than in others, and from these circumstances also, we may easily understand how the corpulent grow dull, sleepy, and indolent." P. 14.

"The predisposition to corpulency varies in different persons. In some it exists to such an extent, that a considerable secretion of fat will take place, notwithstanding strict attention to the habits of life, and undeviating moderation in the gratification of the appetite. Such a disposition is generally connate, very often hereditary; and when accompanied, as it frequently is, with that easy state of mind, denominated 'good humour,' which, in the fair sex, Mr. Pope tells us,

. 'teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.'

Or when in men, the temper is cast in that happy mould, which Mr. Hume so cheerfully gratulates himself upon possessing, and considers as more than equivalent to a thousand a year, 'the habit of looking at every thing on its favourable side'—corpulency must ensue." P. 16, 17.

"Much sleep, and a sedentary life, greatly assist. Thus we find persons who have been long confined to their rooms, from any accident, not interfering with the digestive powers, usually grow corpulent. I lately attended a gentleman, about thirty-five years of age, of a thin spare habit, who had the misfortune to rupture the tendon Achillis. In the course of three months he increased so much in size, that a coat which sat loosely on him, before he met with his accident, would not meet to button, by nine or ten inches." P. 18.

He proceeds to remarks on the means of cure; first taking a slight view of the various medicines that have at different times been recommended as specifics.

"Caelius Aurelianus, to whose diligence in collecting the opinions of preceding writers, we are much indebted, mentions two ways of curing this complaint; by taking food that has little nutrition in it, or by observing certain rules of exercise. He enjoins the patient to ride on horse-back, or take a sea-voyage, to read aloud, and to give the limbs motion by walking quickly. He recommends the body to be sprinkled with sand, and rubbed with a coarse dry towel: Sweating is to be produced by the aid of stoves and the warm bath. Sometimes the cold bath is to be used, to strengthen and invigorate the body. He orders the patient to be covered with hot sand, and to be put into medicated waters, after having been in the sweating bath, and then to be sprinkled with salt, or rubbed with pulverised nitre. He is to drink little, and acid wines should be mixed with his liquors. His food is to be chiefly made with bran; vegetables of all kinds; a very small quantity of animal food, and that is to be dry and free from fat. He advises very little sleep, and positively forbids it after meals. He condemns the practice of bleeding, and particularly objects to vomiting after supper, so much recommended by his predecessors." P. 19, 20.

Borrelli recommended *chewing tobacco*, but Ettmüller thought it had a tendency to produce consumption.

"Few things have been more generally administered in the cure of corpulency than acids of various kinds. The emaciating properties of acid liquors, particularly vinegar, are very well known. It is said, that the famous Spanish general, Chiapin Vitellis, well known in the time he lived for his enormous size, reduced himself solely by drinking of vinegar, to such a degree that he could fold his skin round his body." P. 20, 21.

A natural *pelisse*! In countries where cyder is drunk as a beverage, the inhabitants are leaner than in those where beer is the common liquor.

Soap is strongly recommended by Dr. Flemming.

"A worthy acquaintance of mine, (says the doctor), a judicious and experienced physician, in his younger days had been very active, and used much exercise both on foot and on horseback, and for many years seemed as little liable to corpulency as most people. By insensible degrees, as he diminished his daily labours, fatness stole upon him and kept increasing, insomuch, that when I met with him about six years ago, I found him in the greatest distress, through corpulency, of any person, not exceeding middle age, I ever knew. He was obliged to ride from house to house, to visit his patients in the town where he practised, being quite unable to walk an hundred yards at a stretch; and was, in no small degree, lethargic." P. 22, 23.

He began this cleanly remedy in July, 1754, at which time he weighed twenty stone eleven pounds. He took every night at bed-time, a quarter of an ounce of common home-made cattle soap, dissolved in a quarter of a pint of soft water—in about two or three months he felt more freedom, and in August, 1756, "his bulk was reduced two whole stone weight, and he could walk a mile with pleasure." P. 24.

Dr. Darwin was of opinion that salt or salted meat was more efficacious than soap—and many would probably prefer it! Dr. Cullen was against vinegar and soap, as being likely to prove worse than the disease.

"Nor," says our author, "will any of the other medicaments proposed, afford better prospects of success. As auxiliaries, they may occasionally be useful, but the only certain and permanent relief, is to be sought in a rigid *abstemiousness*, and a strict and constant attention to diet.

"It has been well observed by an experienced surgeon, that in hereditary diseases, 'more dependance is to be had upon diet than medicine; and that the whole constitution may be changed by a proper choice of aliment.'" P. 29, 30.

"The beneficial alteration capable of being produced in the human body by a strict course of abstemiousness, cannot be more remarkably exemplified than in the history of Mr. Wood's case (the Miller of Billericay), as given by the late Sir George Baker in the Medical Transactions of the Royal College of Physicians.

"Mr. Wood had arrived at his forty-fourth year, before his complaints were sufficiently serious to attract his attention, when the life of Cornaro fortunately suggested to him the salutary course of living he afterwards pursued, by which, to use his own words, 'he was metamorphosed from a monster, to a person of moderate size; from the condition of an unhealthy, decrepit old man, to perfect health, and the vigour and activity of youth.'

"He began by using animal food, sparingly, and leaving off malt liquor, and by degrees, he brought himself to do without any liquor whatever, excepting what he took in the form of medicine; and latterly the whole of his diet consisted of a pudding made of sea-biscuit; by this plan it is supposed he reduced himself ten or eleven stone weight." P. 31, 32.

Dr. Fothergill by a course of vegetable diet performed the following cure:

"A country tradesman, aged about thirty, of a short stature, and naturally of a fresh sanguine complexion, and very fat, applied to me for assistance. He complained of perpetual drowsiness and inactivity; his countenance was almost livid, and such a degree of somnolency attended him, that he could scarce keep awake whilst he described his situation. In other respects he was well.

"I advised him immediately to quit all animal food, to live solely on vegetables, and every thing prepared from them, allowed him a glass of wine or a little beer occasionally, but chiefly to confine himself to water. He pursued the plan very scrupulously, and his redundant fat grew active as usual in about six months. I recommended a perseverance for a few months longer, then to allow himself light animal food once or twice a week, and gradually to fall into his usual way of living. He grew well, and continued so." P. 33, 34.

On the other hand, an instance is related of a man, who with succulent nutritious vegetable matter, increased his bulk to such a degree;

"As to be unable to move about, and was too big to pass up the brewhouse staircase; if by any accident he fell down, he was unable to get up again without help." P. 37.

And in favour of flesh not producing it, see this note at p. 39.

"There is a remarkable contrast to this case, in the person of a French prisoner of war, who was extremely lean, though the following was his general consumption of one day.

Raw Cow's Udder	4 lb.
Raw Beef	10 lb.
Candles	2 lb.
Total	16 lb.

Besides five bottles of Porter.

Vide Letter from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Blane, Medical and Physical Journal, v. iii. p. 211."

These, however, are exceptions. A vegetable diet, exercise, and abstemiousness, are recommended, as at least a partial cure of the disease called *fat*. Keep your eyes open, your mouth shut, and your feet moving, and you will conquer the complaint. He concludes thus—

"To enlarge on the common advantages of temperance is unnecessary. I am only desirous to shew, by this cursory view, that the diminution of the secretion of fat, when in excess, may be attempted with safety, and has been attended with success." P. 43.

So it all comes to what we have read in Crashaw's poem, called "*TEMPERANCE, or the Cheap Physician.*" 1652. Read :

"That which makes vs have no need
Of physick, that's *PHYSICK* indeed.
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own musick, his own health ;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well—
Her garments, that upon her sitt
As garments should doe, close and fitt ;
A well-cloth'd soul ; that's not opprest,
Nor CHOAK'D, with what she should be drest.
A soul sheath'd in a christall shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine ;

A happy soul, that all the way
 To HEAV'N rides in a summer's day.
 Would'st see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
 Bathes him in a genuine flood!
 Would'st see blith lookes, fresh cheekes beguil
 Age? Would'st see December smile?
 Would'st see nests of new roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
 Winter's selfe into a SPRING—
 In summe, would'st see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man?
 Whose latest and most leaden houres,
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres;
 And when life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends;
 No quarrells, murmurs, no delay;
 A kisse, a sigh, and so away—"
 Would'st see all this—be *Temperate*!

Euphronia, or the Captive, a Romance. By Mrs. Norris,
 Author of "*Julia of England*," &c. 3 Vols. 12mo.
 Colburn. 1810.

THE tricks of trade are in no department of book-making
 exercised with greater success than in the manufacture of no-
 vels; so that it becomes the critic to be doubly vigilant, in gi-
 ving his *fiat* to the good novel, and in putting his *veto* upon
 the bad. On the production before us, we exercise the
pleasing duty of our office; and we would class Mrs. Norris
 among the Ratcliffes of the day, were it not that the cheats of
 publishers have brought so many "Mrs. Ratcliffes" into the
 field, that we might fairly be asked which Mrs. Ratcliffe we
 meant?

BRITISH STAGE.

We acted a play, written by one of the actors, and I admired how they should come to be poets, for I thought it belonged only to very learned and ingenious men, and not to persons so extremely ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every body writes plays, and every actor makes drolls and farces; though formerly, I remember, no plays would go down but what were written by the greatest wits.

Quevedo's Life of Paul, the Spanish Barber.

MUSICAL THEATRICALS.

WHETHER the remark be correct relative to *Madame CATALANI*, I must not venture to say. From what I have understood of her countenance, figure, air, action, and quality of voice, I should have supposed her truly capable of solemn* and simple and sublime expression. But we in the country, who live to pay taxes while we can pay them, must not dispute with you of the great metropolis. You are in the *sensorium* of the island, and hear and see all.

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ prolabitur aura.

We hear only the most distant and *evanescent* murmurs of uncertain rumour—or, to use a language more appropriate to a musical subject,

à noi rimasa

N'è di picciola fama un' aura à pena.

But without detracting from the praise of Mrs. BILLINGTON, can it then be said that *no other female vocal performer can sing HANDEL's music with pure and appropriate expression*, when there is Mrs. VAUGHAN, and I should suppose Mrs. DICKONS? But Mrs. VAUGHAN I have heard in the music of HANDEL, which is certainly one of the highest possible tests of the powers, the feeling, the correctness, and judgment of a vocal performer.—And of these qualifications in her, with great natural sweetness, and a just and perfect musical articulation, I did suppose that there were not two opinions.

Troston Hall.

C. L.

* See our last.—Mr. L. only speaks, it seems, from hearsay.

A DISTRESSING CASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MY POCKET-BOOK.

"Will you hear an extemporal epitaph?"

Love's Labour Lost.

WITH the exception of husbands, wives, heirs, younger brothers, coffin-makers, grave-diggers, funeral performers, sextons, bell-ringers, parish clerks, and resurrection men, perhaps no one living of a cheerful disposition ever had such reason as myself to complain of the tardiness of Death. Every morning, since the commencement of the present century, have I watched the bottom of the last column of the newspaper, with all the keen-eyed avidity, with which your Dangler, and green-room gossips, look at the top of the first, in hopes of some cheerful intelligence. But, the bills of mortality have, thus! been as dull and uninteresting to me as the play-bills. My friends seem all determined to spend half of their immortality on earth. Not one will budge a foot from what we are universally agreed to call *this bad world*. Even the imprisoned, and the sick, "had rather groan so in perpetuity than be cured by the sure physician Death, who is the key to unbar these locks."* I have no reversions or legacies to expect by their deaths, nor do I owe them any ill-will. Indeed I would not, by any act of mine, shorten their lives a moment, were I sure that in the next the Bank of England would be able to pay all its paper in guineas, or for the certainty of being the cause of any *other* miracle; but I must confess that if it would please Heaven to put an end to their cares, it would give me infinite satisfaction. Wishing however is vain. I have lived on hope, until all my stock is exhausted. In fine, sweet reader, I have written about twenty EPITAPHS on ac-

* *Cymbeline*. When the proud *Zenobia* was taken prisoner, after the surrender of Palmyra, she basely betrayed *Longinus*, who had, in her name, and with her approbation, written a noble defiance to the summons of *Aurelian*, and he was put to death by the Roman soldiers. Dying, he said, that *life was but a prison—happy he who escaped sooner, and obtained his liberty*. I would say something; but these words are too fine to make a jest of.

quaintances and public characters, and, though I have been burning for this age, not one of them have I been able to quench for their impertinently pertinacious, and tormentingly pernicious vivacious vitality. Is not it enough to provoke a saint?

Now lend me, gentle friends, your ears,
And, if you can, refrain from tears.

Mrs. JORDAN goes to Ireland, with only, as ARATUS says, a plank between her and eternity;* but no, nothing happens. Others have been drowned going thither, some women kissed to death, and many murdered there in a much more *expeditious* and *certain* way; but no, as I said before, nothing happens to her! Something might have been expected from children; but she breeds like a rabbit, and with as much safety. Even as they grow up, none of them vex her to death—not one—if only *one* had done it, I should have been contented. The *Politico-Dramatico Reverend* BATE DUDLEY visits the same place.—The moment he went, I wrote his *epitaph*—Said I, he's an *Irish dean*—the *peep o' day boys* hate the Protestant clergy—they'll take care of a *dean*, or the devil's in it. Fruitless hope—he returns, having suffered no harm from the Shillalah, and no damage worth *my* mentioning from the claret or whiskey. As to his being *drowned*, that never was part of my calculation. Then there's Mr. Hook, a dramatist, who is every season in imminent danger of damnation.—Very well, he's damned, but he won't die—and *why* should he follow his works, if he finds that good judges don't approve of them? This is a pity though, and much more to be deplored, in several of his contemporary dramatists than in him. Another flattering light still shone—he puns, mimics, hoaxes, and sings extempore songs, which make some dull fellows, whose fists are as big and as thick as their heads, confoundedly angry. A breeze, one would think, might have sprung up here.—Vain illusion!—no one has ever bent his brains out, and I confidently hope that no one ever will!†

* *See the story of the woman who was drowned in the Channel—see better—see better. Phenom. n. 299.*

† I trust, and I am sure, that the editor of the Mirror will not see-

Was not SIR JOHN CARR a bird of promise?—but has not he boxed the compass in his *tours*, and yet constantly returned in a whole skin—always saving and excepting his *travels* into the Court of King's Bench! At the outset of, or the instant I saw him put his leg to, a new *quarto*, I have always written a new *epitaph* for him, but he seems not to be liable to accident, patient under every sort of deadly fatigue, (the necessity of reading his own works, as well as any other) and adamant proof against the horrible *monthly* and *quarterly* visitations of the BLUE devils.* There is no chance for me in this quarter—good authors may die, but in Heaven's muster Sir John is over looked—

“Heav'n takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.”

Lastly, for I will trouble you with no more, there is Mr. COOK.—There was a subject for you—*all hope!* He was not a week in town, before I had him in my collection, but to what purpose?—Oh! it is a gross imposition to report that *brandy* is *poison*—believe me, a mere bugbear, manifestly invented by *old women* to keep it all to themselves! Had there been a shadow of truth in it, do you imagine that the man could have been alive and merry now, who has himself alone, since his arrival in London, drunk more than even Mr. SHERRIDAN—that is to say, more than would have destroyed all the *rats* in the United Kingdom, and *Hanover* into the bargain! Nonsense.—There is a *Providence over a drunken man*, and there's an end of it!

The *epitaphs* of these five, I will keep no longer—their case is hopeless! SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS gives us the *lives* of people before they are dead, and I do not know why I should not

fuse to insert any return of *compliment* by way of *epitaph* on me, or otherwise, which this gentleman may, in gratitude, or out of politeness, be pleased to send.

* Certain critical spirits that cover their infernal bodies with cerulean garbs, when they pay their periodical visits to authors. RITSON is said to have died of their attention, and several others might be named—but I talk of better times—nothing of the kind happens now!

take the same liberty with respect to their *epitaphs*. It is true that *he has the parties' consent in their own hand writing*,* but I am bashful, and cannot, with his face, ask such a favour now, and it does not appear very clear to me how *that matter* would be mended, if I waited till they were dead. So I will e'en run the risk, though indeed I cannot see how the anomaly can offend, as, to be able to read *one's own epitaph* is such an advantage, and such a consolation, as many who are dead would give up their most fulsome panegyrics, slabs monuments and all, to enjoy. If it be objected to me, that I have not treated my subjects with true *sepulchral* ceremony, it will, as it happens, be just to recollect that it would have been inconsistent, and very unfair in any one to use them so, in their *present* condition. That I have not flattered, and yet spoken no ill of the *dead*, is all the fame that I can hope for as a writer of *epitaphs*; and that I am not so dull, though as ridiculous as many, is a tribute, which I claim as my due.

Allons.

EPITAPHS.

ON MRS. JORDAN.

WHEN *in a MERRY* strain,
 What rare delight she gave !
 But now she gives us pain,
 Because she's *in a GRAVE* !

ON SIR JOHN CARR,

who breathed his last in his native land.

Returning† laden with his usual crop,
 (A *stranger* yet in ev'ry country tried)
 He fain would at the *Scilly*† Islands stop,
 And there at home at last—the *trav'ler* died !

* Every year, the Knight publishes a volume of "PUBLIC CHARACTERS,"—*annuals* ! We recommend this work to the vain, and those who love to get intoxicated with flattery—it will do them as much good as the Spartans derived from contemplating the beastly drunkenness of the Helotes.

† From Spain, &c. 1810.

‡ If the fates, unfortunately, spoil this epitaph in one sense, they cannot do it in another—as it regards the *poetical justice*.

ON MR. COOKE,

* who lost his life* by falling into a well, in his way to keep an assignation in a church-yard at Manchester.

'Twas not the *quantity*, we think,
But the vast *strangeness* of the drink
That kill'd poor Cooke! Yet grieving save,
For he was *going* to the *grave*—
This accident but merely sent him quicker,
And as he lov'd to be—in *liquor* !

The idea of COOKE's dying by *water* (an idea belonging entirely to a "poet of *imagination all compact*,"*) seemed to tickle the fancy of my muse, and she was very fecund on the occasion. Here is the other twin-flower, with which she graced his last *exit*:

Of such a toper none e'er heard, or read,
For he is still in *liquor*, tho' he's dead.

On the Rev. BATE DUDLEY and Mr. HOOK.

The DEVIL would a fishing go,
For he had rivers† five below;
His line hung on the gallows tree,
And sticks had he full *three times three*,‡
When DEATH most kindly undertook
To furnish him with BATE || and HOOK !
The first of April.

* Here the poet's *rolling eye* is brought into play, for he only fell into the well, and did not drown himself—which, however, is no fault of mine! If men will not do what they bought, that is their business.

† Acheron, Cocytus, Styx, Phlegethon, and Lethe.

‡ *Novies STYX.* Æn. vi. v. 439.

|| Here I have followed the *Dean's* example in his *operas*, and depended more on *sound than sense*. Had I chosen, however, to alter the spelling of a name, I have the following precedent in a country church-yard:

"Beneath this stone, the more's the pity,
Lies honest JONATHAN NEWCITY.

N. B. His name was NEWTOWN, but that would not rhyme."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

EPODE II.

RURAL FELICITY.

Beatus ille quæ procul negotiis, &c.

"HAPPY the man who leaves off trade,"
(Thus to himself Paul Poplin said,)

"No care his mind engages ;
Fix'd on a gently rising hill,
At Somers-town or Pentonville,
He eyes the passing stages."

The City rout, the Lord Mayor's ball,
The bankrupt meeting at Guildhall,

He cautiously avoids ;
Nor, when bold privateers invade
Our homeward-bound West-India trade,
Pays cent per cent at Lloyd's.

His poplars, Lombardy's delight,
He ranges graceful to the sight,

Than mighty Magog taller ;
And if one overtop his peers,
The overgrown intruder shears,
Or substitutes a smaller.

Pleas'd from his summer-house to spy,
The lowing herd to Smithfield hie,

To feed each London glutton ;
His blushing elder-wine he brews,
To treat his City-friends, who chuse
To taste his Sunday's mutton.

When Aukuma tears his sun-burnt head,
 And plums his garden-wall o'erspread,
 What joy rewards his labours !
 First chusing for himself the best,
 He civilly bestows the rest
 Upon his next-door neighbours.

Where glides old Middleton's canal,
 He sometimes joins the motley mall,
 And feasts on ale and fritters ;
 And when he nods in soft repose,
 Responsive to his vocal rose,
 The merry blackbird twitters.

When drifted snow engulphs the house,
 He hunts the weazle, rat, or mouse,
 Or with a net of bobbin
 Entraps the sparrows chirping brood,
 And oft times in a valiant mood,
 Ensnares the fierce red Robin.

But if to grace his rural life
 He take unto himself a wife,
 (No more a naughty nanger)
 He marries one of honest kin,
 Like Pamela, or void of sin,
 Like her, who chose the Stranger.

What more can mortal man desire,
 An elbow-chair, a blazing fire,
 Two spermaceti tapers ;
 An appetite at five to dine,
 A dish of fish, a pint of wine,
 A leg of lamb and capers !

No turbot eighteen pence a pound,
 Should on my humble board be found,
 No fricandeau or jelly ;

No moon-game, dear and dainty breed,
Should fly from Berwick upon Tweed,
To roost within my belly.

I'd kill a pig—I'd drive a team—
I'd keep a cow to yield me cream
More delicate than nectar ;
O pure and innocent delight,
To snatch the pigeon from the kite,
And—in a pie protect her !

And when the Hampstead stage I spied,
With six fat citizens inside,
Their daily labour over ;
The horned herd I'd thus provoke—
“ Fag on, obedient to the yoke,
Behold me safe in clover.”

Paul Poplin in a curious fuss,
A future Cincinnatus thus,
His honest pate was puzzling ;
When lo ! before his counter stands
A pussy widow, and demands
Six yards of ell-wide muslin !

He starts—displays the Indian ware,
His country box dissolves in air,
Like mists of morning vapour ;
And in the Poultry Poplin still
Sticks to his shop, and eyes the till,
A smirking linen-draper !

J.

HORACE IN LONDON

BOOK I. ODE 33.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor &c.

'Tis folly yourself and your readers to vex
 With verses as feeble and bald as old Q.
 Your fancy but echoes the creed of her sect,
 Preferring a younger Adonis to you.

Amanda, the mild, follows Ned thro' the Park
 From Kensington Gardens to Cumberland Gate,
 Yet Ned, an ungrateful and volatile spark,
 Adores a virago, and truckles to Kate.

But sooner the shark from West Indian seas
 Shall swim in a bowl, and by children be fed,
 Than Kitty, as rampant as Pope's Eloise,
 Surrender the mistress, and marry with Ned.

So wills Madam Venus: she's ever delighted
 To join young and old in one wearisome yoke,
 Then tortures the bosom with flames unrequited,
 And thinks our misfortunes an excellent joke.

Why cannot I love pretty Susan, or Polly,
 Or gentle Nannette, or dear sensitive Jane?
 The answer, alas! but exposes my folly—
 I court lovely Ellen, and court her in vain.

I'd give all I'm worth to be able to hate her;
 She smiles, and I picture consent in her eye,
 When, cold and inconstant as ice to a skater,
 She tempts me to pleasure, but leaves me to die.

J.

THE LESSON.

Love's alphabet, Rosa, I teach you in vain,
 In vain, ev'ry letter I quote ;
 For, believe me, too soon that's forgotten again,
 Which is merely repeated *by rote*.

Why need I then talk about A, B, and C,
 If you still remain D, E, F ;
 For tho', Rosa, I'd freely expire for thee,
 This really is wasting my breath.

That attentive you'll be, you have vow'd o'er and o'er,
 Yet from you ev'ry vow is absurd ;
 Indeed you must promise to *vow ill* no more,
 But *consonant* be to my word.

If you wish me your tutor—first, I you'll select,
 And far beyond others esteem ;
 By day, you must constantly I recollect,
 By night, 'tis of I you must dream.

The next letter is *L*, with which life is begun,
 That 'tis ended so, Heaven forbid !
 It begins too the word, which hath ladies undone,
 And what e'en in a glove may be hid.

A magical circle's the next after this,
 That is oft the expression of woe,
 As well as the marmur of rapturous bliss—
 And this circle of magic is *O*.

V and *E* close a word, the delight of mankind,
 Without which Heaven's self would be gloom—
 A word that's the flame, which gives light to the mind,
 And which gives to the face all its bloom.

Yes, *L-O-V-E*, join'd together, make love,
 And to that e'en our birth do we owe ;
 Nor had Mahomet Paradise e'er plac'd above,
 Had he Houris like you met below.

Ah Rosa! I guess that my meaning you scan,
 For your eyes tell me now you attend;
 But altho' this fond lesson 'twas I that began,
 It is *U* that must give it an end.

For Cupid had tried to ensnare me in vain,
 And had conn'd half the alphabet thro';
 But I laugh'd at his arrows, and felt not their pain,
 Till the spell that he utter'd was *U*.

I love you! My teaching amounts but to this,
 This is all that I wish to impart;
 Reward then my lesson, dear girl, with a kiss,
 And repeat it, as I do, *by heart!*

P. G.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF
 WILLIAM ADAMSON.*

FAREWELL, dear partner of my youth! tho' low
 And in a distant isle thine ashes lie,
 Perchance thy sainted spirit hov'ring nigh,
 Now views thy brother plung'd in deepest woe.—
 I better could have borne thy hapless doom,
 Had I been near to close thy languid eye,
 To hear thy last request, thy parting sigh,
 And place thy relics in a decent tomb.—
 What tho' no monumental stone is laid,
 Nor pomp funereal marks thy silent grave;
 The rich luxuriance of the plantane's shade
 Smell o'er the hallow'd spot its fragrance wave,
 While mem'ry oft' her gloomy steps shall steer
 To pay the tender tribute of a tear.

Dec. 20, 1808.

JOHN ADAMSON.

* Late an Ensign in his Majesty's 90th regiment, with a detachment of which he embarked for Christianstadt in the Island of St. Croix, where on the 19th Sept. shortly after his arrival he fell a sacrifice to the yellow fever, at the age of 20 years.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

1810.

Mar. 22. Henry IV. Part I.—Paul and Virginia.

24. Othello.—Tom Thumb.

26. Lear.*—Harlequin Pedlar.

27. Free Knights.—Irishman in London.

28. How to Teaze and how to Please.†—Quaker.

Mar.

* Mr. Kemble has played *Lear* several times this season, and it is a very fine performance. His style of playing that character at present makes it, we think, *one* of the best, if not the best, piece of acting in his power. He now gives it more decrepitude, and the solemn and cautious march of his pronunciation is in general consistent with the pride and dignity of old *Lear*, still every inch a king. In some parts, he was even deeply pathetic. Mr. C. Kemble's "*Poor Tom*" was, throughout the assumed derangement, distinguished by a great display of judicious spirit, and excellent attitude. He is never so good an actor as when *mad* or *drunk*.† A prettier *Cordelia* was never seen than Miss Bristowe, and, to do her justice, a worse was never *heard*. Mr. Kemble's *eye* must have been strangely deluded to suffer it so to impose upon his ear, as to induce him to think that such tones, if tones they can be called, were fit to express the anguish and feeling of *Cordelia*. Time and study may improve Miss Bristowe's qualities, but at present she bears the weight so *kindly* heaped upon her, with very feeble shoulders. Much as we have always detested the tragic taste of Tate, for sparing the *life* of *Cordelia*, we never felt it more insupportable than on this occasion.

† After a sort of "*posy of a ring*" for a prologue, Mr. Jones retired to make way for the introduction of the *first comedy* that has been brought out at the New Theatre. Of the two propositions of the title, "*How to teaze, and how to please*," only one was made out—the *former*, as it respected what we saw of the plot, or felt as auditors. It was reported in the house, that the "*native muse*" on this occasion was Mr. DIBDIN; but never did we set our faces against this gentleman's

‡ *Cassio*.

Q Q—VOL. VII.*

man's trash with more energy than we do against this injustice to his merits. He is a far merrier fool—by *fool* we don't intend to call him an idiot; but a much better *Tumbler* or *Punch*, though, as he himself would say, he is by no means so good as *both together*!

According to what we could understand of the *fable*, until each man said to his neighbour, "*his utere mecum*," *hiss with me*, it was something to this purpose.

The first scene discovers a very ancient dame, the Widow Mason (Mrs. Davenport) sitting in her second childhood chair, with her son, George, (Mr. Young) who is casting up his late father's accounts. The old dame then tells us that she means to pay twenty shillings in the pound, which if we had been creditors would have been very agreeable intelligence, and further something about suckling a child, which must have been so long ago, that we are quite astounded at her memory. George having made the balance, informs his mother that after all is paid there will be twenty-three pounds left, with which, being, as it must appear, a *very clever farmer*, he means to continue to rent the farm held by his father, to keep the old dame, and to marry *Fanny Marygold*, an orphan, (Mrs. Gibbs, and another *Cicely Homespun*). Unluckily, just as every thing was going on so smoothly, and he saw his way so clearly, he receives an invitation to go with his *Fanny* to the seat of Mr. *Buoyant* (Mr. Jones). He goes, gets drunk, games, and so destroys off these *flattering* hopes of fortune. Pennyless and spiritless, he hits on this relief. *Buoyant* having a very amiable wife (Mrs. C. Remble), he, of course, neglects her, and wants to seduce somebody else. He has seen *Fanny*, and, on George telling him of his ruin, offers to give him a draft for the sum, if he will sign a release of his mortgage on the affections of *Fanny*. No sooner said than done, and he returns home and pays the creditors—the creditors receive the money, but hearing of his situation, come instantly forward, and with true *dramatic generosity and benevolence*, cry out for their *receipts to be returned*, and will not touch a penny till George is married, and happy, and rich. Now there is very little more to say, although the main feature is yet to come. It is *Sir Timothy Touchet* and his lady, or a base *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*, (Mr. Munden and Mrs. H. Johnston,) an old gentleman, and a young wife, who are living very happily together, till their acquaintance with *Miss Screech** (Mrs. Weston), who, ill-boding bird, teaches *Lady Touchet* to believe that all matrimonial comfort consists in *teazing*. Her ladyship

* From one of Miss Edgeworth's tales.

ladyship adopts this connubial course, and gets turned out of the house for her pains: but how the matter ended afterwards, we cannot undertake to say, as the hisses at the general dulness and stupidity of the scenes during four acts, burst out into a storm in the fifth, all the people in the pit standing up, and crying off, off. What was lost may, however, be easily guessed, as there can be little doubt that the married as well as the single were all happy in the end—beautiful imitation of human life! We shall merely add that Mr. Simmons (*Buoyant's* steward) like master like man, wants also to debauch Fanny, and that Mr. Dexter (Mr. Liston) was the town-crier, and is a player, and the uncle of *Lady Touchet*, about whose origin *Sir Timothy* is strangely in the dark. *Sir Timothy* expects a barrister (Mr. Farley), from town, named luckily or unluckily, if you please, *Dexter*. The player, *Dexter*, comes first to ask a favour of Sir T. and is mistaken for the other—you see the rest. The equivokes in this scene are flat, when compared with a similar incident related in *Lee Lewis's memoirs*, (1) which is enough to kill any one with laughter. In fine, Mr. *Dexter*, the player, marries *Mrs. Screech*, but without producing any sort of matrimony by his melancholy lot. They are made happy too.

The hissing began, as we think very unseasonably, in the first act, where *Buoyant* offers Fanny a bank note, on which she says that she must not take money. "Pooh!" he replies, "it's not money, it's only paper," which was (unintentionally we believe) the best and truest piece of satire in the whole piece. Many applauded, but the *Bank clerks*,* as they do every thing at this house, carried it hollow. It is a serious fact—Oh! happy country, that can live on paper, and whose wars are likely to leave you such an abundance of rags!

It seems incredible that Mr. KEMBLE or any one could read this *sarrago* of ill-drawn characters, unskilful exits, vile puns, poor language, and trite sentiments and sayings, unsupported by incidents or variety, and then think it a COMEDY "worthy of a critical and enlightened people,"† "in the most beautiful theatre in the universe, erected for the reception of the inhabitants of the capital of the world!!!"‡

The talents of the actors were almost wholly buried in the piece.
Mr.

(1) Vol. 1. p. 16.

* Mr. Lees, O. P.

† See *Mem. Dram.* Sept. 20.

‡ Oct. 24.

Mar. 31. How to Tease and how to Please.*—Rosina.

April

Mr. Young repeated a little of his good acting in *the Gamster*; but had Mr. Munden never been seen in any other character than the dignified *Sir Timothy*, he would have been belied most grossly by the report of being quite a middling performer. Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Davenport brought all their powers to bear, and gave the comedy many a piece of unmerited assistance. Several of the touches in the characters of *George and Dame Mason* have some title to commendation.

Mrs. H. Johnston, with the *epilogue*, seemed to be in some measure in the situation of Mr. Murray, one night during the O. P. rebellion. He had to play a part, of which he thought it unnecessary to learn a syllable, as nothing would be heard, but when he came on the stage, they were perfectly silent. He bowed and stammered, and stared; but to do him justice they soon began to hiss again, and perhaps that was the first time that ever an actor was so comforted. After the noisy ceremony of complete damnation, Mrs. J. found them quite quiet, which appeared so to astonish her recollection as to make it take to its heels, and *via* run—but she being soon relieved by their disapprobation of the nonsense she had to utter, speedily followed. This precious *epilogue* began with contemning “*thrusts from Italy, and feet from France*,” but they are certainly more valuable and entertaining than *heads* in England like those employed in “*How to tease*.” It then turned on a fashion which the ladies now have of making their own shoes. Ancient lovers, we were told, found their belles at the loom, but ours find theirs in a *cobbler's stall*. Here we were led a dull dance through all the implements—*awl, &c.* till at last Mrs. J. came to *war*, and there she stuck!

An unheard attempt was made to give the piece out for repetition.

* We hoped to have an opportunity of saying, that *although* this comedy was damned the first night, it was not advertised as having been received *with approbation*, but our hopes were, and all our expostulations have been, in vain. The bills of this day are thus underlined—the new comedy “*having last night been received with great applause*, will be repeated every evening till further notice.”† In Garrick's time there would not have been a bench left to sit

sit

† This appeared in the *Times*, and in the next column but one, was read—“During the last scene, the pit rose to a man, and completely damned the piece.” Messrs. Harris and Kemble and Mr. Walter are at issue. The *Examiner* considered it too contemptible to merit a critique.

April 2. How to Teaze and how to Please.*—Harlequin Pedlar.

3. Beggar's Opera.—Honest Thieves.

5. Henry IV. Part I.—Paul and Virginia.

7. Jealous Wife.—Review.

9. Hamlet.—Waterman.

10. Confederacy.—Tom Thumb.

12. Speed the Plough.—Hartford Bridge.

14. Henry IV. Part I.—Paul and Virginia.

Here *Passion-week* closed the theatre until the twenty-third of April.

sit on during the repetition of such plays as this, the voice of the audience being a *little* respected, would have put them so completely to rest. "But now, they rise again with twenty mortal murders on their crowns, and *push us from our stools*,"—for if this piece and its like are to be repeated every evening, we have lost our seat in the theatre. Modern plays are, as a member lately said of the ministers, like ducks in a pond—you may kill 'em, but you can't get them out—they still continue dead lumber in the house. After the performance of this comedy, and others that we have seen; it would have been becoming and properly respectful, if the managers had come forward, and made a *suitable apology*† for the disappointment, and indeed imposition of the evening; but when instead of that, we find them the next day publicly stating (and now we shall not mince the matter) a *gross lie*, we say that the town is insulted, and that the managers of both theatres, by persevering in such conduct, forfeit all title to the character of men of common honour and honesty—not to profane the word *gentleman* by mentioning it on this occasion.

* This piece, which was played *three* times, "*with great applause*," and "*uninterrupted applause*," was *hammed*, for the third and last time, on this night!

† If one had presented himself in a full suit of black, with a mournful face to correspond, and spoken the epilogue to Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, which is to that excellent play quite useless, it would have been well, viz.

"It is our fear (dread sovereign) we have been
Too tedious; neither can't be less than *an*
To wrong your princely patience; if we have,
(Thus low dejected) we your pardon crave."

‡ Mr. Bull.

LYCEUM.

March 22 to April 14. Maniac.*—Hit or Miss.

* With the interruption of the *oratorio*, this piece has been played every night since our last review of the Lyceum, and the town can expect no greater variety, or better fare, while the manager, i. e. such a manager as Mr. Arnold "*writes himself!*"

THEATRICAL CHIT CHAT.

It is confidently asserted that *How to Teaze and how to Please* is the production of Mr. MORTON. If so, good night, Sir!

The concluding lines of the *epilogue* have transpired, and run thus—

"If you show'r laurels on this happy elf,
Perhaps I may write a comedy myself."

We confess that Mrs. H. Johnstone would in that case have great encouragement. The intrigue and family distress and disgrace, she would of course take from her own story!

That the statue, erected in an anti-room at Covent, is intended to represent *Shakspeare*, was at first left to the wit of the spectators; but it has since been found more prudent to write the name on the pedestal—Some said the face was not like *Kemble's*, and others that it was too tall for *Cooke*, and so forth. The same was the fate of the *Shakspeare Gallery*—Boydell's catalogue told us the paintings were done on purpose, and yet the *Remarks on Art*, vol. i. say that "old Gobbo was taken for *King Lear*, and *Miranda* for *Lady Macbeth*."

A long advertisement signed, "J. Fawcett treasurer, and one of the trustees" of the fund at Covent-Garden Theatre for the relief of decayed actors, &c. appeared in the papers on the fifth of April. It seems that the fund is in a deplorable state, and an urgent appeal is made to "the compassionate bounty" of the public. Since 1776, the performers have contributed 2½ per cent. out of their salaries.

Mr. and Mrs. DICKONS are parted. The misconduct rests entirely with the husband, as we verily believe it generally does.

Mr. ARNOLD is not, after this season, to open the *Lyceum* with the privilege of a regular theatre, nor to be supported by the present company, nick-named the *Drury-lane*. He will subside, revert, dwindle into his old fiddle-de-dee licence—*Up all Night*, *Knapschow*, and other raree-shows.

The *Drury-lane players dispersed*, talk of collecting and petitioning for power to erect themselves into a company, like that immediately

succeeding the conflagration, and, as on that occasion, to play solely for their own advantage till the New Drury is built. The poet tells us of a great deformed horrible monster, that had lost an eye, but what is to be said of a monster that has lost a head!

On the last night of the oratorio, a great riot took place, in consequence of the pit-door being kept open. The performers vainly attempted to proceed. We suppose there was a dispute between *Catalani* and *Braham*, which should speak; but he speaking "de language all as native," carried the day, and through his nose addressed the Pit, in these words: "Mr. Ashley as sent round, and te Pe-it, at te du-er, shall be shut immediately." The laugh was prodigious.

The *Royal Circus* has changed its name, in hopes of getting a good one. The *Royal* is properly dropt, and the bill before us calls it "*The Surrey Theatre*." The arena, or *ride*, as it was called, is filled with seats, and composes a pit. The loss of the *horsemanship* at this place, which has always been the great charm and attraction of these trifling summer-theatres, will give Mr. *ASTLEY*'s house a decided and powerful advantage.

NEW THEATRE. The King's Concert Rooms in Tottenham Street have been converted into a summer theatre, which is to open on Easter Monday.

Rauzzini died at Bath on the 15th of April.

On the 24th of March, Mr. *Elliston* finished his managery at *Manchester*, and to the lovers of Shakspeare's character of *Ancient Pistol* or Ben Jonson's *Captain Bobadil*, we recommend the perusal of Mr. E.'s oration on the occasion. It occupies about a column in the *Manchester Paper* of the 31st. For vanity, presumption, and grotesque and laughable absurdity, it has never been excelled. We have only room for a few short passages, *verbatim* as the paper professes to give them. It is fit previously to remark that the theatre during his stay has been wretchedly attended. However, he begins by stating that *poetry* was not suited to his purpose, because it dealt in *fiction*—an idea new and pretty—a *set speech* he had thought of, but renounced, and preferred trusting to the inspiration of *gratitude* for a return consistent with their *bountiful patronage*! To this end said he, I will "*rouse all that's man in me*." He then transports himself to the fire of Drury, and the ruined company whom he, as it was said, had, like a rat that leaves the falling house, left to shift for themselves. *As it was said*, but how unjustly; for only hear what the good little man did, for his poor dependants before he departed. "*I*" said he, "*I exerted all my influ-*

once in *their* favour, and fortunately, *I*" (mind) "*I* succeeded in establishing *them* in a comfortable situation" !!!

He had "*heard hard things*" of the Manchester folks, and was half afraid to face them, but says he, "you gave me *all* the support your *habits* would allow you to do." Rather severe on Messrs. *Corderoy, Dimity, and Co.*! After this he raves and wanders to such a degree that we do not know where he is or what he is talking about.

Fancy.

"I had a *fortune* to lose!"

Delirious.

"When in London, attending my interests at the *BAR* of the *House of Commons*, &c. !!!"

Pathetic.

I shall "here have the *melancholy honour* of making you my last bow."

Familiar.

"God bless you. *Farewell!*"

BANNISTER'S BUDGET. Mr. Bannister has opened a *budget* of a very *new* description to Englishmen, for though its primary object is a sort of *pole-tar*, which he has levied throughout the shires, and now brought into the cities of London and Westminster, no complaint is heard; on the contrary, there never was a *tar-gatherer* received with half so much good humour!

Mr. Bannister delivered his *olie* during the Lent at the *Freemason's* and *London Taverns*, and concluded his performances in the metropolis, on the 14th of April, at the *Haymarket theatre*. The *budget* is filled by many hands—it is a sort of *Pic-nic* feast, provided by a variety of clever men in this town, and arranged "new-painted and beautified" by Mr. GEORGE COLMAN. It consists, like Dibdin's entertainments, of song and story, and if inferior in the former, it is much superior in the latter, as well as in the acting. The *Old Saxon*, a rich little bit, suggested by Mr. Colman, is an exquisite piece of mimicry. The three parts occupy about 2½ hours, and attention and merriment are constantly kept alive by a pleasing and well ordered variety. It may be said that this is below the character which such an actor as Mr. Bannister ought to support—but *then* he had 160*l.* in one night at the *Freemason's Tavern*, and has probably made 1000*l.* since his arrival in London—

"*Governor*. Conscience!

Tiburina. A thousand pounds!

Government. Hah! thou hast touch'd me nearly!"

"No more.—"

The actor softens—but the *budgeter* is fix'd!"

OLYMPIC PAVILION. The Ingenious inventions of Mr. Astley Jun. have run merrily through the winter season, which terminated on the 14th of April. A ballet called *A Visit to my Grand-mother*, and a grand Indian spectacle called "*Sambo and Cudjoe*," stood him in good and profitable stead to the last. Our next will find him with his double troop of horse in a larger field for their surprizing and attractive evolutions—we mean the *Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge*.

The *Pavilion* is to be entirely pulled down and rebuilt against next season. The great and deserved patronage of the public has made an enlargement necessary.

ORATORIO. The 13th of April, being the last Friday previous to the Passion Week, Messrs. Ashley then closed their entertainments with a *selection of sacred music*. Their success is without parallel, and their liberal expediture, and vast exertions, merit it all. Mrs. Ashe took *Catalani's* place, one night during a slight indisposition. If we may judge by the crowded houses, we should say that the town never was before so satisfied with *oratorio*.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

EDINBURGH THEATRE.—*Under the Management of Mr. Siddons.*

Sir,

A HOUSE which was formerly the Circus, and subsequently concert-rooms, has been fitted up with tolerable neatness, although somewhat in the *gingerbread-work* style, and the access to which is excessively bad, for you must make the complete circle of the house, and ascend one or two wooden flights of steps, before you arrive at the box-lobby. The interior, however, is executed with considerable taste, is well lighted, the scenery and machinery very good, and the music, which was formerly execrable, very much improved. The old theatre, upon which considerable alterations and enlargements were to have been made, was offered to Mr. Siddons, but he rejected it, thinking that the terms were too high.* The production of several new pieces, and a careful attention to the suggestions of individuals, as well as a deference to public opinion, evince a desire to please, which will always meet with its reward, and accordingly this season has been one of the most productive ever known here. Among the new plays, there have been two got

* It is now rumoured, that the chancellor has decreed that these terms were reasonable, and that Mr. S. must either return to the old theatre, or pay the proprietors the one half of his profits for the season!

up here, for the first time upon any stage, viz. "*The Family Legend*," a tragedy by Miss Baillie, well known as the authoress of a series of plays upon the passions, and "*The Friend of the Family*," a comedy by Mr. Siddons. On the first, I will not trouble you with any remarks, because, as the authoress is a Scotswoman, and the play founded upon a favourite Scots tradition, I might appear to you not to be actuated by strict impartiality. I shall only mention that it has been well received, although not with such unequivocal marks of approbation as "*The Friend of the Family*." The dénouement of this second dramatic production of Mr. S. you have doubtless seen in the public prints; it is very simple, but is well connected, and contains many just remarks and a far greater number of moral sentiments than are to be found in three such flimsy productions as "*The Foundling of the Forest*." An excellent prologue preceded it, which alluded, in a neat and unassuming manner, to the success which attended "*Time's a Tell-Tale*," upon the London boards, and expressive of the author's fears on bringing his second drama before the more rigid critics of the North. His fears proved groundless, for it was received throughout with bursts of applause, and given out for repetition amidst thunders of approbation. The characters are well drawn, though perhaps not very new, but novelty is so very rarely to be met with in dramatic performances of the present day, that an audience is in general very well pleased to see their old acquaintances upon the stage, provided they appear in a new and becoming dress. The play is rather long, and might be curtailed with advantage in some of the least interesting scenes. A translation of the third Ode of *Anacreon*, which is introduced in the play, was sung by Mrs. H. Siddons with an enchanting simplicity: indeed her representation of the entire part of Honoria Pemberton (you will guess from the name, from whence the character is taken), and which is completely suited for her, was admirable. The epilogue I cannot praise; it was confused and uninteresting, even although well spoken by our old favourite Mrs. Young.

We had lately a visit from Mr. Giroux and his three sisters from the Opéra House. Their execution is certainly wonderful, but to us, who are so famed for dancing, they appeared to be possessed of much more agility than grace. Finally, we are at present enraptured by the acting of Mrs. SIDDONS, mother of our manager. Though she was here in the summer, yet every time we see her, our admiration of her increases. "*Decies repetita, placebit*." I have sent you this, in hopes that, if you allow it a place in the

Mirror, it may be the means of inducing some abler critic to furnish a more accurate delineation of our dramatic entertainments. If you are disposed to allow me any merit in *this*, I must candidly own, my skill has been acquired from the perusal of the excellent critiques in the Monthly Mirror. I am, &c.

Edinburgh, 21 March, 1810.

DRAMATICUS.

THEATRE, SUNDERLAND.—This theatre closed on Friday evening, March 24, with the new play of the "*Free Knights*," and "*High Life below Stairs*," for the benefit of Mr. Anderson (one of the managers), to a very brilliant house, although not full; but when it is considered the house is open every night, a wonder it cannot be called at its not being every night full, though not a doubt remains but the managers have cleared a pretty sum this season, and at a very small expence, for though at the commencement of the season wonderful novelty was promised, we are sorry to say that "great was the fall thereof" in performance. I must say Mr. Faulkner did again produce, with some very pretty scenery, and very poor acting, the romance of the *Forty Thieves* for his benefit, and on that night drew, with his own great abilities, a deserved good house. The business of the season has been rather confusing to the performers, owing to the death of Mr. Errington, and the extreme illness of Mrs. Darley, and on these occasions they were tolerated. Our first singer, Mr. James, leaves the company, and Mr. Errington, the second, being dead, we have a dearth amongst us, so that a vacancy is now open to merit. Mrs. Dalton is the most deserving of our actresses, and Mr. Grove our most excellent comedian. The sixteen benefits produced 597*l.* together. Mrs. Errington was presented with all the money in on her night, Mr. E. died the following day. In July we are again to see them.

April 1, 1810.

"PRIVACY."

A THIRD THEATRE.

At WHITEHALL, on the 16th of March, came on to be heard counsel for the petitioners for a *third theatre*. Present, Sir WILLIAM SCOTT, the MASTER of the ROLLS, Lord ARDEN, Lord ARROWAY, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the Right Hon. R. B. SHERIDAN*, and several others, Members of His Majesty's Privy Council.

Mr. WARREN, as leading counsel for the petitioners, addressed their lordships. He contended, that the patents, granted to the pro-

* That Mr. Sheridan should be a judge in his own cause may seem strange, but as he would be his own advocate, he could not as a privy councillor take any other seat.

sent theatres, did not go to the exclusion of another; and allowing, for a moment, that they did, it was, in his opinion, doubtful whether the prerogative of the crown could be borne out, in granting a monopoly. Monopolies in trade had been declared unlawful; and in amusements, according to the letter of the law, they were also void, the moment the places became the source of trade and profit. The petitions had been laid before their lordships, from the patentees of the established theatres, denied the necessity of a third theatre, and stated that they had not made more than 6 per cent of their principal. That might be; but there was a question, whether mismanagement had not caused it? This was yet to be proved. It was also urged that his clients had taken advantage of the two unfortunate fires which had taken place; this he denied, and their lordships must be sensible of it, when they reflected on the great increase of the population in London. When those patents were granted, there were not half the inhabitants that are at present to fill them. At certain periods of the year, there was a great increase of strangers into the city, which *Covent-Garden Theatre*, as it now is, and *Drury-Lane Theatre*, rebuilt, in its greatest magnitude and pomp, could not contain. Their argument was, that they have *enlarged their theatres as the population had increased*. Be it so. But their lordships would recollect, while they widened the area of their theatres, they *prevented the public from being entertained*; they put them at such a distance from the stage, that the countenance of the performer could not be discerned, without he distorted the muscles of his face to that degree, that, to those nearer the stage, it appeared ludicrous; the same with the voice, it was so strained, that nature was forgotten. He wished their lordships not to consider the petition of his clients, as theirs alone, but *that of the public*. There were *one million* of persons, in and about this metropolis, who visited theatres; and could it be contended, that two were sufficient to contain them? It was contended, in the petitions, that even those were not always filled: this was not the fact, for they were filled to more than an overflow, when the entertainments were worthy of the attendance of the public. The application of his clients was for a charter, which, in his opinion, would not give them an advantage over the other theatres, by their being an incorporated body. It was not a corporation for speculation; 200,000*l.* had been subscribed, which would be laid out in the building and decorations; this would be always a sufficient security. It was stated, that it would put the subscribers in a better situation than those of the existing theatres, as it relieved them from personal responsi-

bility. This argument, in his opinion, was nugatory; for, by the charter, the incorporated body would be responsible, instead of single personal security. Suppose there was no charter to be granted, what a difficulty would there be in suing? Some proprietors might be perhaps minors, others married, and some dead, how could the creditor form his declaration of action?

Mr. CURWOOD followed on the same side.

Mr. ADAM, Counsel for the patentees of Covent-Garden, moved, that the petitions lately presented might be read, which was accordingly done by the proper officer. They were as follows, The Petitions of Mr. Greville, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Sheridan, and Mrs. Henrietta Sheridan, as the wife and attorney of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, abroad for the benefit of his health.

Mr. ADAM then confessed himself unprepared to meet the question, which required time. He then adverted to the presenting of the petition for the new theatre, and to the refusal of its prayer by the Attorney and Solicitor-General; whose opinion of its injustice should be considered conclusive, and preclude the necessity of a second application. He begged to call their attention to two or three points, and then it would be seen whether the increase of population necessarily involved the increase of play-house visitings and, whether the large size of the theatre at Covent Garden, was so strong an argument for the building of a third theatre. He would only ask, whether no alteration had taken place in the manners of the people, since the days of Garrick? The hours of business were changed, the hours of meals were changed, the hours at which letters were received and sent off were changed. The merchant, who, in those days, had finished his business at an early hour, was now as closely confined to that business, at the time of theatrical exhibition, as his clerk or servant. There were thousands of other circumstances co-operating to render the attendance at these amusements more unfrequent. These were sufficient to shew, that the profits arising from the present establishment were not so excessive as to justify the obtrusion of another to share the emoluments, and, by its additional privileges, to exult in its superiority.

The present state of *Drury-Lane Theatre*, he said, affected a person, Mrs. S. almost reduced to a state of viduity by the absence of her husband; it affected a man of *unimpeachable integrity*, the ornament of his country, the majestic venerable advocate for its liberties, the magnanimous assertor of its rights. Here (to prevent mistakes) he meant Mr. Sheridan!! They would not only have 5 per cent. said Mr. A., upon the sum subscribed, but a kind of merchan-

the dividend of all the profits, together with a total irresponsibility. He concluded a long speech with some further flourishes respecting the *Vestal* character of Mr. Sheridan. At his request the court adjourned, and met again on the 19th of March.

Mr. RANDALL JACKSON, as counsel for one of the Theatres, having repeated the arguments which had been adduced on a former day, against the encroachments of the promised establishment, spoke of the practical morality which was proposed and insured by those concerned in its interests. It was singular that no application for a patent had ever been made, without an assurance of this nature. He begged leave to corroborate this bold assertion, by giving a short account of these assurances, and the manner in which they were fulfilled. In former days, there were men who, from their representation of characters, were in Rome called *Mimics*, in Great Britain, *Mummers*; but those species of beings abominably perverted the orders and rules of society, and were put down in the reign of Edward III. of this country. The thing was then to introduce morality into the pieces of theatrical entertainment, and to intermix the religious with the gay. In this country the *Mummers* were put down for a similar inroad upon decency; and a body called *Mysteriols* were substituted; but those were also put down, being no less under the influence of immorality. The *Moralists* succeeded, and lasted till the reign of Henry the VIIIth. At length the theatre was interrupted amid this confusion, by the genius of Shakspeare. From that period the actors were retained by Elizabeth, and a license given to them, who had before been under prohibition. A patent was granted to Killigrew, in order to the prevention of immorality. Whoever would read the patent of Sir Richard Steele, would find it couched in such a flow of ethics, that he would imagine a church, instead of a playhouse, was the establishment. In twenty-three years after, Sir John Bernard brought in a bill to the House of Commons, to suppress the immorality of the stage, by limiting the number of theatres. He withdrew his motion, rather than submit to the clause for a reference to the chamberlain; it was at last brought in by the minister, and notwithstanding the most strenuous opposition, succeeded. It had been said by Mr. Curwood, that it was shameful to encourage libertinism by accommodating a certain order of people. Mr. Curwood was a retired and abstract man, and when he did go to the theatre, he might mistake, from his ignorance of the fashions of the present day, the modest woman for the courtesan; his discrimination was here as much to be depended on as his assurances of correcting the morality of the theatre, which might well be consi-

dered impracticable, if it was fair to judge of the future by the past. When he took the moral part of the argument, he did not take the convincing part.

Mr. ADAM made some observations, in explanation of his statement on Friday last.

Mr. ABOLPHUS supported the petition of Messrs. Greville and Arnold.

A letter from Mr. Elliston was read, declining to employ any counsel, but hoping, that if a third theatre was considered necessary, his *claims* would not be overlooked.—What they are, we do not know, nor have we yet been able to meet with any body that can *guess*. Mr. ASLEY, who stands in the same situation, or in one rather more consistent and honourable, has by advertisement properly disclaimed any interest whatever in these measures. His *goose quill* is for ever making little Elliston ridiculous. Mr. WARREN was heard again, and Mr. SHERIDAN asked a few days to prove that the present theatres had a *right to a monopoly*!

On the same night in the *House of Commons*, Sir JAMES SHAW brought up the report of the committee, upon the petition of the subscribers to a third theatrical establishment, the object of which was, to obtain for the petitioners, time, until this day three weeks, to bring in a bill.

Missing on other occasions, Mr. SHERIDAN was here on the present, alert and full of confidence. He protested loudly and longly against this conduct of the petitioners. He deeply (almost with tears in his eyes) regretted that their proceedings were not carried on "*with a gentlemanly sincerity!*" It had been represented, said he, that this petition proceeded from the Lord Mayor and City of London: such a statement was ungrounded; for, the City of London had no concern whatsoever with it; and if the Lord Mayor was concerned, he was his Lordship's humble servant, but plain Thomas Smith should have been subscribed to the petition. He did not *admire* that *trick*, which promised but to *deceive*, which held forth assurances of correcting immorality, when it carried along with it the undisguised face of impracticability and absurdity. He wondered at Mr. CUMBERLAND's censuring the morality of the stage; and supposed that the new one, under his patronage, would, if allowed, be appropriated to the purposes of *churches and chapels*. Under these impressions, he hoped the House would look with a guarded eye upon the present application.

The House however granted the petitioners six weeks to bring in their bill.

[To be concluded next Month.]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We made a mistake last month respecting Mr. WALTER SCOTT'S *manufactory*. It was *Beaumont and Fletcher*, and not *Swift*. A full-length picture of this gentleman has been engraved by Turner from a painting by Raeburn. It is impossible to look at it without smiling, and when you hear that it is *Walter Scott*, the poet, it is difficult not to cry, *No!!* We have no objection to the concealment of Mr. Scott's lame foot. For this practice the painter has a high example. When *Apelles* drew the portrait of *Antigonus*, who had lost an eye, he took his face in profile. What we think ludicrous is the whole appearance of the person, (which it is true he cannot help) and the situation in which he is placed, which might possibly have been avoided. We have now a *plump-faced, uninspired-looking gentleman in half boots, sitting, as it would seem very imprudently, on a cold stone in the open air with his hat off*. The book in one hand, and the pencil in the other, give the observer more the idea of that mongrel character, in the literary world, made up of *town-writer and draughtsman*, and the stupidity of the countenance confirms it. We here speak merely of a picture—of Mr. Scott, as a poet, our opinion is elsewhere declared. We hold his poetical genius in such esteem as to think him deeply degraded by conniving with booksellers to make the last penny of his name, through gibbeting himself the editor of heavy and unimproved editions of we know not what.

Lackington's Catalogue will, we understand, be ready for delivery in a few days.

Dr. Drake has in the press, under the title of *THE GLEANER*, a selection of essays from scarce or neglected periodical papers, with an introduction and notes. It will be speedily published in four volumes, octavo, and will form an elegant and useful accompaniment to the various editions of our classical essayists.

On the 30th, Mr. EDWARD WRIGHT, our printer, suddenly expired. This is the third brother, rising into life, profit, and reputation, whose premature death it has been our melancholy task to record. Such events make moralists of the gayest of us all. Who can see that the precarious tenure of life, and its pursuits of folly and of care, afford men but little time to look round, and almost none to prepare to die, without reflections, serious as the admonition is fearful and impressive?

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MAY, 1810.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K. B. ENGRAVED BY FREEMAN,
FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	322
Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K. B.	323
England during the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Nor- man Conquests	329
The Poets and the Critic	335
Legal Fictions	339
On Book-Making	343
Notes on Athenæus	346
Ben Mots and Anecdotes	349
Endymion the Exile	352

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Epistolary Correspond- ence of Sir Richard Steele, including his familiar Let- ters to his Wife and Daugh- ters	356
Shee's Elements of Art	362

DRAMATIC.

Dramatic Romances; con- taining the Poison Tree, and the Torrid Zone	368
The Rebellion; or, All in the Wrong	372

BRITISH STAGE.

On the Alterations of Shak- speare	376
Dulwich College	379

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Sir Francis Burdett	381
Tributary Stanzas to Grimaldi the Clown	383
War and Love	384
The Meeting	385
Inscription	386
Epigram	ib.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

Covent-Garden Theatre	387
Lyceum	392
Theatrical Chat-Chat	393
Astley's Amphitheatre	394
Surrey Theatre	ib.
New Theatre, Tottenham- Street	395
Musical Morning Party	396
A third Theatre	397

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1810.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Lines on the Death of an only Child," by the Author of *THE ADULTRESS*; and letters from R. Hatt; L. O.; and W. Forster, the last offering a *Portrait of a Comedian*, are under consideration.

We are perfectly alive to the remarks of J. S. who styles himself "a young hand," and have, in gratitude for his queries, a good natured one to put to him. We "appeal to yourself whether in some part of your life you have not" found that young folks are not always helped first?

The invaluable papers of our witty friend, the late Mr. JUM, "*on, Diving; on Mimicry; on Attitudes; on Gigs; on a fine Ear; and on Horses' Tails; on Legitimate Wit; and on Sallad-Making*," have been received. We regret exceedingly that he left the one "*on the Powers of the Pictorial Art*," in such an unfinished state. Having observed the feebleness of the modern artists in the expression of the passions, and, with that refined taste which so distinguished him, despising the succedaneum of "*This is a Bull*," he proposed that when a young lady in love, was to be described on canvas, the painter should mark the passion by the introduction of a little boy without breeches, shooting an arrow at her; and in the delineation of an old lady in a rage, he recommended such auxiliaries as a griffin looking over her shoulder, or a tiger's head peeping out of her pocket hole. This tract being imperfect, is an inconceivable loss to the fine arts.

It is with great diffidence that we venture to differ from him with respect to his strictures on horses' tails, but we really think his assertion that "*they would go faster if they were not docked*," is disputable. His paper "*on diving*," next month. It is our intention not to lose a drop of the immortal man.

Provincial Criticism, and J. S. on *Friendship*, next month.

We advise *Caustic* to be quiet, lest he burn his fingers. *Worthy* characters are sacred with us, which is an answer to the request respecting his libellous communication.

To *Testy*, "*On Dramatic Criticism*," dated *Lyceum, May 3*, we recommend patience.

L. E.'s Epitaphs are old, but the excellent advice at the end of one on a lady, makes it deserving of repetition:

"My grief is so sore,

I can only write two lines more:

From her example I'd have you warning take,

And never put a blister on a lying-in woman's back."

Henry's Madrigals, are below mediocrity. In consequence of his polite offer of "*more*," we beg to know his address, that we may from our store have the pleasure of making him a tenfold return in kind.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

MAY, 1810,

41

MEMOIRS OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K. B.

(With a Portrait.)

THE origin of this gentleman is not, like that of some of the greatest names of antiquity, buried in the impenetrable obscurity of unrecorded ages. He was born in Dublin on the 22nd of October, 1740, old style. His father, Philip Francis, D. D. is sufficiently known in the learned world. His grandfather, John Francis, was dean of the cathedral of Lismore in Ireland, to which he was appointed on the 30th of July, 1722, and his great grandfather, John Francis, became dean of Leighlin, by patent, dated 21st of August, 1696, and appears by Ware's History of Ireland, to have sat in convocation in Dublin, in 1704. This old gentleman is also supposed to have had a father, whose name and memory are unfortunately lost in the abyss of time. These particulars have been carefully collected from the herald's offices in Doctor's Commons, and in Dublin. In the former, it was discovered by a great antiquary, whose business it was to find materials for the pedigree of Sir Philip, on his admission to the order of the Bath, that previous to the coronation of Richard II. Richard Francis, who bore exactly the same arms as the present knight, was created a Knight of the Bath, and if Sir Philip does not descend lineally from that person, it was entirely his own fault. The heralds offered to prove it by an exact genealogy, provided always that Sir Philip would pay down two

hundred pounds for such advantage. After maturely weighing the honor against the price, he is believed to have declined that liberal offer. His mother's name appears to have been Elizabeth Roe, whose father thought himself descended from the famous Sir Thomas Roe, who lived in the reign of James the First, and was sent ambassador to the great Mogul, by that learned monarch. But here again the links are wanting, or the heralds ran mute for want of encouragement.

Sir Philip received the first elements of his education under Thomas Ball, who succeeded Doctor Dunkin, (names well-known in Ireland) and who kept a school in a church in Ship-street. In the beginning of 1750 he came to England. In 1753 he was placed at St. Paul's school, under the care of Mr. George Thicknesse, of whose virtues and learning, we have often heard him make honourable mention, and always with an effusion of gratitude for the care he took of him. In 1756 Mr. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, gave him a little place in the secretary of state's office. Mr. Pitt, who succeeded Mr. Fox, patronized and encouraged him, in consequence of the recommendation of his secretary, Robert Wood. Through that patronage, he was appointed secretary to General Bligh, in 1758, was present at the capture and demolition of Chérburgh, and at the attack on the rear guard of our army at St. Cas. From mere curiosity, and without arms, he was found standing in the ranks when the French approached very near, and the firing began. In 1760, by the same recommendation, he was appointed secretary to the Earl of Kin-noul, ambassador to Lisbon, when the present Queen of Portugal was married to *her uncle*. The uncle and the niece had a son, the present Prince of Brazils, who married his mother's sister. Such is the constitution of the House of Braganza. In 1763 he was appointed by the late Lord Mendip, then Welbore Ellis, Esq. and secretary at war, to a considerable post in the war office, which he resigned in the beginning of 1772, in consequence of a difference with Viscount Barrington, by whom he thought himself injured. Possibly Lord Barrington thought so too, or that something was due to Mr.

Francis, as will appear hereafter. The greatest part of the year 1772 he spent in travelling through Flanders, part of Germany, the Tyrol, Italy, and France, with his intimate friend, the late David Godfrey. During his residence at Rome he went to Castel Gondolfo, where he was introduced to Pope Ganganelli, and had a curious conference with his holiness, of near two hours, the particulars of which are, it is said, preserved in a letter from him to the late Dr. Campbell, with whom he was very intimate. In about half a year after his return to England, Lord Barrington most honourably and generously recommended him to Lord North, by whom his name was inserted in an act of parliament, past in June, 1773, to be a member of the council appointed for the government of Bengal, in conjunction with

Warren Hastings, Governor-General.

John Clavering, Commander in Chief.

George Monson,

And

Richard Barwell.

The records of his long contest with Mr. Hastings are preserved in the books of the council, the reports of the committee, and in the journals of the House of Commons.

On the dissolution of parliament in 1784, he was elected for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. On the 27th of July following, he happened to make use of an expression in the House of Commons, for which the late Mr. Pitt never forgave him. After speaking of the first Earl of Chatham, with all possible honour, he unfortunately added, "*but he is dead, and has left nothing in this world that resembles him.*" On the 19th of April, 1787, he moved the revenue charge against Mr. Hastings, and carried it against Mr. Pitt, the whole strength of government, and the Indian interest, by a majority of seventy one to fifty-five. Mr. Pitt was determined to be even with him, and on the 11th of December, 1787, employed two of his dependants to move that his name should be omitted, when the managers to conduct the impeachment were appointed, and he himself had nothing better to say than *that it was a question not of argument but*

of feeling. Mr. Francis's speech on this occasion, at least as it is printed, appears to us perfect in its composition, and unanswerable in its argument.* After confuting all the personal objections made to him, with a noble indifference about the event of the question, he turns to the friends of Mr. Hastings, with an apostrophe, by which, as we have often heard, even Major John Scott was overcome.

"Thirteen years are now elapsed since I first was connected in office with Mr. Hastings. Six of them were wasted in India, in perpetual contest with him. Seven years ago, I left him there in possession of absolute power. In all that time no charges have been produced against me. Yet I think it cannot be said that I have been particularly cautious not to provoke hostility, or that there is no disposition any where to accuse me. Surely, sir, if accusation is ever to come, it is high time it should appear. If now, or at any other period, I should be obliged to change place with Mr. Hastings; if hereafter it should be my lot to be accused, I shall assuredly never object to his being my prosecutor; for, though by removing a powerful, a well-informed, and, in the sense of the present argument, an inveterate accuser, I might provide for my safety, my honour would be lost. Let those gentlemen, who are trusted with the care of Mr. Hastings's honour, consider what they are doing."

On this occasion the managers of the impeachment thought it an act of justice and gratitude due to Mr. Francis to address the following letter to him.

"SIR, *Committee-Room, House of Commons, December 18, 1787.*

"There is nothing in the orders of the house which prevents us from resorting to your assistance; and we should shew very little regard to our honour, to our duty, or to the effectual execution of our trust, if we omitted any means, that are left in our power, to obtain the most beneficial use of it.

"An exact local knowledge of the affairs of Bengal is requisite in every step of our proceedings; and it is necessary that our information should come from sources not only competent but unsuspected. We have perused, as our duty has often led us to do, with great attention, the records of the company, during the time in which you executed the important office committed to you by

* Vide *Parliamentary Debates.*

parliament; and our good opinion of you has grown in exact proportion to the minuteness and accuracy of our researches. We have found that, as far as in you lay, you fully answered the ends of your arduous allegation. An exact obedience to the authority placed over you by the laws of your country, wise and steady principles of government, an inflexible integrity in yourself, and a firm resistance to all corrupt practice in others, crowned by an uniform benevolent attention to the rights, properties, and welfare of the natives (the grand leading object in your appointment), appear eminently, throughout those records. Such a conduct, so tried, acknowledged, and recorded, demands our fullest confidence.

"These, sir, are the qualities, and this is the conduct on your part, on which we ground our wishes for your assistance. On what we are to ground our right to make any demand upon you, we are more at a loss to suggest. Our sole titles, we are sensible, are to be found in the public exigencies, and in your public spirit. Permit us, sir, to call for this further service in the name of the people of India, for whom your parental care has been so long distinguished, and in support of whose cause you have encountered so many difficulties, vexations, and dangers.

"We have expressed sentiments in which we are unanimous, and which, with pride and pleasure, we attest under all our signatures, entreating you to favour us as frequently as you can, with your assistance in the committee; and you shall have due notice of the days on which your advice and instructions may be more particularly necessary.

We have the honour to be,

With the most perfect respect,

Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged -

Humble Servants,

EDMUND BURKE, *Chairman*;

Charles James Fox.

R. B. Sheridan.

Thomas Pelham, (now Earl of Chichester).

W. Windham.

Gilbert Elliott, (now Lord Minto).

Charles Grey, (now Earl Grey).

William Adam.

John Anstruther.

M. A. Taylor.

Maitland, (now Earl of Lauderdale).

Dudley Long.

John Burgoyne.

George Augustus North, (late Lord Guildford).

St. Andrew St. John, (now Lord St. John).

Richard Fitzpatrick.

Roger Wilbraham.

John Courtenay.

James Erskine, (now Earl of Roslyn)."

The character given of Mr. Francis, by Mr. Burke and Lord Minto in their places in the House of Commons, ought to be here inserted.

"Extract of Mr. Burke's speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill, on December 1, 1783.

"Uncommon patience and temper supported Mr. Francis a while longer under the baneful influence of the commendation of the Court of Directors; his health, however, gave way at length, and in utter despair he returned to Europe; at his return the doors of the India House were shut to this man, who had been the object of their constant admiration. He has indeed escaped with life, but he has forfeited all expectation of credit, consequence, party, and following. He may well say,

"*Me nemo ministro*

Fur erit, atque idem nulli comes exeo."

"This man, whose deep reach of thought, whose large legislative conceptions, and whose grand plans of policy, make the most shining part of our reports, from whence we have learned all our lessons, if we have learned any good ones; this man, from whose materials those gentlemen, who have least acknowledged it, have yet spoken as from a brief; this man, driven from his employment, discountenanced by the Directors, has had no other reward, and no other distinction, but that inward '*sunshine of the soul*' which a good conscience can always bestow on itself. He has not yet had so much as a good word, but from a person too insignificant to make any other return for the means, with which he has been furnished, for performing his share of a duty, which is equally urgent on us all."

[To be concluded next Month.]

ENGLAND DURING THE ROMAN, SAXON, DANISH, AND NORMAN CONQUESTS.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F. A. S. OF L. AND E.

[Continued from P. 254.]

THE wretched Britons at length sought for protection in what ended in ruin. The northern wall no longer kept in their enemies. Instead of training themselves to war, and patiently suffering the miseries they could not for a time have escaped, they turned their eyes to Germany for help. The Romans when they had conquered the southern part of that country had forced the warlike nations there to retire further north, where they had increased so much, that pressed for room, they became desperate, and they had long been dreaded in all those Roman provinces which lay near them; they had been viewed with terror by Roman Britain. These nations were usually known by the general name of Saxons. It was preposterous in the Britons to ask assistance of a people who had long wished, who had often attempted to establish themselves in their country. They were valiant desperate sea-rovers, who most eagerly sought where to gain settlements for an overcharged population.

The first of these allies came only in five vessels, yet with these auxiliaries the Britons were enabled to repel their rude neighbours beyond the Roman wall. Having performed the duty they were called over to perform, they had no desire to return; a country so superior to their own naturally, and by cultivation far more so, engrossed a wish to attain it. The Romans had neither taken away their flocks and herds, nor plundered their tributary subjects, any more than they had burnt and destroyed all that they had erected.

The misfortunes of the Britons so rapidly followed the abdication of the Romans, that it leaves us no room to form any

idea of the manner in which they would have acted as an independent people, only that they had elected princes to whom they gave the title of kings, yet it is singular, that I believe not a single coin was ever produced, as struck by any one of them. The Romans withdrew in 412, Hengist and Horsa came hither in 449, and in eight years after they obtained the kingdom of Kent, having first made a peace with the Scots and Picts, whom they came to conquer, and then turning their arms against the power to whom they were stipendiaries, declared themselves an independent state. Other adventurers were invited from Germany, chiefly Saxons, or Angles, or Jutes; the Angles were numerous; they gave name to that part of Britain which had been a Roman province, being called England, or the country of the Angles; the people as partaking of both Saxons and Angles were denominated Anglo-Saxons; and their language Anglo-Saxon. As these people were only tribes of the same nation, their language varied very little from each other.

These scourges of the Britons, whenever they had overrun a district, erected it into a kingdom, electing, for the sovereign, their general. This was a wise policy: it established a victorious army, prevented a rivalry in warlike chieftains, it tended more firmly to retain the vanquished in subjection, and made good the ground the Germans gained over the Britons. Thus was founded the different kingdoms of the heptarchy: Kent, in 457; Sussex, or South Saxons, about 490; Wessex, in 519; Essex, or the East-Saxon kingdom, somewhat later; East Anglia, or the kingdom of the Angles, seated in the eastern part of the country in 575; Mercia, the largest of all of the heptarchical kingdoms, in 585; but before this time the kingdom of Northumberland had been established: this was frequently divided under the names of Deira and Bernicia.

It was very near a century and an half from the first arrival of the Germanic nations, to their having completely subdued the Britons; a space of time dreadful, when we think that it was rather an exterminating warfare, than a contest between

two rival nations as more modern times have shown.* Augustus told the Romans he found a city of stone; he left one of marble. The German adventurers might say, they found cities, and all their wonderful accompaniments of stone, and having reduced them to ruinous heaps, had exchanged them for miserable wooden cabins; all things else were equally debased; arts and sciences retired, plenty and every abundance totally disappeared. Peace was not known when slaughter had gained conquest, for the victors turned their arms each against the other; so that the blood of the German race flowed in as copious streams as those of the Britons had done, in defending themselves against their foreign invaders. So that at the end of the heptarchy, it is probable, that there were no more inhabitants in the several petty kingdoms that had composed it, than there were at the time when the Romans had come hither with their hostile legions: but what a difference was there between the two nations, their ancient, and their present conquerors? The Romans had formed their province into a rich paradise; the Saxons had converted it into a desolate wilderness. Rome had taught the Britons in the end, the mild and divine tenets of the Gospel. The Heathen Saxons had exterminated them wherever their ferocious arms were triumphant. They did, indeed, at length listen to the religion of Christ, but it was when it had become debased by many of the puerilities of the ambitious pontiffs of Rome.

Let us consider the Anglo-Saxons as a people. It may well be supposed that Germany for more than a century put part of her northern hive into Britain, yet these could not be suffi-

* I do not mean exterminating in the fullest sense, as Hume does: I wish to be understood that little quarter was given in battle on either side. The Britons, who were land slaves to their masters, the superior ranks, remained so to their Anglo-Saxon new masters. So Dean Tucker understood. He remarks that only gentlemen fled to Wales, and pleasantly tells Lord Kaimos, "Ergo, the Welch are all gentlemen." The Britons, or Welch, as he observes, never accused their enemies of so atrocious a deed. A deed which would have injured themselves. The conquerors bred slaves, and sold the super-numeraries.

cient to make the mass of the people of the heptarchical kingdoms. The mass of the warlike emigrants were young, and able-bodied adventurers; these were chiefly unmarried men. These who are settled and prosperous, seldom love to leave their own native soil. It may be asked, how, if there were so few women brought hither in the proportion, could the great end of population be answered? By the victors seizing the females of the vanquished; besides too, I sincerely believe, that the slaves of the Britons never were esteemed high enough to have arms put into their hands; these families, by an easy transition, passed into the possession of the Heathen conquerors, as probably did many of the domestic slaves. Military nations despise agriculture and trade; war is their pride, their glory, and their sole occupation; the invaders besides had ample employment to gain, to retain, and defend their new dwellings.

If we allow the force of these statements we shall see that the great bulk of the people were still British blood, though in debasement, for the higher classes had retreated fighting, to the western part of the island, occupying Wales, Cornwall, and some parts adjoining to those districts. I will allow that all the landholders, all the distinguished men in each of the heptarchical kingdoms, were native Germans, or descendants of such as were so, paternally. The language, the manners, in every respect were Saxon, in all above the borderers, the villains, and the slaves, and these soon adopting those of their masters, in a few descents also were in nothing distinguished from the same persons in their situation of life, of the Saxon blood.

The wretched poverty of the enslaved and the enslavers was great, until the dawn of improvement broke out, by the introduction of Christianity, and by it a communication with Italy, where some glimmerings of civilization were still retained, though she had been obliged to submit to nations equally ferocious, sanguinary, and ignorant with the Saxons themselves; but, having been converted from Paganism, they also had adopted milder manners, and a greater degree of civilized life.

The Christianized Anglo-Saxons, with other advantages,

begin to have written laws, to sigh for their own devastations, and in vain wish for all those cities and towns which they had utterly destroyed, living either in the camp, or in wretched huts, such as they had left in Germany. When a nation begin to feel their wants, they soon become more industrious to procure these articles of which they are destitute. Exchange begets a necessity to coin money; at home the Anglo-Saxons chiefly contented themselves with living money, or exchange; but, to foreigners the metals became necessary. Gold might be given in weight, but I believe the Anglo-Saxons at no time coined money of that the most valuable metal; silver was the general medium. The intercourse between the continent gradually increased, and with it learning and the arts, as far as they were then known to the south of Europe, and these late lawless brutal Anglo-Saxons, as ignorant as ferocious, became a people little inferior to their neighbours in France and Italy, yet very inferior indeed to what the Britons were when first left by the Romans, and the kingdom incalculably so in point of wealth, in the number and extent of their cities and towns. These places, collections of dwellings, were what now we should scarcely think worthy to be classed with our larger villages; and there could be no comparison respecting the structures of stone or brick, with all the conveniency, all the magnificence such as had dignified the great capital of the world, and a few wretched cabins formed of hurdles, daubed with clay, and whitened with chalk and water, covered with thatch, and instead of a tessellated pavement, the natural earth strewed with rushes. The dress of the great, and their accommodations in other respects, were rudely magnificent, perhaps, but the cloathing of all below them was wretched and vile. This was the less noticed, because all Europe having suffered by the like calamities of subjection, by unenlightened northern barbarians, experienced the same degradation.

The monarchy of England, founded by Egbert, a prince who had received all the advantage of an education in the court of Charlemagne, naturally augmented the strength, as it did the splendour, of the Anglo-Saxons, but as if a blessing never was to be possessed by the southern part of Britain, without an

heavy affliction, in the reign of this our first monarch, arrived another nation of northern plunderers, called Danes, though not confined to what is now usually called Denmark; these sea robbers were dispersed over Holstein, and countries still more north. These were essentially the same people as the Saxons, and many of them had been neighbouring hordes, who, from a like reason, the want of room, sought food and necessities by plunder, but the countries which once formed the Roman empire, having been already conquered, by preceding swarms, it left these no prospect of succeeding in gaining a new home; they, therefore, having elected sea-kings, fitted out ships, and became formidable by their depredations, by landing unexpectedly on the coasts of the continent, or those of Britain, and by carrying all before them by fire and sword, retreated to their vessels heavily laden with the plunder of an offending people. These Pagans now were as barbarously bigotted against the Anglo-Saxon Christians, as the Pagan Saxons had been to the believing Britons.

The Danes having found the comparative riches of the Anglo-Saxons, poured forth upon the coasts in such numbers that at length the latter could not withstand them. Emboldened by success, and perhaps tired of an unsettled and precarious life, they began to form ideas of not only plundering the wretched inhabitants, but entirely subjugating them, and gaining the country. England submitted to their cruel domination, but Alfred freed his country by emerging from his retirement, engaging and defeating them; yet the northern parts of England were settled by these hereditary enemies to the Anglican name; and at last, under Canute, the monarchy went from the line of Cerdic, the ancestor of the West Saxon kings, to the sovereign of Denmark, to whose sceptre also bent Sweden and Norway. The kingdom of England was benefited by Canute: it ended a contest of more than a century and an half. His making England the seat of his government, receiving baptism, and adopting the mildness of the Gospel, with the valour of the hero, he was beloved at home, and feared abroad. Under him England gained domestic quietness; as common Christians the Anglo Saxons and the

Danes better amalgamated. The sacred edifices had been destroyed, and the unoffending regular and secular clergy and nuns, indiscriminately and wantonly slaughtered; the Christian Danes made atonement for their former wickedness, by their pious liberality, Canute setting them an example. The cities and towns, and indeed the whole kingdom improved under his protecting care: Commerce, which had begun to greatly enrich the Anglo-Saxons under Alfred and his successors, was much extended under the royal Dane, from the prudent preference he gave to them. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, from sending forth what may be called navies of robbers, now equipped fleets of merchantmen to Britain; and the connexion of England with Italy and France, was renewed and extended. Under Harold I. England lost her advantages with the three northern kingdoms. At the death of the besotted Hardicanute, England recovered herself, the Anglo-Saxon monarchy being restored in the person of Edward the Confessor.

[To be concluded in another Number.]

THE POETS AND THE CRITIC.

LONGINUS, on the Sublime, says that HOMER shews the vast reach and capacity of his ideas, when he describes *Discord* in these words:

Οὐρανὸν ἐσφριξέ κ' αἶθρ' αὖ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.

Il. δ. v. 443.

copied closely by VIRGIL in his *Fæne*:

Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.

Æn. 4. v. 177.

i. e. She walks on the earth, and hides her head in the clouds.

Now I cannot help thinking that there is something very absurd in this personification. SIR JOSEPH RYMOND said

that he had seen figures of *MICHAEL ANGELO*, of which it was difficult to determine, whether they were in the *highest degree sublime*, or in the *greatest degree ridiculous*. Here seems to be a parallel case, and with all due deference to the mighty critic, who takes the former position, I take the latter. A figure with its feet on the ground, and its head in the clouds, appears to me to be playing at *blind man's buff*, and by no means powerfully to represent the idea of *Discord* and *Fame* spreading themselves, and filling the whole world. If the head be hidden to conceal their origin, it is still unsatisfactory, as it regards sublimity. Our *SHAKESPEARE*'s description of *Slender*, will bear the nearer investigation, both of poetry and common sense.

Slender,

Whose head is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*, whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
 All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters, *Cymbeline.*

Milton's *Satan* preparing for combat, is said by Addison, Spect. No. 321, to be as sublime as the *Discord* of Homer, or the *Fame* of Virgil—

Satan alarm'd,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plum'd.

There is in this something of the ridiculous, which belongs to a *Brobdignag out-Brobdignag'd*. It is said that we must be able to walk in the shoes of persons described, or we cannot well understand them—there's certainly no walking in these shoes! Had *Satan* been about to combat with a mortal foe, this would have been a very good *ruse*, and even then a *crest*, on which *horror sat plum'd* so very high as to reach the clouds, would have been seen too dimly to have had its full

effect. According to the poet's imagination, it was a very silly unavailing *swell*. Leaving the description of the devil with his head touching the sky (where he would least wish to trust it) look at another, which we can understand, and pronounce at once worthy of our admiration, the sublimity of the poet, and the majesty of the fiend.

*He, above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tow'r; his form not yet had lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd.*

"Like a tower," we feel and comprehend, but when he reaches the sky, we walk between his legs, and know nothing about the matter.

I must agree, however, that they are all considerably more *sublime*, (if you are not inclined to laugh) than Hesiod's *Melancholy*—*Ἦν δ' αἰ μὴ βίον μὲναι βίον*, in *Scut. Herc.* v. 207, whom the poet (to be delicate) accuses of *not using her pocket handkerchief*, not as it respects her eyes, but her nose, which, says the critic, is not a terrible image, but a *hateful* one—or as we might say, rather *naughty* than *sublime*.

I again differ from LONGINUS with regard to what he says of the *immortal coursers*. He exclaims, how Homer magnifies and exalts his deities—*rarely* I think, and here it is done by giving them some extraordinary *leapers*. The exclamation introduces this passage from the *Iliad*—

Οὐραν—E. v. 770.

For as a shepherd from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound.

Pope.

A long leap indeed; but not so long as the critic would make us believe, for he adds, *τὴν ὀσμὴν κ. τ. λ.* "The poet

U U—VOL. VII.*

measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world,³³ which is not true; and upon this assertion he grounds the following remark—"Who is there, that considering the superlative magnificence* of this thought, would not with good reason try out that if the steeds of the deity were to take a second leap, the world itself would want room for it?"

Now to come to the fact—HOMER does not make the leap measure the extent of *the world*, but the *hemisphere*, which bounds a man's vision of our globe, even if he were in a balloon, therefore the celestial coursers would just have room for a *second* leap—and the two might afford them very pretty exercise backwards and forwards!

In another place, where his authority has been disputed, I perfectly agree with him. "The Jewish legislator, no ordinary person, having," says he, "conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law, (*laws*)—*And God said—What?—Let there be light, and there was light. Let the earth be, and the earth was.*"†

The justice of this criticism is denied by two eminent French critics, M. LE CLERC, and M. HURT, Bishop of Avranches. They cannot perceive the *sublimity*, which Longinus discovers, and so candidly admits. Candidly I say, because a critic of an inferior mind might, at the period of composing what is called his *golden treatise*, have been so prejudiced against the writings of *Moses*, as to have been blind to his merits. SMITH, in his life of LONGINUS, says—"There is a strong probability that he was not only acquainted with the writings of the Old Testament, but with those also of the New, since to a MS. of the latter in the *Vatican*, there is prefixed a passage from some of this author's writings, which is preserved there, as an instance of his judgment. He is drawing up a list of the greatest orators, and at the close he says—*And further PAUL of Tarsus, the chief supporter of an opinion not yet*

* *Smith.* But this is not exactly the *image*, or hyperbole of Longinus.

† *ib.*

established." Then comes Felicitas, and attributes these words to *Christian forgery*, "but for what reason," says Smith, "I cannot conjecture." Surely it is not meant to be said that he was not one of the greatest orators. If it be eloquence to persuade, what is he in fetters, making *Felix* tremble, and *Agrippa*, by his own confession, almost a Christian, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether, such as I am—except these bonds." This is exquisitely dramatic.

Longinus censures Gorgias for this passage, *perissus, luxu, repleto*, in which he calls vultures, who devoured dead bodies, *living sepulchres*.—but I do not find that he or any of his friends censured Eunapius for calling the Critic, who devoured dead wits, a *living library*, and a *walking museum*. However I shall be very cautious how I give my sanction to these conceits, for Hermogenes, who also condemns Gorgias's *living sepulchres*, says, that "the authors of such quaint expressions, deserve themselves to be buried in such tombs." *

May 4.

Since writing the above, I have discovered that Julius Scaliger agrees with me respecting Homer's description of *Discord*, with her head in Heaven, "*ineptum, indignum, falsum, ridiculum, fatuum*." l. 5, c. 3. Poor BARNES is very peevish about this censure, and thinks he mends the matter by quoting the *Apocalypse*, cap. 12, v. 7. "And there was war in Heaven"—of course with feet on earth at the same time!

LEGAL FICTIONS.

*FANCIES too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine.*

Winter's Tale, act iii. sc. 5.

JUDGE BLACKSTONE tells us in his *Commentaries* that no *fiction* is suffered to work an injury, but is, on the contrary,

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only employed for the benefit of the injured. It is, however, a miserable auxiliary of legislation, and ought never to be admitted; yet how many fabulous or imaginary beings have we in our legal drama?

We have *John Doe* and *Nichard Roe* pledging themselves to prosecute persons, who owe them nothing—they are mere *fictions* by which the practice is made to satisfy the law. In the process of *ejectment*, we have the unknown *Simon Thrustout* expelling *Timothy Wouldstays* out of lands he never possessed; and being brought against a *cottager*, the whole of whose possessions do not perhaps contain sixteen square yards, he is charged with keeping possession of twenty messuages, twenty dwelling-houses, twenty woods, twenty gardens, twenty turbaries, &c. &c.

In an action to recover 40*l.* by *clausum fregit* in the Common Pleas, plaintiff must aver that defendant broke his close, and trod down two acres of clover, rye, and other grass; and, to finish the absurdity, all this is declared to have been done at WESTMINSTER, under the nonsensical term of *videlicet*.

In an action brought for CRIMINAL CONVERSATION, the declaration states that with sticks, staves, swords, and guns, defendant did make an assault upon plaintiff's wife, and did then and there carnally know her—whereas in these cases, the truth is, there is neither force nor trespass, but free consent on both sides.

The writ of *quo minus* from the EXCHEQUER, and the action of *Trover and Conversion*, are equally pregnant with absurdity and falsehood.

Another fiction is of the miraculous kind, and it may be presumed, was borrowed from the Monastic Legend, which tells us that the chapel of *Loretto* was removed in one night from *Palestine* to *Italy*, for if a man contract a debt in *Jamaica*, a legal fiction removes *Jamaica* into the parish of *Islington* in the county of *Middlesex*, or into the parish of *Saint Mary-le-Bow*, in the ward of *Cheap*, in the city of *London*, &c.

The action took its rise from the distinction between *local*

and *transitory* actions. The former are all those actions, that relate to lands, &c. which must be tried in the county where the lands lie—the cause of the latter is supposed capable of having arisen any where, but must in conformity to the old principle—“*That the action must be tried in the county where the cause arose,*”—be stated to have happened, where the plaintiff chooses to have it tried—this is done by the magic of a *decretum*—but if it be not in truth material *where* the cause of action arose, what is the use of stating, first, where it actually did happen, and then transferring it to *Chesham*? It would have a great deal of formal repetition, and much shorten the pleadings, to leave out all these nonsensical allegations, and the suitors would profit by the abridgement; but then the revenue would lose, the officers of the court would lose, the special pleaders would lose, and the attorneys would lose—and, surely, all these accumulated losses are more to be considered than the interest of the client!

To this may be added the lying jargon of *recoveries*. It is admitted that a *recovery* is a mere conveyance, by which an estate tail is converted into a *fee simple*, by a kind of magic, the only use of which is to encumber the transfer of estates with an enormous expense, to put money into the hands of the officers of the court of Common Pleas, to create business for the conveyancers, &c. &c. If *entails* be worth preserving, why should they be permitted to be destroyed by a mere accumulation of fictions? If they be not worth preserving, why should it cost so much to get rid of them!

Fines are liable to the same observations. The courts of law, it must be admitted, are not to be blamed for these legal fictions, but the negligence or selfish obstinacy of the legislature. “*That all lands are holden of the King.*”—“*That the term is but one day*”—were once literally true. The phrases “*benefit of clergy*” had once an appropriate meaning, “*incurring penances,*” “*the doctrine of common recoveries,*” and “*casual ejectors,*” although fictions now, were also once correct expressions, but by course of time and accident, they are greatly perverted from their original signification. The courts have been obliged to adopt them in order

to preserve an appearance of adhering to the old principles of law, and at the same time to adapt the administration of justice to the changing state of society. The legislature has, however, occasionally interposed to prevent the necessity of this ridiculous jargon. Justice seems indeed to surrender up her own natural character, when she distorts her proceedings by travelling circuitous paths to that, which may be better attained directly. It is wrong, said my LORD MANSFIELD, that the legislature should be silent, and force the courts, in order to attain the ends of justice, to invent subtleties, which do not come up to the common understanding of mankind*. BARRINGTON, speaking on the same subject, adds, that, in this enlightened age, when other questions are decided with such strength and force of reasoning, it is high time an end were put to such *unintelligible trumpery*.†

The greatest part of our legal *fictions* originate in the feudal system, which having been abolished, an immediate revision of our judicial code should have taken place, to lop off those maxims, arguments, and reasonings, which now only remain to obscure, and encumber its practice. This will happen when our great Lawyers feel with LORD BACON, and act accordingly. "I have," says he,‡ "from the beginning come to the study of the laws of this realm, with a mind and desire no less, if I could attain unto it, that the same laws should be the better by my industry, than that myself should be the better by the knowledge of them." * *

* Douglas Rep. 523. And Mr. EDEY, in his *Principles of the Penal Law*, observes that "it is repugnant to the duty and wisdom of law to seek any ends by the harsh and unseemly intervention of subterfuge and fiction. The candour of legislation should ever be inviolable." P. 179.

† FADIAN PHILLIPS, in his treatise on capias and outlawries, says, "the conveyance by lease and release was first contrived by Sir FRANCIS MORE, at the request of Lord NORRIS, that his relations might not know what settlement he had."

‡ Preface to his *Maxims of the Law*.

ON BOOK-MAKING.

THE great evil, that attends the present diffusion and fashion of literature, is book-making. Every man who puts his name to a book, is now-a-days not necessarily an author, and there are many booksellers who are as mere tradesmen as haberdashers—manufacturing the articles they sell, and selling the articles they manufacture. Nay, some daring spirits in “the trade” have gone so far as to place their names both in the author’s and the publisher’s department of the title-page; and the number of books that are daily sold in the shops “by the real maker,” without acknowledgment, is not to be told. Your true book-maker does not write, because he has really something to tell the world, but because *just at this time such a book will sell*. Your modern bookseller does not undertake a new edition of an old author, because the last was bad, and he can publish a better, but because there is a demand for that author in the market: and, since his works, in so many volumes, bound in russia, will fill the shelves of a “nobleman or gentleman’s” library, whether they are badly edited or well, the bookseller prefers to have them done in what he calls *the shop manner*, because that is the cheaper.* Every one who knows any thing of “the trade,” is convinced that this is the origin of half the books that are published in *New Bridge-Street*, and *Paternoster Row*. Nor are these bookmakers less dexterous as booksellers; they can *push off* a book with as much adroitness as they can put it together, and a revelation of their secret arts of puffing would furnish anew scene for the farce of the “*Critic*.” There are as fine examples of “*the puff collateral, or puff by implication*,” in a late work, published by SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS, called “*Joyce’s Arithmetis*,” as the best of those which MR. RICHARD SHERIDAN has only imagined. The following sly re-

* It was thus that Mr. Walter Scott lately undertook to edit the works of Beaumont and Fletcher for one hundred guineas a volume *well*, and fifty guineas *shop*, and that his booksellers decided in favour of *the shop*.

commendations of some of **SIR RICHARD'S** publications, insinuate themselves into the minds of the tutors and pupils of boarding-schools, under the innocent title of "*Miscellaneous Questions in Arithmetic.*"

"If 3000 copies of **MAVOR'S** *History of America*, each containing eleven sheets, require sixty-six reams of paper, how much paper will 5000 take, if the work be extended to twelve sheets and a half?"

"What number of words are there in **Dr. GREGORY'S** *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, which contains 240 sheets, 4to. and each page contains 1848 words?"

"How many reams of paper were used in printing that dictionary, 6000 copies having been taken off?"

"How many pens were used in writing that dictionary, supposing each pen to write 844 words?"

But the following "*arithmetical question*," from the same work, is the prize-puff.

"**Mr. Phillips**, the publisher of this arithmetic, caused to be printed for various books, between the years 1798 and 1808, as many sheets of paper as would, if joined together, extend round the world. Considering each sheet as two feet in length, how many reams of paper did he use in that time, and what was the value of such paper, taking it at twenty-eight shillings per ream?"

The vast ideas of the publisher's consequence, which cannot fail to rise in the mind, at the idea of **PURR**, like **PUCK**, "*putting a girdle round about the earth*," are confirmed by some passages in a catchpenny work, which has lately been published, not by **Sir Richard**, entitled, "*Letters from an Irish student in London, to his father in Dublin.*" In the index to this publication, our eye is caught by the words,

"**Phillips**, **Mr. Sheriff**, an enterprising bookseller, p. 20.

—————, the extent of his warehouses, p. 21."

Upon turning to the passages pointed out by these references, we read:

"Amongst the most enterprising booksellers of the day

I am informed that Mr. Sheriff Phillips takes the lead. An acquaintance of his, the other day, took me to see his underground warehouses, in which there is an immense pile of printed sheets, ready to be stitched, of works of which he is the sole proprietor. There are several passages entirely formed out of this literary mine, which is valued at a very large sum of money. I am informed that the sheriff has printed as many sheets as placed endways would go round the globe."

In the "Rev. David Blair's" English Grammar, we have the following examples of "sentences for correction:"

"Eliza Phillips' book.

Richard Phillip's book.

Emily Phillips, her book.

Alfred Phillips, his book."

"I went to *Tabart's*, the bookseller."

"Eliza, Richard, Emily, and Alfred, learns their books, but Laura, Georgiana or Horatio, are making a great noise."

But the master-piece of your modern bookseller's ingenuity is to make one book recommend another, just as one wheel turns another, and keeps the whole machine in motion. So, each of the characters in FIELDING'S "*Tom Thumb*" makes away with the other, and

"So, when the child, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack is scatter'd and o'erthrown."

This is sometimes done by the puff direct, as when one of Sir Richard Phillips's authors recommends the works of another, and sometimes by the puff by implication, as in the following "sentences for correction," from "the Rev. David Blair's" Grammar:

"Dr. MAJOR has published an Universal History, and Dr. Gregory has just finished an useful Cyclopaedia."

"As soon that the chiefest parts of this grammar is well fixed in the memory, and its principles clearly understood, the student might have placed in his hands, Dr. Irving's Ele.

ments of English Composition, to perfect their taste, Dr. Gregory's Letters on Literature, Taste, and Composition. They will then have nothing further to desire with respect of books on that subject, and moderate study and attention cannot fail to render him an elegant scholar."

"The Rev. David Blair's" First Catechism for Children leads to some of the rest of Sir Richard's school publications by this paragraph:

"Those parents and tutors, who are desirous to enlarge on many of the topics contained in this catechism, will be enabled to do so, by consulting the author's Reading Exercises, for the earliest classes (a supplement to Mavor's Spelling Book) or his Class Book, or 365 Lessons, books which he has reason to believe are now in the hands of all *intelligent* schoolmasters and governesses."

Now here is a powerful inducement for the conductors of schools to use "the Author's Reading Exercises," and "Mavor's Spelling Book." All "*intelligent* schoolmasters and governesses" do. Do you, therefore; and you will be "*intelligent*."

Sir Richard Phillips has lately announced a complete series of school-books, every one of which will of course lead to the other, as naturally as whist-players play into their partners' hands. But it is confidently hoped, that here he will overshoot his mark, and so completely expose and bring into contempt the art of book-making, that, as it has in him reached its acme, with him it will die.

†††.

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. XXX.

"The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."

ALTHOUGH I have gone steadily through the Xth and XIth books, I have in general observed so little order, and so little

is perhaps required in dealing with such a farrago as Athenæus exhibits, that I shall make no apology for proceeding, by a retrograde motion, with the *fourth*.

We are here treated with a sumptuous nuptial feast—*treated* in description. The fashion of using finger or water glasses after dinner was a custom “i’ th’ olden time.” See p. 128. D. when we had feasted sufficiently, says he, *ἐχεινψαμδα*, we *coashed our hands*. It was usual also, amongst the Romans, and there is no doubt that they had good need of the ceremony, before they began to eat—

Dant manibus famuli lymphas. Virg. *Æn.* 1.

It would seem from this circumstance, and particularly from their frequent use of the bath, that they were remarkably cleanly; but it must be recollected that the latter was not more necessary than the former, as they had no linen, and the *tunica* and *toga*, were made of wool. The tunic, the close dress only, without the gown, was worn by the common people—“*Tunicatus popellus.*” Hor.

After the greatest profusion, and in our phrase, some hard heads had pushed the bottle about merrily, musical performers, vocal and instrumental, are introduced. The description here of the appearance of the Rhodian woman, who played on the sambuca, fairly describes our fashionable belles playing on the tambourine—*ἐμοὶ μὲν δοκῶ γυμναί, πλὴν ἐλεγόν τινες ἔχουσιν χιῶνας*—A. 129. i. e. They seemed to me to be naked, but some said that they had tunics on, or as we should say, shifts.

At page 130. C. for *εὐτυχίαις* read *εὐτυχίαι*.

Amongst the numerous amusements of this costly feast was one, which is not rarely seen at our tables. I mean the introduction of *players* to mimic and entertain the company. Here, p. 130. D. Mandrogenes, ὁ γελωτοποιός, the *laughter-maker*, or buffoon, played all his tricks and made them laugh immoderately. The verses of Antiphanes, in F. require a different arrangement, for *ὀβολῶ* read *ὀβελός*. At page 131. D. after *σμυρνης*, for *καὶ* read *γὰρ*, and in E. *εἰαίαι* for *εἰααί*. At page 132. A. *τραπίζα* for *παρὰθῆκη*. In these verses of Lynceus the same sort of complaint is made by a stranger to the *Attic*

table, as a thorough-bred Englishman would make to the *French*—a number of little dishes, and none satisfactory. There is considerable humour in the description. A. last line, for *βέλτισι συγκαμῖν* read *βέλτισι συ*, and in B. after *ταῦτο* insert *κατ'αὐτὸν*, after *ποκιλήν, ἰσως*, and read *εὐπλησάμην* for *εὐπλήσα δε*. While he was eating one of these dishes, he complains that another was carried off—he had not five* mouths—his lips got a taste, but there was no such thing as a belly full. This line has a counter-part in Homer. II. X. 4. 95.

Χαίλα μιν τ' ἔδην, ὑπεργὴν δ' ἔκ ἔδην.

"He," (the infant Astyanax after the death of Hector,)
 "—— seeks, necessitous, his father's friends,
 One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest,
 Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips
 A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more."*

Dromeas, the parasite, being asked by some one, whether the suppers were better in Athens or in Chalcis, said the *Proœmium*, (*προοίμιον*), or introductory part in Chalcis was more delightful than the whole of the preparation at Athens—by the *proœmium*, he meant a vast plenty and variety of shell-

* "*Decem.*" Dalechamp.

† COWPER *Iliad*. xxii. at the end. The words in italics, in some measure, translate the line above quoted, but nothing of its force will be found in POPE. This part of the speech of Andromache, after she had seen the bulwark of Troy dragged ingloriously behind the chariot of Achilles, towards the Grecian fleet, is rejected by many of the ancients, as improbable, in respect to the treatment likely to be received by the son of Hector. A note adds a further reason for suspecting its authenticity, and the remarks are well worthy the deep attention of the poets, the *dramatic* especially. "There never lived a more perfect master of the pathetic than Homer, and when he would touch the passions, he does it in the only effectual way, that is, *without seeming to intend it*. But in all this passage, there is an evident strain, an effort, a labour to get at them. A style of writing, that always disappoints itself, and is peculiar to poets, who feeling nothing themselves, have yet an ambition to work on the sensibility of others."

Others, who vindicate this passage, say that "*women* use many words on all occasions, but especially when they are afflicted, and would excite compassion." On this, Cowper with all his amiable humanity, observed, "The remark, however, has much ill-nature in it, and is not more applicable to one sex than the other."

fish, served before the repast, p. 132. C. just as in Paris they have a course of oysters before they begin what they call dinner. In D: the marginal note is bad. The order of the third and fourth lines is *τι δὲ τῆς—τιχῆς ἐστὶ τὸτο. κ. τ. λ.*

May 5.

BON MOTS AND ANECDOTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE MIRROR.

BY C. HERBERT.

Danda est remissio animis; nec in eadem intentione æqualiter retinenda mens, sed *ad jocos* revocanda. SENICA DE TRANQ.

AUGUSTIN Nicolas, dying just as a pole-tax was about to be levied, the wits, who knew his avaricious disposition, said he died to avoid it; and made an epigram on him to that effect—adding that when Charon asked him for his fare, he exclaimed—

O cruel fate! in vain I fled;
We pay a pole-tax, when we're dead!

M. Menage used to say—I don't labour constantly at the same work. When I leave one, I take to another; and I find that the advice of the Greek verse is true:

“Ποῦν μεταβολὴ εἶδος εἰ ἀναπαυστος”—*i. e.*

The change of work is a species of repose.

~~63~~ An annotator without correcting the Greek says, “*Il est de M. Menage.*” How that may be, I am not at this moment prepared to say, but the idea is trite—*μεταβολὴ πάντων γλυκύ*—Eurip. *Orest*; and Cassiodorus, l. 2. ep. 3. has this remark:

“Ipse quoque annus temporum pater, quadrifaria se diversitate componit: nec desiderium caperet, si novitatis gratiam non haberet.” And all this learning is comprised in the homely saying “*variety is charming.*”

M. le Marechal de Belfont had a chin an ell long; M. de la G. had none at all. Hunting one day, they alone saw the stag, and immediately pursued it. The king enquired—Where they were going in such haste? M. de Clerambaut said: "*Please your majesty, the Marshal de Belfont is running away with Mr. G.'s chin, and Mr. G. is running after him to get it back again!*"

M. de Harlai, Archbishop of Rouen, preaching in one of the parish churches there, divided his sermon into twenty-two parts. One of the congregation, a labourer, no sooner heard this, than he rushed out of the church. Being asked whither he was hurrying? he replied—" *I am going to fetch my night cap, for I see very plainly that we shall sleep here to-night.*"

Henry IV. coming suddenly into Madame Gabrielle's chamber, the Duke de Bellegarde, who was enamoured of her, hid himself under the bed. A collation was served, when the king, who had observed the duke's hiding-place, threw him a box of sweetmeats, saying—" *We must all live!*"

M. Cospean dedicated a Latin book to M. le Cardinal Richelieu. The cardinal, as a minister, not having time to write long letters, merely wrote him these three words—*Accepi, legi, probavi*—your work has been received, read, and approved. Menage says, "Nothing can be more lively—these three words are in my opinion worth more than a long panegyric." Julien's εἶπον, ἀνέγνω, κατέγνω, is much happier. The method is very commodious, and about as difficult as new—" *Veni, vidi, vici.*" Lipsius, speaking of the notes of Joseph Scaliger on Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, had said: "*Vidi, legi, probavi.*"

M. de la Riviere went to Rome to endeavour to be made a cardinal, but came back without success. Returning with a violent cold, M. de Bautru said: "That's because he came back without a hat!"

M. le Comte de Soissons had a red beard. Being at his country seat, whither Henry IV. had come to enjoy the chase, he, in the presence of the king, asked his gardener, whom he knew to be an eunuch, why he had no beard. The gardener replied, that the Almighty having the distribution of beards, he had come into the world when there were none but red ones left, and that he preferred having none, to one of that colour!

A peasant, whose father was dying, went early in the morning to the curate, and stayed three hours at the door, calling in a very low voice. When the curate found him there, and learned his business, he said, "*Why did not you call louder?*" "*I was afraid of waking you,*" he replied. "Your father, you say, was dying when you came away," added the curate: "he is dead by this time, and there's no need of my going." "O no, sir," cried the peasant, "Pierrot, my neighbour, promised to amuse him till I came back!"

M. d'Elbéne was enthusiastically fond of epic poetry. He called one day on Menage, and in a very pressing manner, intreated that he would do him a favour—the favour was to write *an epic poem!*

M. Cam—, who had a wooden leg, was in the habit of intriguing with a young lady, who was no more faithful than chaste. The lady becoming pregnant, M. Cam— had a dispute with another person, who was also a favourite, respecting the honour which was likely to fall to one of them. M. Cam— said, "Let it be thus—if the child comes into the world with a wooden leg, it shall be mine; if otherwise, it shall be yours."

¶ This jest and that about the *night cap*, are in *Joe Millar*, but M. Menage relates them as facts. See this No. p. 358.

[To be continued.]

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

LETTER XXVIII.

TIMOTHY TRANSFER, Esquire, alderman of the ward of —, has sat for his picture! the scythe of death may now cut him down in the bloom of his civic honours, whensoever the general mower may think him ripe for the operation. Posterity will still enjoy the mournful pleasure of gazing at the semblance of departed dignity. I called upon the “worthy alderman” not a fortnight ago, and caught him in the fact. Cased in his best blue coat, ornamented with gilt basket buttons, and a blue velvet collar, a scarlet waistcoat, and black velvet breeches, with his long-tailed wig, ornamented with a double quantity of powder, this retailer of Indigo sat perched up in an arm chair, with his eyes most religiously fixed upon a canary bird that hung suspended in a cage from the ceiling. Scarcely venturing to breathe, lest he should puff away the infant resemblance, his face had assumed a purple of more than ordinary depth, and his broad double chin rested upon a ponderous cravat, the ends of which were fastened in a bow of mathematical precision, that might have delighted Demoivre himself. In his right hand he held a letter addressed to “*Timothy Transfer, Esq. London,*” a device more ingenious than novel, serving at once to shew the identity in case the painter failed, and to demonstrate that the general postman required no other direction. Transfer looked a little vexed at the blunder of his book-keeper in allowing him to be surprized in a situation so unlike a man of business, and proceeded to justify himself after the following fashion:—“Mr. Endymion, I dare say you think this a piece of idle foppery.” I assured him that I entertained no such opinion, nay that I hoped to see the picture engraved, like those of other great men of the present day, and cited the cases of the late Mr. Pitt, and the present Mr. Waithman. “Very true, very true,” answered Transfer with a good humoured nod, “I see you understand

trap, and to tell you the truth (lowering his voice as though he would not be overheard telling the truth for the world) to tell you the truth, I was no sooner elected alderman of the ward, than I determined to sit for my picture, not for the sake of the scarlet gown and gold chain—no, hang it, its vulgar to be drawn in thingamobobs of that kind, but for the sake of—of’—“Of posterity,” cried I. “Right,” rejoined the alderman, “you have hit the nail on the head. And, now Mr. Varnish, let’s see how you get on.” Mr. Varnish assured him that in half an hour the job would be jobbed, and my friend re-occupied his post for the allotted time with the patience of a self-tormented Brahmin. The picture being finished, we both pronounced it a wonderful likeness, and the whole counting household was called in clerk by clerk, to gaze at the canvas, and corroborate our testimony. We learn, on the authority of the most humorous of modern English dramatists, that “the human mind is naturally progressive.” My hint of the engraver naturally engendered in Transfer’s mind the idea of a public exhibition, and that idea as naturally begot a notion of the exhibition at Somerset House. “How,” cried he, with an enquiring eye, “how is a body to secure his picture a good place, so that it may stand a chance of being seen?” “By interest with the hanging committee,” answered the artist. The hint was sufficient, Transfer took down the names and address of three of them in his pocket-book, and invited them to dinner: he was profuse of port, and they of promises, and the affair was adjusted to mutual satisfaction. The auspicious first of May at length arrived, that day of London jubilee, when many-coloured ribbons decorate the hat of the stage-coachman, gilt paper the head of the brusher of chimneys, and laurels the brow of the brusher of canvas. The doors of the exhibition were thrown open, and the rooms were soon filled with the promiscuous mob, which London never fails to pour from her populous loins at that genial season. Transfer and I had the patience to wait till three o’clock, when rank and fashion might be supposed present, and of course when we ought not to be absent. We ascended a length of winding staircase,

which made the lungs of my plethoric companion, puff and blow like the bellows of Mulciber, and entered the door of the great room, pleasing ourselves with the anticipation of graphic notoriety. But, alas! frail as the fabric of Arachne, is the happiness that depends upon a hanging committee. Our anxious eyes wandered impatiently over ladies of quality, painters, volunteers, and views in China, and at length discovered the mimic Transfer in an obscure angle, with his poor powdered pate in contact with the ceiling, like a stray cherub watching the apotheosis of Louis the Fourteenth. Expectation had been long on the tiptoe, and we were obliged to assume the same attitude, or poor Timothy would have been completely invisible. Nay, as if the Muse of painting had resigned her pallet to the demon of Discord, the most conspicuous spot on the wall was occupied by a family picture of his old rival in trade, Sir David Drudge, consisting of Sir David and his lady in their respective arm chairs, supported by seven little Drudges, in a grave and dutiful semi-circle. This was too much for human fortitude. Transfer damned all hanging committees, and wished Somerset House at the devil; which wish, as it comprehended the navy and stamp offices I ventured to object to, as being rather of too sweeping a cast. This was adding fuel to fire; the alderman sent me to the regions below, by an especial conveyance, and throwing his catalogue upon the floor in a rage, dived down the well staircase as eagerly as though he expected to find Truth at the bottom, in lieu of the gigantic Alcides. A stray catalogue is in strict law the property of the lord of the manor. I ventured, however, to appropriate Transfer's, and calmly proceeded to examine the works of the British artists.

And now for a dissertation on painting! you exclaim. Now for a critique on the merits and demerits of British artists! We shall now find whether Mr. Shee has reason for his rhymes: whether painters in modern England are caressed like those of ancient Italy, or whether, like the rival of Minerva, they are destined to spin ornaments for walls, while they themselves reside in obscure corners. No, sir, you are mistaken with re-

spect to the operations of the brush, I am free to confess that I know nothing of the matter. But my ignorance of the merits of the old masters is most especially profound. I have viewed a large saint in a little boat, painted by the divine Raphael, and have thought of Lord Duberley's bear in a bathing tub. I have seen our lady of Nazareth painted with more jewels in her ears than the Lady Mayoress, and have pronounced the ornaments inappropriate to her rank and disposition. These ideas I once ventured to express to the infinite annoyance of the dilletanti world. Not a shoulder of one of them that was not shrugged up in disdain till it shrouded the critical ear I had offended. I have been called more Goths than are to be met with in Gibbon's Roman Empire. These punctures in the flesh of my vanity have at length inoculated me with a little of the taste now in vogue. The laurels of criticism are as grateful to the brow as the olives of Spain to the palate. But in either case an apprenticeship to the mystery of taste is indispensable. Place a Titian before a young eye, or an olive in an infantine mouth, and 'tis ten to one a nausea ensues. I have learned the true art of traversing an exhibition-room. Modern works I call terribly bad, or at best pretty well. But when I alight upon a dingy daub of antiquity, with an old worm-eaten frame, (for that guides me as much as the picture itself,) where water, earth, and air, seem to maintain an elemental conflict, with lamp black, brick dust, and brown sugar, in which the three last come off with flying colours, I instantly start back and clasp my hands in mute wonder, as a man may be supposed to do when his wife tumbles from Dover cliff. I then take from my coat pocket a red morocco pocket-book, and uncovering my critical nob, I place my [hat upon my left knee, and scribble something (no matter what) upon a piece of asses' skin. The scheme succeeds to a miracle, and Mr. Vamp, the dilletanti broker, has dubbed me a "devilish good judge."

 REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"Beaucoup de personnes lisent, mais il y en a fort peu qui sachent lire. Si l'on est prévenu en ouvrant le livre, tout ce qu'il contient est inutile; on fait penser l'auteur soi-même, on on ne le lit que pour se moquer de lui."

The Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele, including his familiar Letters to his Wife and Daughters; to which are prefixed Fragments of three Plays, two of them undoubtedly Steele's, the third supposed to be Addison's. Faithfully printed from the originals, and illustrated with literary and historical Anecdotes by John Nichols, F.S.A. E. and P. 2 vol. 8vo. pp. xxiv. 696. Lond. Nichols and Son. 1809.

THESE volumes are calculated to do all the mischief to good letters which book-making effects, without giving that encouragement to the fine arts, which the splendid decorations of modern books undoubtedly bestow. The "epistolary correspondence" which they publish, or rather republish, (for almost the whole of this part of the present manufacture was in the market as long ago as 1787,) is just of that private and confidential nature, that it was a sin to publish it at all; and if Sir Richard Steele had been aware of the want of faith, of which his "legal personal representatives" have been guilty in publishing it, he would have burnt it before he died: and the "fragments of three plays" are such as will not add to the dramatic reputation of Steele, and should have made it "very stuff of the conscience" in their possessors "to do it no contrived murder." The volumes are brought to their proper saleable size, by the insertion of all the "epistles dedicatory" to Steele's various productions, and all the epistles dedicated to him in the works of other authors, as in and by the said several publications themselves, reference being thereunto had, will as fully and at large appear. And, lastly, the book-maker has not thought proper to go to the expence of engraving a new portrait of Steele, but has hashed up an old worn-out medallion, by Basire, which we dare say has

answered as many purposes as the "disjecta membra" of a fowl, which are served up to us at a mail-coach supper.

The present *book* commences with the preface to the edition of 1787, to which it adds a "postscript, 1809;" The following extracts from which will sufficiently explain the history of its *manufacture*:

"For the three dramatic fragments, and for such part of the letters of Sir Richard Steele as are now first published, I am indebted to the liberal communication of Mrs. Scurlock, by whom they have been presented to me, in full conformity with the intention of her late husband, who, in conjunction with the present editor, proposed to have published them, together with many other letters in his possession from characters of the first eminence in life, which respect however for these characters withheld him from committing to the press."

"One letter from Mr. Scurlock, from a considerable number which passed between us on this subject, will be a sufficient proof of the propriety of his ideas on this subject.

"Lovehill Farm, Langley, Dec. 24, 1787.

"Sir, I have not given up the intention of publishing another volume; but the different pursuits I have been engaged in have prevented my giving time to a work that requires critical attention. I have no doubt but, with your assistance, we shall be able to extract such materials from the manuscripts in my possession as may be entertaining to the publick. I have observed that there are no productions read with greater avidity, nor more eagerly enquired for, than those that are replete with interesting events, and private historical anecdotes of families who now figure in the world. Of these I have a copious fund, yet I would rather be less entertaining than disturb the repose of private families, or wound the bosom of domestic tranquillity. * * * * *

"Steele and Addison wrote the *Spectators*, &c. &c. chiefly in the room where I now write: they rented the house of my father,

"* The following paragraph was actually published in 1787, at the end of my advertisement of the first edition. 'It may be proper to announce that, since these volumes have appeared before the publick, the editor has been favoured with many valuable original letters and other genuine productions of Sir Richard Steele, which have in the most manner been communicated to him by the Rev. David Scurlock, M.A. of Lovehill-Place, Langley, Bucks, who became possessed of them, (together with many other curious correspondences of several eminent persons,) as administrator to the effects of Lady Trevor, Sir Richard Steele's last surviving daughter. These valuable and authentic documents the present editor has undertaken to publish, as soon as they can be properly digested, with the full concurrence, and under the immediate inspection of Mr. Scurlock."

for occasional retirement, and kept a house-keeper between them. It happened that this house-keeper proved to be in a situation that could not escape the prying eye of slanderous observation, when Steele asked Addison what they should do in such a dreadful predicament? Why, says Addison, since it is now past remedy, there is nothing to be done but this; if it proves to be a black child, you shall take it; if a fair one, the care of it shall fall to my lot.

" 'Though I have lately built a new house here, I have religiously reserved this old part, which is attached to it, and have made it my *sanctum sanctorum*. * * * * *

" 'Your's, &c. DAVID SCURLOCK.'

" From a variety of causes, * * * * *, that gentleman was prevented from making the selection he proposed, till at length, death deprived his family and the world of a valuable character, May 9, 1793.

" After that period, a variety of totally different avocations demanding the attention of their present editor, the publication lay wholly dormant, till Mrs. Scurlock, in assorting some papers of her late husband, found amongst them some letters of Sir Richard Steele, and the unfinished plays, which, by her permission, are now presented to the publick." Pp. xv—xviii.

These letters of Mr. Scurlock's communication are not distinguished from the mass which appeared in 1787; but we are told that there were then published 384 letters, and we find in the present volumes 520 *articles*, consisting of letters, both from and to Sir Richard, public and private, printed at the time they were writtten, and never intended to be printed at all, dedications, prefaces, essays, poems, notes, scraps, memorandums, prayers, play-house accounts,

" Puffs, patches, bibles, billetdoux,"

all brought into hotch-pot, and swelling the general book. We cannot discover, in Mr. Scurlock's consent and contribution to the present publication, that he has included his own family in that anxiety he talks of not to "disturb the repose of private families, or wound the bosom of domestic tranquillity," or that, as a kinsman of Steele, he has shewn that respect for the lucubrator's memory, which the letter we have quoted should prove him to have possessed. There might be very good reasons why Mr. Scurlock took liberties with no "private families," but his own. Were we descendants of

Sir Richard Steele, we should grieve very much to see all the little distresses and quarrels of man and wife, which are recorded in the many "*most secret*" notes that passed between Sir Richard and Lady Steele, set in the full view of the eye of public scandal. And the majority of the letters in the present volumes are of the merest gossip interest. We give at least half of them in point of subject, and a fair average idea of the length of that half, when we transcribe the following :

"To Mrs. Steele.

Sept. 29, [1710.]

"Dear Prue,

"Go to dinner. I have sent Cave to Martyn, and I wait till he or his brother brings me the money. Your's ever,

"RICHARD STEELE.

"Upon second thoughts I will go and dine at the gentleman usher's table."

Surely, surely, it is a crime, a sin against delicacy, to publish such matters of confidence as these ; and he, who could trumpet to the world certain passages in two of Sir Richard's letters to his wife, which occur in pp. 482 and 485 of the present work, would not have hesitated to undraw the curtains of the marriage bed. Steele, so far from consenting to any publication of his letters, tells his wife in one of them :

"I beg of you to show my letters to no one living ; but let us be contented with one another's thoughts upon our words and actions, without the intervention of other people, who cannot judge of so delicate a circumstance as the commerce between man and wife." P. 117.

Could an editor have the heart to publish a collection of letters, in one of which the above passage was found, and the boldness to print the very passage in the face of which his whole work flies ? Lady Steele should have burnt her husband's letters : there are none of her's to Sir Richard to be found. From this time forth, let eminent men either write no private letters, or insist upon their being returned to them for destruction. Really a literary man's friends now-a-days are his greatest enemies ; and no man can be sure that, every time he is writing a private letter to a friend or a relation, he is not writing for the press ; that while he is confining himself to "*Dear Sir*," he is in reality addressing every man in En-

gland, who happens to survive and shall chuse to read him.

It would be unjust to say that the letters from Sir Richard Steele to his wife, with which these volumes overwhelm us, do not shew the footing upon which the couple stood to each other better than any thing else could have done it. All that we contend is, that they tell us more than the world are entitled to ask, and biographers have a right to disclose. Besides, "four" of these letters "aptly chosen" would have been "as valid as four dozen." Although we should have protested against their publication, had our opinion of the measure been asked, yet now that they are before the world, we have a right to make use of them in forming our estimate of the characters of Steele and his wife. And, in addition to what Dr. Drake has said in his "Biographical Sketch of Steele," which "brings together all the learning on the subject," it may be observed, on the strength of the present volumes, that wherever Lady Steele had an opportunity of doing so, she absolutely controuled her husband, although he did not wish to think so, and that that controul, inasmuch as it often tended to damp the generous profusion of Steele, was of the greatest service to him, although the wealth of Mexico would not have kept him free from debt. Dr. Drake mentions as "a fault" in Lady Steele, "a too great *partiality* for money." From an attentive perusal of these letters, we are inclined to think that, if she loved money much, she loved her husband more. She was, it appears upon the face of her husband's letters, very irregularly supplied with the means of supporting her establishments, and she did right in working upon his doating attachment to her, in order to make him more just to himself, and not so generous to others. Not possessing any of Lady Steele's letters, we hear but one side of the question; and in estimating what Sir Richard Steele calls avarice, we ought to remember the boundless profusion, which he would scarcely call generosity. No; we should hesitate to call that woman avaricious, of whom the following instance of nobleness of mind is related.

"Sir Richard, soon after his marriage with Miss Scurlock, de-

sired, if she was not engaged, she would accompany him on a visit he intended making in the afternoon. The carriage was ordered, and, without acquainting his wife to whom his visit was designed, they drove to a boarding-school in the environs of London, where they alighted, and presently a young lady appeared, to whom Steele shewed the greatest fondness, insomuch that his wife asked him, if the child was his? On his acknowledging that she was, 'then,' said the lady, 'I beg she may be mine too.'" P. 673.

The Dramatic Fragments, which these volumes "now first publish," ought, in justice to Steele's fame as a dramatist, no more to have seen the light than his private letters. The first, which gives the world the crude preparation of a comedy, upon which he was known to have been employed, entitled the *School of Action*, we have no need to be told by Mr. Nichols is an "unfinished" performance. Only three acts and a quarter are printed, and in the second act there is a *hiatus*, where, we are told, "four leaves of the MS. are missing." As much of the plot of this comedy as is developed is very absurd: the interest depends upon "an old wealthy country attorney," and his wife, mistaking the stage and stage-apartments of a theatre for the different rooms of an inn, an improbability which destroys the effect of every scene. There are also various other improbabilities in the course of the action, which would have sunk the play to the level of a farce; but in some of the writing the easy humour of Steele is very apparent. As the *piece* is, however, the author would no more have consented to its publication than a sculptor would agree to the exhibition of a statue, which he had just passed his chisel once round; and this consideration should have deterred Mr. Scurlock and Mr. Nichols from the step they have taken. The next is entitled "Fragment (*probably*) of a play intended to be called the 'Gentleman.'" It is noticed by all Steele's biographers that he had an idea of constructing a play with that title, employing upon it, as far as he could use them, the old materials of Terence's *Eunuch*, just as his *Conscious Lovers* is built upon the Roman poet's *Andria*; but the single scene, which is all Mr. Nichols has printed of the "*Gentleman*," is more like an imitation of the farce of *High Life below Stairs* than any thing of Terence's.

If the unknown author of that farce had access to Steele's Fragment, he, however, must have been the plagiarist. The last is the "Fragment of a Tragedy, probably written by Addison," on which is the following note, signed "J:"—

"The best passages in this Fragment are more in the style of Addison than any other that I recollect; and its being left in Steele's possession would favour a conjecture that it was written by the modest author of the *Drummer*, the copy of which was sold and sent to the press by Sir Richard. The hand-writing also resembles Addison's.

"Though here is only act, it is a good foundation for a fine tragedy. J."

We doubt that this is Addison's. Steele was a man who was likely to be open to the applications of any author for judgment on his piece; and as to "the hand-writing resembling Addison's," there must be enough of Addison's hand-writing extant to prove whether, in point of fact, it is his or not. The circumstance of *resemblance* would prove it not to be his: *simile non est idem*. Till the plot of the play is further disclosed, it is difficult to say that this "one act" is "a good foundation for a fine tragedy." We agree with the annotator, that a few passages of this act resemble the style of Cato; but Cato was popular enough to have many imitators.

Upon the whole, we are extremely dissatisfied with both the principles upon which Mr. Nichols's present book is manufactured, and the manufacture itself; and we cannot immediately call to mind any work, that we should so little care to see again.

Shee's Elements of Art. Concluded from P. 127.

HAVING made so many extracts in the first part of this review, we shall be brief with the remaining cantos.

The third canto contains much good advice to the student—the danger of dissipating his powers in a variety of pursuits, &c.

"He *may* fail if he follows the impulse of inclination, but he *must* fail if he counteracts it. Whatever may be his provision for the journey, he will always travel farthest in the road which he likes best. But when he has chosen his course, he should persevere in it; to fluctuate is fatal. Fickleness is the worst disease of mind with which a painter can be afflicted: it denotes a weakness of intellectual stamina—a want of that patient vigour, which steadily pursues its object, undiverted by allurements or impediments. He who is always changing his route can never make much progress: he becomes fatigued without getting forward, and has often the mortification to find himself surpassed by inferior powers, more judiciously and steadily directed." P. 154, 155.

His notes on Raphael, Rubens, and others of the old school, display a mind warmed by enthusiasm, and yet swayed by reason—firm from reflection, yet open to conviction.

The concluding lines of this canto convey a satire that is too well deserved:

"Collections are seraglios of Virtù;
Where Painting's beauties shine, shut up with care,
While connoisseurs, like eunuchs, guard them there!"

P. 220.

The fourth canto recommends the student to visit the schools of Italy—Italy removed to Paris. In the fifth he is, amongst other things, cautioned to beware of those who lose their time and talent in pursuit of nostrums and secrets, and instructed to hope for eminence in art, only through the operation of regular study, industry, and good sense.

"Chief, then of *manner*, as a pest beware."

On this verse he speaks well, as it respects *mannerists* in painting, but we think he would have done better to have said nothing on the subject, as it regards writers, Cicero, and the rest. See p. 270.

The sixth and last canto has the author's closing address to the young votaries of taste; recommending the dedication of their powers to the higher pursuits of art, counselling him to beware of aiming at premature reputation, and stating the advantages resulting from the candid opinions of friends, and even the severity of foes. After advising the student to attend to his foes, and to

"Observe the lights that candid friends reveal ;"

he says, in the next page :

"The critic is the night-mare of Genius, that haunts his imagination, disturbs his dreams, and sits heavy on his hopes. The critic is a despot that regards originality as an insurrection against established law, and suppresses even the desire of glory in the apprehension of disgrace." P. 333.

Contradictions, however, are not rare in Mr. Shee's lucubrations. See p. 81 and 93, and here we quote him again,

———"what is wrong remove,
You take a proud revenge—when you improve."

What follows is very true :

"In literature, the public taste is commonly directed by persons, who have some pretensions to be heard upon the subject:

"But in the arts, every man is a critic except the artist; and any man may come forward to direct the public judgment, except him who is the best qualified for that office." P. 334, 335.

"In this general desertion from the service, the interests of art are left to the officious interference of those who disregard as much as they degrade them. Every scribbler, who can get possession of the critical corner in a newspaper or a magazine, draws his redoubtable pen upon the painters; lays down the law with ludicrous absurdity, and delivers his decisions with ridiculous arrogance. Merit neglects and is libelled by him: the quack courts him and is eulogized. All the reptiles of taste crawl around those self-appointed dispensers of reputation, to catch an occasional crum of panegyric, and share in the puff of the day.

"The public read their effusions without respect, but also without knowledge: they are therefore impressed by their confidence, because they do not perceive their presumption." P. 338.

So they are "condemned in art to drudge," not "without a rival, *but* without a judge."

This anecdote of Sir J. Reynolds certainly surprises us,

"What will be thought of the protection and encouragement afforded to genius in this great and wealthy empire, when it is stated that the unremitting exertions of this distinguished artist, in the higher department of painting, during the period of forty-eight

years, (almost half a century), have not, exclusive of his majesty's patronage, produced to him the sum of six thousand pounds!!!" P. 340.

"But," he says in another place, "there is something in the chase, which compensates for the precariousness of the prize; and if an attachment to the Muses diminishes our chance of wealth, it also lessens our desire for it. Taste is, perhaps, the best corrective of avarice; and that probably, is one reason why, in commercial states, it is so little esteemed.

"The Muse and Mammon cannot be worshipped at the same altar. A love for the arts excludes all grosser passions from the soul. Taste is the angel that drives the money changers out of the temple of Mind, and leaves it to the possession of every human virtue." P. 347.

This is in the prettiness of his talk like what is said of "the virginity of genius," at page 351. Wretched style.

The reason why the quarrels of poets and painters acquire more notoriety than those of any other profession, is not badly explained.

"Lawyers, divines, and physicians, may indulge themselves for years, in all the virulent varieties of legal, clerical, and medical animosity, and the public suffer them to fight it out, without any disposition to attend, or attempt to interfere; but the sparrings of the Muses are interesting to all the amateurs of intellectual pugilism: the arena of taste is always crowded with curiosity, for whatever may be the cause of the quarrel, the combat is sure to be productive of sport." P. 353.

At page 354 he attempts to darken the character of the junior Brutus,

"Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate."

Aken-side.

and we are much inclined to think with him, that he who will stab his friend for the public advantage, will not hesitate to stab his foe for his own. We are not sure that Mr. Shee knows any thing of the matter, but GIBBON wrote an essay on this side of the question, which is now in MS. in the possession of Lord Sheffield. Bembo's inscription on an *unfinished* bust of Brutus, by Michael Angelo, is happy:

*"Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore ducit,
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit."*

Speaking of encouragement, he says, that if the commercial man is rarely a man of taste, he is, almost always a man of liberality, but that the *political man of business* has neither. "It is the want of rewards," says HELVETIUS, "which occasions the want of talents of every description." Its operation on the fine arts in this country is heavily felt. Where there is no *gratitude*, there is no worthy principle left.

"Bartolozzi, at the advanced age of eighty-two, one of the most distinguished characters that ever adorned the annals of art in any country, could not (it is said), even through the intercession of his friends, obtain from our patriotic parsimony, a small pension, which the government of Portugal (a nation that never derived any advantage from his talents) out of respect to his genius, had the liberality to bestow upon him." P. 384.

We fear that this nation are daily and hourly losing still nobler feelings than those here deplored, and that this fine passage in Plato is too true a description of them.

Those wretches who never have experienced the sweets of *wisdom* and *virtue*, but spend all their time in revel and debauches, sink downwards, day after day, and make their whole life *one continued series of errors*. They never have the courage to lift the eye upwards towards *truth*, they never felt any, the least inclination to it. They taste no *real* or *substantial* pleasure, but resembling so many brutes, with eyes always fixed on the earth, and intent upon their *laden tables*, they pamper themselves up in luxury and excess. So that, hurried on by their voracious and insatiable appetites, they are continually running and kicking at one another with hoofs and horns of steel, and are embued in *perpetual slaughter*.*

He now comes to this address, of which we shall give a few verses :

"And you! for whom the trembling Muse essays
Her feeble voice, and dares didactic lays;
Ye sons of Taste! ye, touch'd by Nature's charms!
Who rush from pride and wealth, to Painting's arms;"

* L. 9, *de Repub.* p. 586. Edit. Stephan.

Whose fancy, high ascendant o'er your fears,
 With Hope's gay tints, gilds toil-devoted years :
 Sees Genius crown'd by Fame, in Honour's eye,
 Like Rubens live, and like Da Vinci die !
 Direct your ardour and devote your art,
 To point some pleasing moral to the heart ;
 To sway the soul as Virtue's cause requires,
 And rouse in torpid breasts Religion's fires :
 But not for all that India's stores display,
 To flatter vice, the Muse's power betray ;
 Nor passion's pander, lend the pencil's aid,
 To fire the mine by lawless pleasure laid." P. 380—4.

His philippic against obscene paintings, against turning "the batteries of genius against the bulwarks of virtue," does him honour. He concludes with this fit admonition.

"With generous ardour let your genius glow,
 To leave some trophy of your fame below ;
 In patriot toils, your country's raptures raise,
 Promote her glory, and extort her praise ;
 Deserve her love, and if she slight your claim,
 Be your's the consolation—her's the shame !" P. 399, 400.

We have already spoken of the style of the prose, which is so immodestly† figurative, and condemned it, as in general very vicious—it is, to pay him in coin like his own, a field crowded with poppies, pretty to idle gazers, but to us who are *farmers*, worthless in themselves and destructive to the crop. Such a granary of good seed as he had to sow, deserved more care at the proper season. What is, however, a vice here, is none in poetry, and in his verse, didactic as well as more imaginative, he has greatly distinguished himself in his day. And now we take our leave of this ingenious man, recommending the cultivation of a purer style, and, as he seems to love the parade of classical quotations, to take care always to be correct in them, otherwise some people will incline to suspect that he quotes more authors and passages than he understands. Mr. Shee says, and will, we hope, continue to think, that

* To be *modestly* so, is to imitate Longinus, and proceed with a *ἡσυχία*. Sect. x. or, "If I may speak by figure"—and not express every thing like a *wild Indian*, and without apology.

"Praise may be flattery, ignorance, or fear,
But Censure's voice is commonly sincere ;
 And they who best a sharp reproof endure,
 Will, in the caustic, often find a cure." Canto vi.

DRAMATIC.

Dramatic Romances ; containing the Poison Tree, and the Torrid Zone. 8vo. pp. 127. Murray. 1809.

THE author of these *Dramatic Romances* has met with a fate in some degree similar to that which was, during his life time, experienced by the neglected and much injured Tobin. He fell into the clutches of Mr. Sheridan, who said he was "*much struck*" with the *Torrid Zone*—a *coup de soleil* probably, for he vapoured a great deal about hints that he would throw out, and from that moment lost all recollection of it. This happened at the *Lyceum* ! The *preface* adds the following circumstances :

"By the kindness of a performer high in the public estimation, the second of these pieces, "*The Torrid Zone*," was recommended to the ostensible managers of Drury-Lane theatre, in 1805, who accepted it with most extravagant expressions of commendation, and arranged the characters, as the author conceived, for immediate performance.

"Encouraged by these gentlemen in his dramatic pursuits, neither their continued neglect, nor the subsequent rejection of a comedy undertaken at their suggestion, could subdue his perseverance. "*The Poison Tree*" was presented in July, 1808 ; but no opinion of its pretensions had been obtained, though repeatedly solicited: when the calamitous circumstance of the fire occurring, at once put an end to suspense and expectation." P. iii. iv.

His *address*, p. vii. concludes thus :

"These particulars are in themselves of little importance to the public, yet the conclusion to be drawn may be highly useful, as affording an additional and specific proof of the nature and spirit of that merciless monopoly, which, by the long continuance of a system of favouritism on the one hand, and discouragement on the other, has at length succeeded in deterring almost every man of liberal feeling and classical attainment from a pursuit so hopeless and humiliating, as that of writing for the modern stage."

This is a lamentable truth ! and who take the place of men "of liberal feeling and classical attainment ?" Read the motto to our *British Stage*.

The latter piece having excited most attention, we shall notice it first. It is a drama in two acts, founded on Swift's whimsical paper of the *Parish Lions*, and

"To preserve a congruity of manners, the author judged it expedient to place the scene in Africa—*Leonum arida nutrit*—amongst an unknown people, with whom such an ordeal might really not appear as a caricature of outrageous absurdity." P. 85.

We think he might have quoted Pliny, lib. viii. cap. xvi. on this occasion, *Vulgare Græciæ dictum, semper aliquid novi Africam afferre.*

The plot is remarkably simple. *Albino*, an Englishman, is in the first scene discovered in a part of the *terra incognita* of Africa, named *Bornou*, where he is kindly received and treated by *Ben Alli*, a native of *No Man's Land*. In this act *Ben Alli's* three nieces are introduced to *Albino*. *Zelma* makes love to him, and puts a chain on his neck. *Zaida* follows with more gaiety, singing :

"Since love but short duration knows,
 Fan the transient fires;
 For beauty, like the summer rose,
 Blushes and expires." P. 98.

She does the same, and puts a ring on his finger. *Zelinda* now appears, whose modesty captivates him, and he gives her a bracelet, "the pledge of affection," not knowing that by the custom of *Bornou*, he had irrevocably pledged himself to *Zelma*, by receiving her present, and, on her giving him up, to *Zaida* for the same reason. In the second act this is made known to him, and he is in despair; but then comes the ordeal of the lions to his assistance—an obsolete law is suddenly revived, which directs that every female about to marry shall be exposed to lions to ascertain her virginity—it being believed that the lion will not touch a virgin. *Zelma* and *Zaida* appear at first very bold on the occasion, but in the end decline it on account of the possibility that the lions might be deceived! The union of *Zelinda* and *Albino* then terminates this little drama, which, with its farcical incident, is by no means a perfect farce for the stage. It does credit to the author, but we could have wished that the subject had fallen into the hands of

George Colman, as with an under-plot, and more bustle, character, wit, and humour, it would have been a rare treat to the lovers of laughter.

The *Poison Tree* is in five acts. The plot is very interesting and well wrought, but it is not sufficiently full and intricate for stage representation, according to the expectation and corrupted taste of the times. The piece has its title from the *Upas*:

*"Fierce in dread silence o'er the blasted heath,
Fell Upas sits, the hydra tree of death."*

Darwin.

The scene lies in Java, and the time is the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Albuquerque had begun his conquests in the East. The plot is a short love-story. *Monzaida*, a powerful chief, had the King of Java's promise that he should marry his daughter *Palmira*, when *Don Alvaranza*, a Portuguese officer is wrecked on the coast, does service to the king in war, and wins the love of *Palmira*. The king breaks his former promise. *Monzaida* claims an audience, and in his passion catches hold of the king's robe. The consequence is that he is condemned to *strike three arrows against the trunk of the deadly Upas tree*—an undertaking signifying death. On his way, he seeks the hermit of the desert, and tells him his errand, when the old man exclaims:

"Alas! my son, perilous is the enterprize! on this spot have I dwelt threescore years—numerous criminals condemned to a similar expiation have sought my aid—yet of all those whom I have absolved and sent away, two only have returned.

"*Monz.* Their testimony, father, shall be my counsel and my guide.

"*Her.* Mark well my words—still are you distant two leagues from the Poison Tree, yet its effects, even thus remote, are evident: here you but behold some faint resemblances of life; a few miserable shrubs thinly scattered; the dwarf appearance of a stunted tree, whose branches next the Upas are shrunk and blasted; but as you proceed, all vegetation ceases; not a green leaf, not a blade of grass is to be found; universal barrenness prevails; the path is winding amongst some gently rising hills—but it is chiefly to be traced by the scattered bones of those who have perished in the journey.

"*Monz.* O horrible relation!

"*Her.* As you approach the tree, these sad memorials increase; gaining at length a moderate eminence, the Upas first appears ri-

sing on a little elevation, and embosomed in surrounding hills; its height is that of the palm tree, and beneath its branches numerous suckers encircle their parent.

"*Monz.* Pray you proceed.

"*Her.* An inconsiderable stream flows by; sparkling and tempting are its waters to the sight, but he who tastes them on the instant dies; the descent of the hill is the crisis of your fate; in that pestiferous region no bird can fly, no insect flutter, no reptile crawl, no animal breathe: silence, vast and profound as death, reigns there uninterrupted; in the moment of extremity apply this odour to thy temples, and inhale it with thy breath—[*he gives a small phial*—should the wind blow strongly from thee the noxious exhalation of the tree, thou mayst, perhaps, thou mayst escape; avert thy face as thou strikest the arrows, and fly with what strength is left thee: take now my benediction—[*Monzaida kneels*—May heaven in the hour of peril watch o'er thy safety; farewell, my son: in an eastern direction lies the path, farewell.

"*Monz.* I thank thee, father, I thank thee—farewell—'tis a farewell for ever." [Exit.

The Hermit goes into his hut.

P. 45—7.

This is a favourable taste of the quality of our dramatist, *Monzaida*, however, succeeds and lives, rebels, and runs away with *Palmira*. *Alvaranza*, in the battle which ensues, meets *Monzaida*, and at his request agrees that they, hand to hand, shall decide the fate of the day. *Monzaida* is disarmed—*Palmira* rushes in, and overcome by the perseverance and nobleness of *Monzaida*, declares that she now gives him the preference. They are united, and *Alvaranza*, who had another love in Portugal, is left to keep his vows to her. *Camillo*, a vain coxcomb, is a sort of humorous character, introduced to enliven the scene, and his idea of India is, or rather was not, very uncommon in this country:

"I was told that in India, through beautiful gardens,

Rounds of beef and peck loaves you might find in your walk;

That clothes to your shape would not cost you three farthings,

As they grew of themselves upon every stalk;

Whilst pigs ready roasted with knives in their throat,

Crying 'eat me, come eat me,' ran squeaking about." P. 26.

The language is pure, and the sentiments just; and believing the author to be young, we entertain great hopes that he will do better things.

A A 2

The Rebellion; or, All in the Wrong—a serio-comic-hurly-burly, in Scenes, as it was performed for two Months at the New Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, by his Majesty's Servants the Players, and his liege Subjects the Public. To which is added, a Poetical Divertisement, concluding with a Panoramic View of the New Theatre, in Prose. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Vernor, Hood, and Co. 1809.

As this work took its origin from our mode of keeping a *Journal of the War*, it naturally follows that we should be prejudiced in its favour. When we say, however, with the preface, that there is “no history of these events more full and fair,” we are fearless of contradiction. Of this war and another that has unfortunately happened in our times, notwithstanding our perpetual prayer, “Give peace in our time, O Lord,” we are heartily sick and weary, therefore the reader shall be troubled with no repetition of those disgraceful scenes. From the *Preface*, however, and from the view of the theatre we shall make two or three extracts, which will perhaps be not unacceptable.

The *preface* gives us the following concise history of the state of newspapers at this period :

“The five papers, that have distinguished themselves by their violence on opposite sides, are by name—*The British Press, Morning Post, Statesman, Morning Chronicle*, and *Times*. The first two have been with the managers so as to magnify all that was good in their cause, and to put a favourable colour on every thing that was bad, or, in other words, to defend whatever was indefensible. Opposed in other politics, they were in these agreed. Of the conductors of the *Morning Post*, whose sole independence is of grammar, we know nothing more, than that they have shaped their theatrical as they do their political course, *per fas aut nefas*; and of the intelligent editor of the *British Press*, we have simply to say, that his over-zealous good-nature has, in this affair, quite outstripped his usual judgment and discrimination. The three last have taken the other side of the question. The *Statesman*, more deeply dipped and desperate in the cause than all its contemporaries in the same story, raised itself from obscurity to a very considerable sale by its almost exclusive devotion to the subject. Its columns, however, were stuffed with such matter as could only hope to live out the reading of the day. The *Morning Chronicle*, more rational in its excess

than any of its partisans, was repeatedly expostulated with in a manner almost irresistible,* but nevertheless preserved a consistent conduct throughout. The *Times*, long inimical to Covent-Garden Theatre, in consequence of a dispute about the price of advertisements, began with a vigorous opposition. Mr. Kemble paid a visit here also, and the advertisements again appeared in this paper, but no difference was still perceivable in the spirit exhibited. At last, however, a bruit got abroad that the theatre had certain prosecutions in contemplation, when the *Times* immediately reefed all its sails, and lay to. Since that period, it has again spread its sheets to the same gale, but not with the same ardour; for, instead of pushing out to sea, as in former voyages, it has become a sort of coasting opponent, running along by the line and dipsey lead, for ever within sight of shore. In this uncertainty, we were often tempted to moralize with Horace, and say—

*Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summa
TEMPORA Dii superi ?*

Who knows whether the *gods* (the editors, so called from being masters of *devils*) will let the *Times* of to-morrow be like to-day's.
P. iv.—vi.

This is "the abstract, or brief chronicle of the *Times*."

Deploring the loss of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, which, until the sudden and extraordinary humility of the latter, seemed inevitable, he makes these remarks, which we record with great satisfaction :

"The KEMBLE-FAMILY, in the blindness of popular zeal, so detested and reviled, has in it by far the major part of all the paramount excellence of the histrionic genius of our day. In sweeping to their purpose, a people never observe the nice distinctions of justice. Because Mr. Kemble has come forward on the late occasions to deliver the sentiments of the proprietors of a concern, in which his interest is comparatively small, at him, as at a target, all their arrows are shot, and his whole house must fall with him. He has a part in the blame, we grant, but we cease to see it, when we hear that he is to be persecuted to extermination. The *Private Boxes* are never to be tolerated in a theatre so constituted, and under the particular circumstances of the one in question; but are we, in our en-

"* Mr. Kemble called at the office, and made his appeal to the friendship of Mr. Perry, which terminated in a quarrel. Mr. P. not only threw up his free admissions, when he found that he could not support their measures, but told them, that if they chose not to pay the duty of advertising the entertainments of the house, he should put them in at his own expense, as it was a piece of information necessary to a paper."

deavour to recover these places, to drive from the stage almost the only *Tragedian* that makes any place in it worth having? His manners are not and never were conciliating, but are we therefore to banish him, to make way for the more wheedling and cajoling Mr. Elliston, of whom a critic, who no longer enlightens the judgment of the world, once said to us—"He is a gloomy monk in tragedy, and in comedy a spouting barber!" Are we to send him forth condemned for the insults and follies of others? Whether he had any share in the advice given to drag persons out of the theatre like felons, to hold them to excessive bail, or to prefer bills against them, we cannot say; but we are well convinced that he had none in the council which recommended the introduction of *Mendoza*, *Dutch Sam*, and their Jewish tribe of brutal followers—of which outrage we shall say nothing more. If we did, we trust that we should still speak the truth, which cannot be done in any language appropriate to the subject and the parties, without contempt, asperity and scorn. In a word, are we to punish ourselves more severely than we do him, merely that he may not escape with impunity? or rather, is he not (without the probable issue) already chastised beyond his demerits? This we have thought fit to say in justice, and in uttering thus much in mitigation, we have no fear of being suspected of an undue partiality. Of Mr. Kemble, we speak as a public character, and think it of little consequence to us, whether, viewed in that light, his heart be generous and ingenuous, or not, although we hold it to be no question, that, without these qualities, a human body is as intrinsically valuable, when the life is gone." P. vi.—viii.

The *view* concludes with this paragraph:

"The little objections, which we might add to those advanced, would be—1. That the stairs, into Bow-street particularly, are, on a crowded night, both at the ingress and egress, very likely to occasion accidents. 2. That the mahogany doors have all the mean appearance of unpainted deal; and therefore look unfinished. 3. That the want of lower boxes under the sides of the stage gives a cold and unsatisfactory effect to the view of that quarter. 4. That the saloon, in the shape of a narrow alley, instead of being circular, is, for the exhibition of statues, and for the advantage of promenade, lamentably defective. 5. The conveniencies at the two ends of it, distinguished in large letters—*Ladies' Water-closet*, and *Gentlemen's Water-closet*—is in vile and disgusting taste; and—6. That all the lobbies are too low, and very inconsistent with the idea of the building impressed on the mind by the Bow-street entrance." P. 123.

The former part of the fifth objection is now removed. We agree in all these positions, and are grieved to be obliged to add a seventh mightier than all the rest a thousand times multiplied.

We mean to say, that the theatre is so constituted as to afford to very few parts of it what has been commonly thought an advantage during the representation of a play—a *good hearing*. While the rebellion lasted, no man complained of not hearing, being far more inclined to be ungrateful for having any. Now, however, the case is altered; and we at first hesitated about trusting an opinion on the authority of our ears at the theatre, but what they have heard out of doors, from so many frequenters, makes the matter no longer a suspicion.

The newspapers, so vigilant as *they* tell us they are, with regard to the public interest, must needs think this defect a mere trifle, for they make not a single comment on it; or perhaps the *status quo ante bellum* is restored. What that is may be guessed, after reading the following extract:

“The neglect of the managers in not securing the good-will of the editors, before the opening of the New Theatre, is said (as if they had nothing to do but to take their money into the market) to have proved fatal to their success in this war with his majesty’s *loyal* subjects. Sir Robert Walpole used to say—“Let me have the liberty of writing ballads for the people, and I don’t care who governs—I’ll do what I please with them.” Some such relationship holds, perhaps, with the managers of our theatres, the conductors of our papers, and the public. Having the command of the editors’ pen, the managers can do what they like with the worst government of the theatre—without it, nothing with the best.” P. iv.

A head of Mr. Kemble embellishes the work.

Mr. Tegg, in Cheapside, has written and published a sort of poem on the O. P. war, which he is pleased to call *Hudibrastic*. It is a wretched versification of the leading features of this *journal*. From the style of it, we should think that Mr. Tegg was the O. P. placard-poet during the conflict, of which *jeux d’esprit lourd*, the preface to *The Rebellion* speaks most justly, when it says—“It must be confessed that the *wit* of the public has by no means kept pace with its *spirit*—a true BULL opposition, obstinate to the last, and dull as obstinate.” The managers, however, cannot well laugh at them for want of *wit*.

BRITISH STAGE.

We acted a play, written by one of the actors, and I admired how they should come to be poets, for I thought it belonged only to very learned and ingenious men, and not to persons so extremely ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every body writes plays, and every actor makes drama and farces; though formerly, I remember, no plays would go down but what were written by the greatest wits.

Quevedo's Life of Paul, the Spanish Barber.

ON THE ALTERATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

LETTER IV.

"I hope to mend Shakspeare! or to match his style!

'Tis such a jest, would make a stoic smile."

Prologue to the Duke of Buckingham's *Julius Cæsar*.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA. Several plays have been written on this celebrated story, but I do not find that the writers of any of them are indebted to Shakspeare for the language, though they have borrowed the plot and general structure of the piece from him. Dryden's *All for Love* is avowedly built on the same story, and the language "written in imitation of Shakspeare's style." In his preface Dryden says, "In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shakspeare, which, that I might perform more freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that is more to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain myself, that I have not copied my author servilely: yet I think I may affirm, without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excelled myself throughout the play." This play of Dryden's is certainly one of his best; it abounds with the most masterly strokes, and the most beautiful passages. Sir Charles Sedley published a play called *Anthony and Cleopatra*, in 1677, but though written on the same story, it is not borrowed from Shakspeare.

Cymbeline. An edition of this play was published in 1769, by W. Hawkins. It is on the whole rather well done. He has taken no improper liberties with the original, but has confined himself to a fresh arrangement of the play, with the omission of some scenes, which were wholly unnecessary.

Titus Andronicus. It is rather surprising that so horrid a play as this should find any one disposed to bestow the trouble of alteration upon it. Two editions of it, nevertheless, have been published. The first called, *Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia*, was by Crown, in 1696; the second, with the original title, was published by Ravenscroft, and is now extremely scarce. Both of them are avowedly taken from Shakspeare.

Pericles. Mr. Lillo published a play entitled *Marina*, which is borrowed from Shakspeare. In the prologue he expresses his doubts whether the whole of this play be Shakspeare's.

"We dare not charge the whole unequal play,
Of *Pericles* on him; yet let us say,
As gold tho' mix'd with baser matter shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand."

King Lear. Twice has this play been altered, and both times with equal want of success. The first who attempted to improve it was Tate, who published a new edition of it in 1687. He has completely altered the catastrophe, by making Lear and Cordelia both survive, with every prospect of happiness, and the character of the fool he has entirely cut out. The second altered edition of this play was by Colman, who like Tate has not succeeded in his attempt.

Romeo and Juliet. This play has undergone many alterations. The first was by Mr. James Howard, who preserved *Romeo and Juliet* alive. In D'Avenant's time, Howard's play and Shakspeare's used to be performed alternately. In 1746, Theo. Cibber brought out a new edition of it at the Haymarket, which he afterwards published with his own alter-

ations. Garrick's is the most judicious alteration, and is the one now generally performed. Otway has played a very curious trick with this drama, by transplanting all its most interesting scenes into the tragedy of *Caius Marius*, where they make the most heterogeneous and incongruous mixture that can be conceived. It must have been laziness in Otway, who was so completely able to produce a tragedy of the very first rate, thus to borrow full half a one from another author. He confesses his obligations to Shakspeare in the prologue :

“ And, from the crop of his luxurious pen,
 E'er since succeeding poets humbly glean.
 Though much the most unworthy of the throng,
 Our this day's poet fears he 'as done him wrong.
 Like gaudy beggars that steal sheaves away,
 You'll find he 'as rifled him of half a play ;
 Amidst his baser dross you'll see it shine,
 Most beautiful, amazing, and divine.”

Hamlet. Garrick, I believe, was the only person who attempted to alter *Hamlet*. He struck out the grave-digger's scene, and the character of *Osrick* ; but was afterwards so convinced of the necessity of these personages to the play, that he performed the original drama without his alterations, which never were published.

I have now noticed what I believe will be found to have been the principal alteration of Shakspeare's plays. Some must doubtless have escaped me, which other of your correspondents can probably supply. The great excellence and superiority of Shakspeare is abundantly proved and fully established by these various attempts to improve him, since no author has been thought worthy to have equal pains bestowed upon him ; for though a few of Fletcher's and Jonson's plays have been altered, yet we cannot find an instance of one of their dramas being the spring whence four different plays have flowed, which is more than once the case with Shakspeare. But the greatest proof of his superiority is, that so few of the attempts to improve him have succeeded. His plays

remains, and continues to endure in popularity; while most of the altered copies of them sink entirely into oblivion. "The stream of time, which is continually washing away their fabrics, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare." How much is it to be regretted that he never himself published an edition of his works, for, notwithstanding all the care and research of his numerous editors, it is but too certain that we have much in all his plays, which he never wrote. Dr. Johnson justly observes that "more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved; which the critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining."

Norwich, March 27, 1810.

T.

ALLEN, THE PLAYER,
AND
DULWICH COLLEGE.

It is well known that EDWARD ALLEN founded what is now called *Dulwich College*; but how it acquired that distinction I cannot tell. The original grant was for the foundation of an *hospital*, as it is proved by the following letter of LORD BACON, which may be new and interesting to some readers. It is dated "*York House, Aug. 18, 1618,*" and signed, "*Fr. Verulam, Canc.*"

"To the *Marquis of Buckingham,*

"My very good Lord,

"I thank your lordship for your last loving letter. I now write to give the king an account of a patent I have stayed at the seal. It is of licence to give in mortmain *eight hundred pound land*, though it be of tenure in chief, to ALLEN, that was the player, for an *HOSPITAL*,

"I like well that ALLEN playeth the last act of his life so well." *Stephens's second Collection*, p. 83.

BAN JONSON has added this tribute to the fame of ALLEN, in mimic life :

"If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
 Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage;
 As skilful *Roscius*, and grave *Æsop*, men
 Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches then;
 Who had no less a trumpet of their name
 Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame:
 How can so great example die in me,
 That, ALLEN, I should pause to publish thee;
 Who both their graces in thyself has more
 Outstript, than they did all that went before:
 And present worth in all dost so contract—
 As others speak, but only thou dost act?
 Wear this renown—'tis just that who did give
 So many poets life, by one should live."

Of the present œconomy of this *hospital*, and how far it continues to square with the intention of its founder, I may speak in another paper. Here I shall merely observe, that the *library*, containing many very curious old books, is without a librarian, and its contents, covered with cobwebs and dust, are, like the *picture-gallery*, considered as so much lumber, and left to run into incurable decay. Not so the *wine-cellar* and the *dining-room*, whose stores, order, and arrangement, shew that they are honoured with special care and exclusive attention.*

As a proof of the value set on the *books*, (or rather the utter ignorance of the modern ALLENS on subjects of this nature,) they have suffered Mr. MALONE to take away several uniques, (ugly looking things,) and to give them in return his pretty edition of SHAKESPEARE. "*Exchange*," it is true, "is no robbery," but a nearer thing has rarely happened! "*Ego homuncio non facerem.*" *.*

Wooden Cot. May 10.

* This is "*rem bene administrare!*" See the tablet in front of the hospital.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE XXXVII.

The Poet rejoiceth on the Return of Tranquillity, after the
Imprisonment of Sir Francis Burdett in the Tower.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero &c.

“ Now broach ye a pipe of the best Malvoisie,”

’Tis sold at the Marmion Tavern,
Come, feast upon turtle, and sing a Scotch glee,
And dance round the table in grand jubilee,
Like so many hags in a cavern.

’Tis wrong to draw cork in the midst of a row,
Old Port is the devil when shaken ;
The caption was novel, I needs must allow
An Englishman’s house was his castle till now,
But castles are now and then taken.

Dame Fortune had given Sir Francis a dram,
Your drunkards will never be quiet ;
He said, “ Mr. Serjeant, your warrant’s a sham,
Upheld by the rabble, I’ll stay where I am—”
So London was all in a riot.

But soon Mr. Serjeant surmounted the basement,
Which only made John Bull the gladder ;
For back he was push’d, to his utter amazement,
The baronet smiled, when he saw from the casement
His enemies mounting a ladder.

At length all the constables broke in below,
 Quoth GIBBS, "It is legal, depend on't."
 Thus riding in chace of a doe or a roe,
 The flying bum-bailiff cries, "*yoix ! tally ho !*"
 And seizes the luckless defendant.

Sir FRANCIS, determin'd the question to try,
 Was quietly reading law Latin ;
 Notable, and, therefore, not willing to fly,
 He saw all the parliament forces draw nigh,
 As firm as the chair that he sat in.

His lady sat by, and she play'd on her lute,
 And sung "*Will you come to the bower,*"
 The *Serjeant at Arms*, who was hitherto mute,
 Advanc'd, and exclaim'd, like an ill-natur'd brute,
 "Sir KNIGHT, *will you come to the Tower ?*"

He mounted the carriage, by numbers oppress'd,
 But first, with no honest intention,
 Like Queen Cleopatra he secretly press'd
 Two serpents, in tender adieu, to his breast,
 Whose names I had rather not mention.

'Tis thus other Wimbledon heroes attain
 The summit of posthumous fame ;
 They dodge their pursuers thro' alley and lane,
 But when they discover resistance is vain,
 They kick up a dust, and die game !

J.

BOOK I. ODE X.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS TO GRIMALDI THE CLOWN.

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis, &c.

FACETIOUS mime ! thou enemy of gloom,
 Grandson of Momus, blithe and debonnaire,
 Who, aping Pan, with an inverted broom,
 Canst brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

Our gall'ry gods encore thy hum'rous song,
 Thy Newgate thefts impart ecstatic pleasure ;
 Touch'd by thy hand a jew's-harp charms the throng,
 An empty salt-box teems with attic treasure.

When harlequin, his charmer to regain,
 Courts her embrace in many a queer disguise,
 The light of heels looks for his sword in vain,
 Thy furtive fingers snatch the magic prize.

The fabled egg from thee obtains its gold,
 Thou set'st the mind from critic bondage loose,
 Where the gay young leagu'd with the tott'ring old,
 Birds of a feather hail the sacred goose !

Even pious souls from *Bunyan* durance free,
 At Sadler's Wells applaud thy agile wit,
 Forget old Care while they remember thee,
 "Laugh the heart's laugh," and haunt the jovial pit.

Long may'st thou guard the prize thy humour won,
 Long hold thy court in pantomimic state,
 And to the equipoise of English fun,
 Exalt the lowly, and bring down the great.

J.

WAR AND LOVE.

THE trumpet sounds, the hero arms,
And fiercely seizes spear and helm,
Friends—home—and all that once had charms,
The thoughts of victory o'erwhelm.

When, lo! the maid ador'd appears,
The ruby of her lip hath flown,
Sighs follow sighs, and tears chase tears,
And now—he thinks of love alone!

The laurel that entwin'd his brow,
The rose, upon her cheek, outvies,
And he, who vanquish'd worlds but now,
Becomes a captive to her eyes.

Who'll say, by man then most are slain,
When woman thus the heart can move,
And those who 'scape war's iron chain,
Are fetter'd in the bonds of love?

For tho' the field so many strew,
Where war his crimson banner rears,
Yet, ah! the many are but few,
To those that fall by woman's tears!

No wizard's sword I wish to wield,
O'er which the greedy vulture flies,
For e'en enchanted swords must yield
In magic—to Maria's eyes!

No, no, if *I* would conquer France,
The glitt'ring steel for me's too slow,
Give *me* Maria's killing glance,
That pierces, ere you feel the blow.

P. G.

THE MEETING.

AM ! Susan, dear Susan ! again I behold thee,
Thy beauties as blooming as nature can form ;
Ah ! Susan, dear Susan ! again I enfold thee,
Thy cheek still as rosy, thy lip still as warm,

As when erst in the days of our childhood we gambol'd,
And thought not of love, though we tasted its bliss,
While as thro' the green woodlands together we rambled,
Each look was a smile, and each word was a kiss.

And Susan, dear Susan ! art thou still the same then ?
The same that in *those* days of pleasure I knew ?
No longer be constancy deemed but a name then,
Since the heart of my Susan continues so true !

And didst thou despise all the offers of splendour ?
Had titles or wealth no enchantment for thee ?
And 'was it to *Love*, thou wouldst only surrender ?
And didst thou surrender to *that*, but for me ?

Affection, then, let the world treat with derision,
Let them treat as ideal what they never felt,
Or let dreamers imagine that love is a vision,
Which lives but the night, and with morning will melt.

But no fancies like these cast a gloom on our truth, love,
I fondest of husbands, thou fairest of wives,
For the sun that shone bright on the dawn of our youth, love,
Will still shine as bright on the eve of our lives !

P. G.

INSCRIPTION

*For the Tomb of Camoens, in the Church of Sancta Anna de Religiosas
Franciscanas, at Lisbon.*

Ye who have wept o'er genius sunk in woe,
Where earlier years were spent in jocund round;
In gentle pity dew the hallow'd mound
Of Camoens, Lusitania's bard, laid low

Within this pile—for in diviner strains
Has poet e'er thy secrets, Love, reveal'd,
Or, in th' ennobling cause of glory steel'd,
Such deeds perform'd—of such deeds sung the praise?

Tho' cold neglect suffus'd his aged eyes—
Far as the distant verge, whence glitt'ring Sol
In orient pomp leads forth the cheerful day,
To where his beams are hid 'neath western skies,
Th' enraptur'd nations now his name extol,
And own the beauties of his heav'n-born lay.

JOHN ADAMSON.

EPIGRAM,

On seeing Home's Commentary on the Psalms lying on a Lady's
Table, together with several Novels.

As in chance medley, on her desk, I find
Novels, with books of pious import, join'd,
With pleasure, I, the owner's caution, note,
Who with the bane provides the antidote.
North Walsham. J. C.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

1810.

- April 23. Richard III.—Harlequin Pedlar.
 24. Macbeth.*—Don Juan,
 25. Wheel of Fortune.—Harlequin Pedlar.
 26. Grecian Daughter.—Oscar and Malvina.
 27. Henry IV. Part I.—Paul and Virginia.
 28. Gamester.—Who Wins?
 30. Macbeth.—We fly by Night.
- May 1. All in the Wrong.—Blind Boy.
 2. Douglas.—Lock and Key. *Benefit of the Theatrical Fund.*
 3. Gamester.—Tom Thumb.
 4. Castle of Andalusia.—Child of Nature.

May

* Since the opening of the new building, on the 18th of last September, Mrs. Siddons has not ventured to play in London. She then appeared in *Lady Macbeth*, but all the respect entertained for her vast talents availed her nothing; yet she was probably not much more surprised at her little influence than Mr. Charles Ingleton was to find himself warbling to deaf ears, or Mr. Liston, on perceiving that his grimaces and *slang* were returned by his old friends with compound interest. Mr. Kemble having, however, stooped to conquer, that storm was unexpectedly laid, and the slander of Mrs. Galindo, *alias* Miss Gough, having died away, Mrs. Siddons now again appeared in the same character. The approbation she received would have been gross flattery to any other tragedian that we ever saw in this character, and yet we are told by a gentleman well competent to judge, that Mrs. Pritchard exhibited far more stupendous powers. He particularly remarks the inferiority of Mrs. Siddons in the scene where she walks in her sleep. Here he says (as we have before observed) that Mrs. S. renders the effect of her disturbed imagination perfectly ludicrous, by seeming to take up the water and rub her hands, as if she were diligently employed at a wash-tub. Mrs. Pritchard, on the contrary, kept her finger perpetually applied to the "*damned spot*," and with her voice, look, and action, almost petrified the theatre with horror.

May 5. Henry VIII.*—Waterman.

May

* The splendour and magnificence of the scenery, processions, and decorations, or, as it is technically called, the *getting up* of this historical play, is indeed worthy of "the most beautiful theatre in the universe,"—we will go still further—of SHAKSPEARE himself.† It can only, however, be in the power of one, who is "not at all a friend to truth," to say the same of the acting of the bloody and lustful tyrant, who gives title to the piece. Mr. Cooke appeared for the first time in *Henry the VIIIth*, and it is not easy to conceive (notwithstanding all experience in *this way*) a more defective performance. Instead of the noble, frank, boisterous look and manners of *Harry*, he had the look of *Richard III.* or the bearded head of *Shylock*, and the artful manners of *Iago*.* Nothing could or can be worse. Here Mr. Pope is missing, whose excellence in this part, which consisted principally in his figure and dress, has in our time had no equal—but we think it might have been most successfully imitated by Mr. Egerton, especially as we see that it can be very well done with very little sense. Mrs. Siddons in *Catherine*. Mr. Pope in *Henry*, and Mr. Kemble in *Wolsey*, make the request of the *prologue* very easily granted. Thus it runs—

"Think ye see

*The very persons of our noble story
As they were living."*

In the scene wherein *Wolsey* "falls like Lucifer never to hope again," Mr. Kemble's acting was very fine. We cannot, however, well reconcile the contradiction of his assertions—he tells *Catpeius* that *Dr. Pace* "was a fool, for he would needs be virtuous;" and he exclaims with regret, "Had I but served my God, &c." and yet he says,

"My integrity to Heav'n is all

I dare now call mine own—"

This

† "I know not," says Johnson, "whether the coronation shewn in this play, may not be liable to all that can be objected against a *battle*," which Shakspeare judiciously protests against on the stage, as destroying all opinion of truth, and leaving him never an understanding friend. The pomp of the coronation, which, "forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes a great part of the winter," is now thrown into the christening.

May 7. Hamlet.—Harlequin Pedlar.

May

This is Mr. SHERIDAN'S "*mens conscia recti*,"* and nothing else! In the banquet scene we think he fails. Sumptuous as the preparations are, the disposition is bad. Who would suppose that the host addresses such language as

"That noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not *freely merry*,
Is not my friend—"

from a canopied seat, approached by steps, and at a distance on one side of the social board? He himself too observes the same demeanour as in the moment of his fall—relaxing nothing, though beneath his own roof, in a festive hour, and acting the part of a pimp! This seems to us incongruous. The *Catherine* of Mrs. Siddons, in the court at *Black-Fryars*, was perfect in all that's real or imaginary—an incomparable piece of mimic art. The commentator says that in this play, "the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with *Catherine*," and here in representation we wish it had stopt, for her *sleeping* is catching; the scene is insufferably tedious, but, if we must have it, and hear of the "*blessed troop*," she dreams about, we might as well be entertained during her nap with a sight of the "*vision dancing*," as it is directed to be exhibited by the poet, sc. ii. act iv.

In the council, where Cranmer appears before his unjust judges, every thing was construed with a bearing on the case of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT.†

Cham. "It stands agreed

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner."

(Great hissing.)

Cran. "Must I go like a traitor then?"

Gardiner. "Receive him, and see him safe to the Tower."

(Hisses increase.) Then Cranmer, shewing the ring, says—

"——— I take my cause,

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master."

(Loud applause.) The king enters the council, and calls Cranmer to sit on his right hand—

"Good

* Vol. V. p. 187.

† This session, by virtue of the Speaker's warrant, forcibly taken from his house, and sent to the Tower.

May 8. *Macbeth*.—Flich of Bacon.

9. *Henry IV. Part I.*—Poor Soldier.

10. *Henry VIII.*—Farmer.

11. *Merchant of Venice.*—Love à la Mode.

12. *King John.**—Birth Day.

May

"Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest

He, that dares most but wag his finger at thee,

By all that's holy, he had better starve,

Than but once *think this place becomes thee not.*"

(*Increased applause.*) But when the king said, touching their usage of *Cranmer*,

"I thought I had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council—but I find none!"

the theatre was in an uproar, which was repeated at these words:

"———There's some of ye, I see,

More out of *malice* than *integrity*,

Would try *him* to the utmost, had ye means."

* *King John*, revived this evening, is by no means one of the best of Shakspeare's historical dramas, but there is enough of character in it to make it very valuable, and some scenes, especially the disclosure of *John's* design on the life of *Arthur*, inimitably conceived and expressed. It is, as now represented, judiciously curtailed in several places, the *Billingsgate* scene between *Constance* and *Elinor*, in act 1, sc. ii. and elsewhere. The sorrows of *Constance* for the loss of her son were skilfully portrayed by Mrs. Siddons, but on the whole we have seldom seen her to less advantage. Her delivery of—

"He talks to me who never had a son."

was without effect. As the actor fit to personate *King John*, Mr. Kemble appears, "by the hand of nature marked, quoted, and signed," and, in every thing but the management of his robes, he succeeded to our wishes. The neck-dress bringing his head and shoulders together, and the height of his girdle producing a short waist, gave him more the figure of Mr. Cooke than that of Mr. Kemble—a change much to be regretted. In the orchard at Swinstead Abbey, when dying of the poison, he exhibited a masterpiece of the terrible in his art. The death of *Cardinal Beaufort* in the painting, is little or nothing superior to it.

Faulconbridge, "good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son," a noble hearted "mad-cap," was represented by Mr. C. Kemble, with all

May 14. *Macbeth*.—Harlequin Pedlar.

15. *Love in a Village*.—*Fest of Apollo*, (a budget of songs).
—Raising the Wind.—*Mr. Incledon's night*.

16. *Man of the World*.—Oscar and Malvina.

17. *King John*.—Paul and Virginia.

18. *Othello*.—*Rival Soldiers*.—No Song No Supper.—*Mr. Young's night*.

19. *Henry VIII*.—Is he a Prince?

all the advantage that the character can ever be expected to enjoy on the stage. In the early scenes he was perfect *Faulconbridge*, and we rejoice to find him no longer a miser of spirit and expression. Of the rest, *King Lewis*, Mr. Murray, *Dauphin*, Mr. Treby, *Blanch*, Miss Bristow, &c.* nothing being said, may be the cause of some disappointment; but as nothing we could say would give them any pleasure, they owe us grace for our forbearance. One exception we must make, and that is in favour of *Arthur*, performed by *Master Chapman*. He is a fair, little boy, seemingly about eight years of age, and as *Arthur* was fourteen when he was murdered by *John* himself, we lamented that a stouter youth had not been substituted, he not having, as we feared, sufficient power and judgment to carry him through the prison scene with *Hubert*. In this, however, we were much and agreeably deceived, he has been well taught, and, without overloading him with praise, is a far better actor than his father.

When the King said to *Hubert*.—

“It is the curse of kings to be attended

By slaves that take their humours for a warrant—”

it was immediately applied to the present ministry with respect to their imprisonment of Sir F. Burdett, and produced peals of applause, indicative of the people's disapprobation of the act. A sentiment of a different nature was foisted into the play, reflecting with execration on traitors in the pay of France, which gave the other side an opportunity of displaying their feelings, in which, however, all parties seemed agreed. These time-serving interpolations, made by the servile to please the weak and pitiful in power, insure contempt, and merit severe reproof.

LYCEUM.

* *Elinor* and *Lady Faulconbridge* looked more like sisters or daughters than mothers. A little marking in the face might have prevented this ill effect, and Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Humphries have not, for neglecting it, even the excuse of being determined to look pretty.

LYCEUM.

1810.

April 23. George Barnwell.—The Village Doctor.*—Midnight Hour.

24. Confederacy.—Id.—Weathercock.

25. Cabinet.—Id.—Mayor of Garratt.

26. Riches.—Id.—No Song no Supper.

27. Honey Moon.—Id.—Of Age To-morrow.

28. School for Scandal.—Id.—My Grandmother.

30. Maniac.—Hit or Miss.

May 1. Inconstant.—Id.

May

* After the holiday tragedy of *George Barnwell*, in which Mrs. Powell's excellent acting in *Milkwood* made us regret that such powers should be as it were annihilated by the pertinacious folly of the manager, who will play nothing but his own trash, wherein she of course disdains to figure, we were treated with "a new comic ballet" called *The Village Doctor*, "composed," says the bill, "by Monsieur Francesco Antonio Montignani, a celebrated mime, and principal grotesque dancer from the theatre at Lisbon, his first appearance in England." It had been our misfortune to witness the refined taste of the Portuguese, in their national theatre at Lisbon, and we knew how to guard against any disappointment from expectation, if we had not before known how to rely on Lyceum puffs and play-bills. We have not yet seen the *New Theatre, Tottenham Street*, nor the *Surrey Theatre*, but we think that the works of this *Monsieur*, with the long *Italian* name, might there be worthy of patronage, where they have no *horsemanship** to give any dignity to their performance. At *Astley's* it would be utterly disgraceful. The mimicry consisted in representing an old woman with a sore leg, and so obtaining the doctor's daughter; and the dancing was confined to tumbling head over heels, and jumping up and down like a Newfoundland dog, for a roll out of his reach. This is indeed suiting the company to the house.

* Mr. Beresford sets it down as one of the miseries of human life, to go to the summer theatres, and find that, the *horsemanship* being over, there is nothing left but celebrated mimes, and grotesque dancers.

- May 2. Hypocrite.—Croaking, or, "Heaven send we may be all alive this day three Months."*—Honest Thieves.
3. Know your own Mind.—Citizen.—Miss Duncan's benefit.
4. Duenna.—Sylvester Daggerwood—Love laughs at Lock Smiths.—Mr. Phillips's night.
5. Maniac.—Hit or Miss.
7. John Bull.—Review.—Johnstone's night.
8. Maniac.—Hit or Miss.
9. Hypocrite.—Ella Rosenberg.—Mrs. Edwin's night.
10. Critic.—Three and the Deuce.—Review.
11. Maniac.—Hit or Miss.
12. Id.—Id.
14. Clandestine Marriage, Lord Ogleby, Mr. Mathews.—Killing no Murder.—Mr. Mathews's night.
15. Confederacy.—Review.—Mr. Palmer's night.
16. False Alarms.—Midnight Hour.—Mrs. Mountain's night.
17. John Bull.—Mayor of Garratt.
18. Maniac.—Three Weeks after Marriage.
19. Up all Night.—Review.—Mr. Smith's night.

* A piece in one act, taken, and altered by Mr. Dowton for his benefit, from Goldsmith's *Good Natured Man*. It was ill received.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The day after Dowton's benefit, May 2, when *Croaking* failed, he stuck up a humorous notice in the *green-room*. It was to this effect—that as their noble and liberal patron (*further*, he might almost say) Mr. ELLISTON, had done so much for the company, (see p. 312,) he, Mr. Dowton, was resolved not to be wanting in charity, but to pursue the same generous course, and to emulate his singular bounty—he therefore voluntarily came forward to assure his brethren that *Croaking*, the piece damned the night before, was perfectly at the service of any of them, for their benefit!

At the approach of their benefits, Munden and Taylor attend the Royal Exchange regularly every day, where they distribute their tickets, and call themselves *Deal* merchants. The ancient procession with a trumpet, boasted of an equal share of dignity and independence.

The Widow's only Son, a comedy forthcoming at Covent-garden, is by Mr. Cumberland.

It is whispered that Mr. Arnold's *Monsieur Francesco Antonio Montignani*, from Lisbon, is a *Mr. Muggins* from Yorkshire.

Old Sheridan made his appearance the other day in a new pair of boots, which attracting the notice of some of his friends, he said—"Now guess how I came by these boots." They guessed many very *probable* guesses, but—"No," said old Sherry, "no, you've not hit it—nor you never will, therefore I may as well tell you—I bought 'em, and paid for 'em."

Mr. Bannister will this season perform at the Haymarket for a month.

The *Liverpool theatre* on the 15th of May experienced a sort of O. P. row, under the title of H. P. (*half prices*), which were demanded. Messrs. Lewis and Knight were called for, but they did not appear. The mob on the outside demolished all the windows.

Bon-Mot.—Some one observing that Tom Dibdin had said he would never write another play, a friend of ours immediately remarked, "That's the *best thing* Tom Dibdin ever said!"

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

This amphitheatre is now the only *equestrian* one, and, from that circumstance and the superiority of its *human* performances, will doubtless ruin the Surrey theatre, *horse and foot*. The house opened with the spectacle of the *Blood Red Knight*, which is throughout interesting in its story, and imposing in its scenery. But the last scene, representing the defeat of the *Blood Red Knight*, presents us not only with the most perfect picture of a battle ever yet exhibited on a stage, but of an *equestrian* battle, two troops of horse being seen to skirmish over a bridge and on the stage, during the whole scene, and some of both the horses and their riders being seen driven into the river, or expiring on the land. We have always thought that these incidents were wanting to a stage-battle, which in general leads us to suppose, as is really the case, that nobody is slain. The effect of this scene is novel and delightful. The entertainments of the theatre are completed by displays of horsemanship between whiles, and the whole is concluded by a comic pantomime, called *The Discovery*. Mr. Astley has, in short, provided the public with good *entertainment by man and horse*.

SURREY THEATRE.

We have, as our annals will declare, been old and frequent visitors at this house, under the title of the *Royal Circus*, but we are

free to confess that we never saw any entertainments here, at any period, that possessed less merit, taste, or attraction. The attraction is of course on a par with the character of the performances, and the assembly throughout the theatre seemed to us, on the 9th of May, to be of the most vulgar order of gentry, with corresponding manners. The ride is filled with seats, and the horsemanship being no more (which at this place is like "*Hamlet*, with the part of *Hamlet* omitted for this night only;") the other leg is the *pantomime*, than which one more indecorous and less entertaining we have never had the ill fate to witness, either at *Flockton's* or *Scowton's*. Mr. Bradbury, who was the soul of this species of entertainment at the *Circus*, will not perform with the tag rag collected in this company, and the clown or clowns now fall into the hands of men, who are only known to be such by their dress and grossness. What Mr. Elliston means by styling himself the *manager* of this theatre, which might be conducted as it is by *Scowton*, or any other manager of that description, we cannot think, and are sorry to see a clever player so degraded. While he made a fool of himself by appearing here in *Macheath* and *Macbeth*, there was something in the excessive absurdity and weakness of the act which, like that of a man's walking on his head, might induce one to go for the sake of a laugh, but now there is no inducement. We conjure him, as he respects his own reputation, and wishes to promote the laudable amusement of the public, to return to those characters in comedy in which he received so much applause as to turn his little wits. Even on the score of profit we should recommend it, as, from what we hear of the revenue of his first season, which will be his best, he would have netted more in a summer excursion.

NEW THEATRE, TOTTENHAM-STREET.

A considerable expense has been incurred in preparing this place for public amusement, and we speak without prejudice when we say that we never saw a prettier little theatre. The scenery is much superior to any we ever beheld on such a stage, and, as far as the shell goes, it is in every thing, that respects taste, neatness, and accommodation, worthy of the patronage of the town. The Lyceum is a pig-stye compared to it.

The entertainments consist of dance, burletta, and *pantomime*. It opened on Easter Monday with *The Village Fete*, and *Harlequin in Helicon*. The former proceeds on a new plan. It is *Love in a*

Village, in little. The songs, incidents, and the best part of the dialogue are preserved, and the novelty is that the *dialogue*, a little tagged with rhymes, is *spoken*, but it is presumed that it may be called *recitative*, as it is accompanied by the pianoforte, but so *piano pianissimo*, that the music is a secret to the audience. In this the performers, Mrs. Paul, the heroine, as well as the others, want practice; and we think they might have chosen a better opera, or made up one out of half a dozen of the modern ones, that would have been more entertaining. This practice of laying hold of operas, throwing away the suet, and only giving the plums, will lead to this good end, that it will utterly destroy the Arnolds, Brandons, Cherries, Dibbins, &c. for who will be able to sit out entire pieces written by them, after such an indulgence, or rather who will not wait till they pass through this alembic, or get into this crucible? Mr. Lee, who performed at Dibdin's last year, sung the *Thorn* with much science, taste, and sweetness. He is quite the Apollo of this place, and will, we doubt not, soon be found distinguishing himself at public concerts. *Laurent's* clown in the pantomime is too well known to need our praise. He exerted himself surprisingly, and, in a dance with his little boy, produced a most laughable scene. The *harlequin*, by Mr. Hollingsworth is elegant and full of agility. He is a ground harlequin, and, as in former times, has an assistant *harlequin* to take the leaps. We have said thus much in mere justice to their merits; and shall not dwell on their defects, until they are less in need of encouragement.

MUSICAL MORNING-PARTY.

We notice this sort of town amusement for the information of our country friends, and to do justice to the great merits of Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, who gave one of these *Morning-Parties*, at the *New Rooms, Hanover-square*, on the 19th of May.

The *Musical Morning-Party* beginning at one o'clock, terminates about four, and in the present state of fashionable morning society, (rides, walks, calls, ennui, and idleness), we think it a very laudable institution. Soame Jenyns has said, and we have often in our study felt the truth of the remark, that "*The greatest fools have wisdom enough to be soon tired of their own company, and, being impatient under the burthen, are most bountifully liberal of it to their unfortunate acquaintance.*" Now these *diversions* in our favour, as it respects morning visitors, meet with our best patronage, and it is

certainly a very preferable occupation to a long to and fro dusty ride in the park, or a wearisome lounge in Bond-street.

A greater treat of instrumental and vocal music has rarely been enjoyed than we were on this occasion indulged with through the united efforts of Mr. Wesley, Mr. Salomon, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Vaughan. After an invocation to the Deity, from Thomson, beautifully set by Wesley, in which Mrs. BILLINGTON took a part, Mr. WESLEY and Mr. MAJOR played with great execution an admirable trio on the organ from *Sebastian Bach*. Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan were delightful in Mozart's *Allegretto al primo affetto*, and the chorusses were finely performed throughout, with the powerful assistance of Mr. Wesley on the organ. On this instrument, indeed, we might almost call him miraculous, for such he really was in his *extempore* at the commencement of the second part. Mr. Salomon played a delicious *solo* from *Bach*, on the violin, and never was old Salomon more completely in all his glory. In the *cantata*, by Haydn, "*Teco mio ben dove sei tu?*" Mrs. Billington exhibited great skill and taste, but the composition was on the whole tedious. The powers of this exquisite singer, whose last season is now running, seem in no way impaired by age, except that her voice gets a little *ready*. The full *antiphonas* of Wesley finished each act with an effect prodigiously noble and imposing. We hope that Mr. Wesley will frequently have to dispose of the waste mornings of the fashionable, seeing that he can by his magic, not only charm the learned, but give spirit to the languid, and substitute an innocent pastime in the place of idleness and folly.

THE THIRD THEATRE.

[Continued from p. 319.]

COUNSEL were heard at great length for various petitioners against the application, amongst whom was Mr. BROUGHAM, who appeared for Mr. TAYLOR of the Opera-House.

Mr. BROUGHAM, in his argument, stated that the *Lyceum* could not be considered as the *Drury-Lane company of players*. Those of any reputation and character had left it to make, as they easily could, much larger profit of their talents elsewhere. It was merely

a thing established to keep the insignificant and lower orders of the *Drury-Lane company* from want.

[Several of the players were in the crowd, and they of course nodded assent, cheered, and cried, *hear ! hear !*]

Mr. SHERIDAN presented a new petition, in which he referred to the dormant patent attached to Drury-lane, and supported his petition by a speech.

Mr. WARREN, for the applicants, replied to the objections which had been urged against their project. He questioned the right of the crown to grant monopolies for theatrical representations, as it was contradicted by the act of George the Second, which gave a power to the magistrates to license places for theatrical amusements. This dormant patent, like another *Sleeping Beauty*, was now brought forward, after the lapse of a century; but the princess had been revived to very little purpose, and those who had called her up, might let her go to sleep again for ever.

Mr. SHERIDAN observed, that though the state of Drury-Lane theatre, was said to have had no influence in bringing forward this question, he was perfectly convinced that, if that theatre had not been destroyed, their lordships would never have been troubled with the application. He had often remarked the flippancy of learned gentlemen in other courts, and their disposition to pass over or mis-state facts, as might best serve their clients; but he had expected to have seen, in that place, a stricter regard to accuracy. The learned gentleman had not only misrepresented the facts in the petitions, but had also misrepresented the law. The statute of George II. did not authorize the magistrates to grant licenses for the drama, but for dancing and pantomime. On this point he was at issue with the learned gentleman, and he challenged a reference to the statute. In the like manner the learned gentleman had mis-stated what had been said respecting the third theatre. His (Mr. Sheridan's argument) had been, that if, in building a theatre of a convenient size, it should be found that, on account of the increased population, a third theatre was wanted, the right of building that third theatre should be given to the proprietors of Drury-Lane. The wit of the learned gentleman would of course go for nothing; for though he must confess it was somewhat better than his law, it was unfortunately built on as bad a foundation. With respect to the dormant patent, on which the learned gentleman had so prettily exercised his ingenuity, he ought to recollect that his objection came now too late. He should have brought it

forward eighteen years ago, when the beauty he had spoken of awoke in all the vigour of her charms, and all the splendour of her loveliness. Then was the time to have come forward, and to have told her, that her sleep had been the sleep of death; that she was only a phantom, and had no real existence. Her revival was now indisputable, and all the magic of the applicants could not deprive her of life. He had certainly been somewhat indebted to the learned gentleman, for it was the brilliancy of his imagination, which had suggested these ideas; but he had endeavoured to repay him by correcting his legal opinions; and as this was a commercial country, in which every thing was managed by barter and exchange, he did not see why the learned gentleman might not deal with him on a fair principle of commutation. He should certainly be always very willing to receive wit from the learned gentleman, if that gentleman would, as he had on the present occasion, take a supply of law in return.

Here the arguments of all parties were concluded, and on the 30th of March, by their lordships' decision, the *charter* was refused.

In the papers of the 16th of April appeared a petition from the proprietors of *Drury-Lane theatre* to his majesty. It is very long, and seven-eighths of it very unnecessary, being occupied with a dry account of the building of the late theatre by Mr. Holland, in 1793. Two extracts will give the marrow and wisdom of the whole.

"Your petitioners contend, that if a *third* regular established theatre should indeed be deemed necessary, and called for by the public, the proprietors of *Drury-Lane theatre* have a *third* reserved patent, which has been purchased at a considerable price by the trustees of the said theatre, and which they are willing should be applied to the attainment of the above object, instead of allowing new speculators to interfere with their just rights."

This reminds us of *Sir Pertinax*—"I've a nither son, Sawney, a gude laddie,"—determined that nothing shall go out of the family! But hear what is afterwards said:

"That your petitioners by no means purpose to contend, that it might not be better for the general interests of the drama, and the purposes for which it has so long been considered as a fit object of legislative protection, that the existing monopoly should be wholly destroyed. Your petitioners' conviction; that the immediate destruction of the respect and utility of the stage would

be the consequence, they entirely pass by; but your petitioners humbly insist, that there is no instance, since the reign of Charles the Second, wherein patent rights, however doubtful in the purpose and character of their grant and origin, have been reclaimed from their inheritors or purchasers, without due compensation made to those who have relied on the security, or embarked their means upon the faith of such monopoly."

Surely Mr. Sheridan must have written this very late in the evening, and does not bear his liquor so well as usual. What—do these sage petitioners assure his majesty that they, even they, *by no means* defend the *monopoly*, which being destroyed, would, they admit, *better the general interests of the drama, and its best purposes*, and yet, in the next period, assert their conviction, "that the immediate destruction of the *respect and utility of the stage* would be the consequence?" Alas! poor Sherry, bring him his night-cap!

On the 1st of May Mr. PETER MOORE, Mr. Sheridan's paw, presented a petition from Mr. Sheridan, &c. of the old Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, praying for leave to bring in a bill for erecting a new theatre on the site of the old one. On the following day leave was given. Now *nothing but money* is wanting!

The *newspaper editors*, who are represented by Mr. SHERIDAN in parliament, and who out of parliament represent him as he pleases, have to a man been most industrious and inventive in putting a good colour on his cause. They now say that the petitioners for the *third theatre* have come to an understanding with Mr. Sheridan, and that they are to make a joint concern of the erection of two smaller theatres. There is not a word of truth in it. It is said, that Mr. Sheridan made some such overture to them, viz. that they should, for such a purpose, join their capital of 150,000*l.* to his, whenever it appears, and make *him* the treasurer. This "*prodigious bold request*" so startled them, that, in an unlucky moment, they so far neglected their own interest as to refuse it—and now, although they have been denied a charter, they have framed a petition in a different shape, from which they have great hopes of success.

[To be continued.]

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JUNE, 1810.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. ALEXANDER RAE, FROM AN ORIGINAL
PAINTING.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	402
Memoirs of Mr. Alexander Rae	403
Observations of Guy Patin ...	405
England during the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Nor- man Conquests	409
Some Thoughts on Friendship ..	415
Historians	417
On the Practice of the Courts of Common Law	420
On the Utility of the Greek and Latin Languages	423
Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K. B.	427
Notes on Athenæus	430
Bon Mots and Anecdotes	431
Endymion the Exile	435

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

On the Revival of the Cause of Reform	439
The Caledonian Comet	442
Practical Sermons	446

BRITISH STAGE.

Dramatic Swindling	446
Receipts and Expenses	449
Cornelle	450

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Horace in London	461
Book I. Ode XXVI.	463
The Gentianella	454
Written in a Blank Leaf of Campbell's Pleasures of Hope	455
Everlasting Beauty	456
An over-driven Hoy	ib.
Epigram	ib.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

Covent Garden Theatre	457
Lyceum	461
Haymarket Theatre	462
Lyceum E. O.	466
Surrey Theatre	470
Sadler's Wells	ib.
Vauxhall	471
Theatrical Chat-Chat	ib.
New Theatre, Tottenham Street	472
Astley's Amphitheatre	ib.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Glasgow Theatre	473
Norwich Theatre	ib.
A third Theatre	474
Literary Intelligence	475
Index	477

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1810.

CORRESPONDENCE.

An excellent paper by *Ausonius*, and M. J. on "*Around thee, Witch,*" next month.

Evening, by "*Juvenius*," has merit, but is too incorrect for insertion.

Creator, "*On the dearth of every thing*," does not recollect how dear time and paper are, or he would not have sent us such a volume. All we can do with his article is to make an extract of the only plum that we could find in it. "From the most valuable thing to the meanest, its all the same—a penny-post letter costs *twopence*; "*shave for a penny*," is *three halfpence*; and old Joe Miller's jest of '*twopen'orth* of whipcord, *sixpence*,' is no longer a joke."

Y. N.'s epigrams which follow, are not without point, but the point has been so frequently used, that we fear it will, with some, be a little blunted.

Epigram on an unsuccessful fishing-party.

"What sport?" ask'd Dick, *Nyly*—

"You'd *farnous*, I'm told."

"Why, faith! I caught nothing;"

Cried Will, "but—a cold."

Impromptu on little Mrs. R——e asking what an epigram should be like.

An epigram, (I vow 'tis true;

As true as 'tis that you are pretty);

Should fashion'd, be ma'am, just like you :

That's very *short*, and very *witty*.

L. O.'s paper does credit to his morals, but his arguments would die with their antiquity, before they would reform by their soundness.

An acrostic on *Miss Ray*; J. S. on the *Seasons*; L. L. in *Defense of Milton*; J. S. on *Happiness*; and Young Nick's epigrams are received.

In the article signed "*Catamaren*," we have put asterisks for certain names, which should not be sported with on hearsay evidence.

Bath and Leeds theatricals next month.

Erratum.—P. 340, for "*containe*," read *contains*.



De Wilde delin.

H. Meyer sculp.

Mr. Rael.

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THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JUNE, 1810.

42

MEMOIRS OF MR. ALEXANDER RAE.

(With a Portrait.)

It will be remembered that the subject of these memoirs made his entrée at the Haymarket theatre, some few seasons since, and the great promise he then evinced, (which was readily subscribed to by all who witnessed his performance of *Octavian*, *Sir Edward Mortimer*, *Hamlet*, *Felix*, in the *Hunter of the Alps*, &c.) has induced some to predict that the period is not far distant, when, as a metropolitan actor, he will be considered an ornament to the profession, which, we understand, he is indefatigable in pursuing.

Mr. Rae was born in London in May, 1782. On the death of his father in 1787, he was placed under the care of the Rev. W. Lloyd, a profound scholar, and rigid disciplinarian, to whom he is indebted for a liberal education, and a well-regulated mind; under his venerable instructor he continued to pursue his studies with assiduity, until he attained his sixteenth year, when he entered the office of Mr. Campbell, of the Adelphi, London, an army and East-India agent, to whom his gentlemanly conduct and refined manners, so strongly recommended him, that he introduced him in the extensive circle of his acquaintance. On Mr. Campbell's secession from public life, he handsomely offered to provide for Mr. Rae, by procuring for him an appointment in India; but this gentleman's irresistible passion for the drama, induced him to decline these offers, and with the advice of his friend, Mr. Cumberland, who

furnished him with letters to Mr. Dimond, the manager of the Bath theatre, he visited that theatre in January, 1806. He was graciously received by Mr. Dimond, and immediately made his first appeal to the candour of criticism, in *Hamlet*. His delineation of this arduous character was marked throughout with great taste, judgment, and fine feeling, and though labouring under the disadvantage of a first appearance before any audience, his performance was considered of uncommon promise, even by the most fastidious observers, who pronounced this cheering sentence—"Proceed, be attentive, and be eminent." He played *Hamlet* twice at Bath, and once at Bristol, and was most favourably received in *Octavian*, *Charles Surface*, *Young Wilding*, &c. His success induced Mr. Coleman to engage him for the following season to succeed Mr. Elliston at the Haymarket, which theatre he opened on the sixth of June, in the character of *Octavian*, and was most interestingly received. He repeated the part several times with increased success, and gave equal satisfaction in *Sir Edward Mortimer*, *Frederick*, in the *Poor Gentleman*, &c. Unfortunately for him, the *Finger Post*, or *Five Miles off*, was produced, in which he consented to perform a part of no importance; as this piece had a run of upwards of thirty nights, Mr. Rao was prevented from appearing in more characters of consequence. On the close of the Haymarket, he was applied to by Messrs. Lewis and Knight to fill Mr. Young's situation at the Liverpool theatre, that gentleman having purchased a share of the Manchester theatre with Mr. Ward. At Liverpool he has remained ever since—now his fourth season—rapidly advancing in professional excellence—a confirmed favourite—and highly esteemed in an extensive circle of the most respectable families.* During the Liverpool vacation he has visited Dublin and Scotland, and has been received with distinguished marks of attention and respect, highly admired professionally, and much esteemed for his private worth. S.

* He has declined great offers from America, and has received overtures from the Lyceum.

OBSERVATIONS OF GUY PATIN,

AN EMINENT FRENCH PHYSICIAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY.

GASSENDI.

MY friend Gassendi was not one of the followers of Aristotle. He used often to say to me, in a joking way, "Aristotle has a nose made of wax, which we can turn any way we like with a finger and thumb."

Gassendi published the life of Tycho Brahe. The latter philosopher, in his treatise on the comet of 1574, (which disappeared at the death of Charles IX. having blazed during the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew,) declared, that, in consequence of this star, there should arise, towards the north, in Finland, a prince who should alarm Germany, and who should disappear in 1632; which circumstance precisely described Gustavus of Sweden.

BEZA.

The great Theodore Beza was etymologically a triumvir; that is, he was married three times. He died at Geneva, 1605. The following lines were written on his three marriages, by one Stephen Pasquier:

Uxores ego tres vario sum tempore nactus,
Cum juvenis, tum vir factus, et inde senex,
Propter opus, prima est validis mihi juncta sub annis,
Altera propter opes, altera propter opem.

In age, youth, and manhood, three wives have I try'd,
Whose qualities rare all my wants have supply'd.
The first, goaded on by the ardour of youth,
I woo'd for the sake of her person, forsooth:
The second I took for the sake of her purse;
And the third—for what reason? I wanted a nurse.

NYPHUS.

Augustus Nyphus, a native of Sueza, in the kingdom of Naples, whose books of morals were published at Paris in 1645, lived in the time of Charles V. Being visited by the emperor, he shewed him into a room, where there was only one chair, on which Nyphus placed himself; observing to the emperor that a man of his rank could order another to be brought. In conversation with Charles, he said, "You are an emperor of soldiers, and I am an emperor of books."

FATHER ADAM.

Father Adam was a Jesuit of Limosin, who was silenced afterwards for preaching against St. Austin. The queen-mother, coming out from one of his sermons, asked a courtier who was near her, what he thought of the discourse, "Madam," replied the gentleman, "the sermon convinces me of the truth of the doctrine of Preadamites." "How so?" says the queen.—"Because, madam, I am now certain that Father Adam is not the *first* of men."

HISTORIANS.

Of all the historians for the last sixty years, who have written on the affairs of any European nation, M. le President de Thou has in my judgment shewn himself much superior. "*Qui horrida quadam sed felici libertate,*" who, with a style harsh, yet manly, has decried the vices of every set of men, in every country, and among every individual where he found them abound. This author is the favourite of all honest and disinterested readers. Second to the President de Thou comes Famiianus Strada: whose history is very curious and well arranged. I wish he had given us the second volume as correct as he did the first. "*In quo viginti annos perficiendo insumpsit,*" the labour of twenty years. Famiianus Strada has often told me that it was very difficult and almost impossible to be a good historian. "To execute the office well," says he, "the writer should belong to no country, no order of men, no party, and no religion."

SCHOLAR.

Men of letters (very luckily for themselves) are seldom men of turbulent ambition, but quiet men and good domestic characters. Their province is to be authors and fathers of families. Grotius said of Gerard Vossius,* that he doubted "*scriberetne accuratius aut gigneret liberos felicius.*" Whether he had a better knack at getting children or writing books. It is certain that he was skilful at both.

KING OF ETHIOPIA.

In the time of Cardinal Richelieu, in 1638, a man pretended to be the King of Ethiopia, and called himself Gaza-Christ. He died at Ruel, next door to that minister's residence. I believe him to have been an impostor, but I can recollect little of his history that interested me, except the following verses, which were written upon his pretensions at his death:—

Cy gît le Roi d'Ethiopie,
Soit original où copie;
Sa morte a vuidè les débats,
Si'l fut roi ou ne le fut pas.

IMITATED.

Here lies the Ethiopian Prince,
Once real or pretended;
Which was the case, death, some days since,
The grand dispute has ended.

PLINY.

Pliny's Natural History is a very fine composition. It is original in the highest degree. It yields in merit to Aristotle and Plutarch only. Pliny's knowledge is deep, and his mind

* Gerard John Vossius by his two wives had seven children, and left behind him six volumes in folio of his works, which are considered by all scholars as valuable contributions to the general stock of classical erudition.

sagacious; which enabled him to controvert popular prejudices and errors. He is modest with respect to his situation and talents, too well knowing the infirmities of nature, as well as the misfortunes of life. His reflections are solid and well founded. It is the height of ignorance and folly to neglect or despise his Natural History.

DRAKE.

Francis Drake has left behind him in England the character of an excellent seaman. He first, after Sebastian Cano,* a native of Spain, travelled round the world; which voyage he performed in two years and eight months, setting off December 13, 1577; he returned November 3, 1580. The following verses were made on his return, and are preserved in Camden's Life of Queen Elizabeth :—

Drace, perrerati quem novit terminus orbis,
 Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus.
 Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum,
 Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

Where'er old Ocean's boundless waters roll,
 Have borne, great Drake, thy bark from pole to pole.
 Should envious mortals o'er thy labours sleep,
 The stars, which led thee thro' the vent'rous deep,
 Shall tell thy praises; and thy well-earn'd fame,
 The sun, thy fellow-traveller, proclaim,

* Sebastian Cano, or Canus, a Biscayan by birth, attended the celebrated Magellan in his voyages; and passed those streights with him, which were afterwards called after his name. He retired to Seville in 1522. Charles V. presented him with a globe having this device; "Primus me circumdedisti." You first went round me.

ENGLAND DURING THE ROMAN, SAXON, DANISH, AND NORMAN CONQUESTS.

BY THE REV. MARK NOBLE, F.A.S. of L. AND E.

[Concluded from P. 335.]

THE nation felt very little change in its language, customs, or habits, from subjection to the Danes. Yet we had many of this nation permanently settle here; many whole districts were chiefly peopled by Danes; in the north they were in such numbers, that in Northumberland, they generally shewed their descent by openly revolting at every new accession until Canute's reign. I have heard persons say that in the north the people more resemble the Danes of the present day than the rest of their countrymen; I fancy this is only ideal, for the original people of both nations, those under the general name of Saxons, and those under the denomination of Danes, were little different in manners or persons; both were fair from climate, and strong from a hardy laborious life. Equally brutal in their neighbouring wilds, what great difference could there be? Their few laws, and their absurd fables, were, with only a shade of dissimilarity, alike.

If it should be asked what was the proportion of Danish with Saxon blood, at the accession of Edward the Confessor, it would be impossible to speak with precision; the villains and slaves would be all British or Saxon. Some great proprietors were undoubtedly Danish, as were some of the middle class, descendants of those permitted to remain in the island, but I do not think that there would be a fortieth part of the population Danish. Nor do I think that, at the death of Canute, England was less cultivated or less civilized, than at the accession of Ethelred II. probably it was improved in both respects from the riches obtained by trade, and the influx of wealth from the court of a monarch ruling over several nations,

and who had learned in Italy all the splendour that Europe then knew.

I have mentioned nothing of the affairs of the Scots, who, by the destruction of the Pictish kingdom, became a more considerable nation; nor of the British, who were now distinguished as Welch, and their country as Wales; because we had little intercourse with these but petty wars; the monarchs of England having become too puissant in the comparison to suffer seriously from them separately, or even jointly.

The long reign of the pious unenterprising Edward the Confessor rather tended to enrich the English by commerce, than to raise their fame for martial deeds. The usurpation of Earl Harold, upon his death, involved England again in new troubles. The King of Norway hoped to wrest the sceptre from his hands, and place it in his own; but, instead of a new diadem, he gained an early grave. Undismayed by his fall, William, Duke of Normandy, a prince of great reach of capacity, resolved to claim the kingdom of England, as devised to him by King Edward. Had Edgar Atheling, the real heir, been seated upon the throne, and Harold had supported him as the first subject in the kingdom, or had he behaved with prudence, instead of precipitancy, after he had usurped the throne, it is probable he would have saved his life and crown, and prevented the subjugation of his country to a new race. It is scarcely necessary to remark that St. Edward's will was never produced, nor probably ever made, for he had no power to devise his crown from the royal line.

The effect of the Norman conquest was very much the same as the Saxon had been, only the Norman was effected at once, the Saxon revolution had been some years in accomplishing. Landed property totally changed hands. The best blood of the Anglo-Saxons was either poured out in the hostile plain, by the executioner, or was lost to England by voluntary banishment. What are now the northern counties of England, and the southern ones of Scotland, both then governed by the Scottish king, were willing asylums to the thanes, the earls, and the dukes of Anglo-Saxon lineage, as well as to their faithful friends and followers; this asylum was given in re-

turn for that protection which Malcolm and his subjects had received in the court of St. Edward, when the tyrant, Macbeth, had usurped his crown, and proscribed his person. The lowest classes of the people neither able, nor willing, perhaps to fly, remained as they had done in all the former revolutions, just as the Poles have done, and from the same causes. It may be remarked that the Poles are just in the same abject state as those of the like classes were at the Norman conquest in England, just the same as they were in all the strict feudal kingdoms of Europe. They passed with the land, and in the laws they are often placed far inferior to the cattle, and form an intermediate state between them and the dogs, which, prized for hunting, were protected and valued highly.

It will be now necessary to see what change this, the last conquest, had upon population, upon the manners of the nation, and what were the final consequences of this extraordinary revolution. The loss of the best families of Saxon origin was very great, but the others who fell in the field, on the scaffold, or who fled, were chiefly those great landed gentry who held by military tenure. This was what gave William, after the battle of Hastings, and on the frustration of the frequent revolts, which he termed rebellion, an opportunity of depriving all the natives of their estates, or reduced them to hold them by an inferior tenure under his military chieftains, whom he raised to titles, and presented to vast landed estates; the whole kingdom was divided out in fiefs to reward their valour, and to secure his conquest.*

* Ireland, like England, has a mixed blood. "The present motley generation of the Irish is composed of parts not less heterogeneous than the inhabitants of Great Britain, being a mass of aboriginals, Irish, Spaniards, or Milesians, Danes, Saxons, Normans, English, Scots, Hugonots, and Palatines. In such a miscellaneous variety one might be led to imagine that all national characteristic must be lost, yet no people in Europe seems more distinctly marked, or to bear a stronger original impression: whether nature frames and models the disposition of the inhabitants to the soil and climate of the country, or whether the form of government gives a complexion to their manners, it is curious to observe how quickly

All revolutions are horrid miseries to the suffering generation—here not only those who fled felt it, but those who remained; the estates, from obvious reasons, lost about one third of their value. They would not, until things became somewhat settled, which could not for years be effected, be properly cultivated, and the danger of a counter revolution would be a check to any one's being desirous to give much for them.

A new mode of law and manners were immediately adopted, the military system became more rigid, the laws were more severe, trade was checked, and what remained was cramped; as to the Normans, they never regarded it, and as warriors, as recent conquerors, they despised it; happily this fell to the lot of the Anglo-Saxons settled in London, and other parts in England. The people were perfectly divided between the new and the old settlers. The Normans gave law and fashion. Their language was adopted, the Anglo-Saxon had the fate of the British; it was only spoken by the conquered, as to the British it had long been totally disused, even by the lowest of the people in England, but was retained, as it still is, by the Welch.

After William had fully perfected the conquest and settlement of England, there remained in the kingdom about two millions of souls; these were Britons, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, and now Normans, with a few more adventurers, who joined his standard previous to, or just after his coming over. The nobility and gentry became chiefly Normans, as did the dignified ecclesiastics; but these in a population of two millions could not be great. We can well judge of them by doomsday book. From the nobility and gentry long descended our

the various dissimilar parts coalesce, and amalgamate into one body."—Lord Macartuey. To this I must remark that all our historians observe that the English settlers prior to Elizabeth's reign, usually sunk into the Irish barbarism. This is reversing the order of things it should seem, yet the facts warrant all that his lordship says. The climate and the state of the cultivation of the soil may have much influence, but in this case the climate is not much dissimilar; as to cultivation, Ireland was in a state of nature when compared to England, and it still is many degrees below the sister kingdom in this respect.

first families, but still the mass of the people were not Normans. We know with what reluctance some of this nation remained here, and with what bitter complaints the Norman ladies upbraided the absence of their husbands, some declaring that if they did not return, they would seek others. William did invite over many of the common men to settle, that they might become a permanent force to overawe his new subjects; these remaining here have given many families, and more generally blended the Norman with the Anglo-Saxon and the British blood, but in what proportion, I believe, is not to be calculated, for subsequent circumstances render it next to impossible, because our monarchs' future Francic territories also gave us many families; trade has brought others from Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and elsewhere; and revolutions in other countries, particularly from religious persecution, has, within these last three centuries, poured in numbers, as to a land of liberty; the Jews, permitted by William I. though driven out by Edward I. were invited to return by the Protector, Oliver, and are now numerous. Beside these, we have in England very many Welch, Irish, and Scotch families, who have lost all remembrance of their origin, but which their surnames sufficiently ascertain.

The conquest by William I. had this great advantage; it gave England a perfect security from a subsequent one, because the sovereign, by his foreign territories, acquired power sufficient to repel aggression, and even to provoke hostilities. The Normans and Angevans were a more refined people than the Anglo-Saxons, so that we gained in this point. When John lost almost all his continental territories, England was left to struggle with its own strength; the conquest of Ireland had just preceded the event, having been effected by Henry II.; and Wales, in the next century, was added by Edward I. The heroic valour of Edward III. first proved the strength of England solely, she rose to an awful height, attained a power none before thought her capable of, and her fame was confirmed by the prowess of Henry V. In all her subsequent

war she has shewn herself inferior to no nation in christian-
dom.

It was not until the reign of these two monarchs, that England recovered to the wealth and consequence which she enjoyed under the Roman emperors: the plunder of France, and the ransom of potentates, princes, and peers, brought in wealth, and gave renown. The wealth was used as the foundation for an enlarged commerce, an improvement in agriculture, and the erection of superb structures. The glory acquired by arms has been the stock upon which Englishmen have established a fair fame that never can be lost so long as the historic page remains. The accession of Scotland by descent, has added much permanency to internal repose. Happily, with power, liberty has extended too; the barons were ever free; the kings by incorporating towns and promoting trade, raised up a second, a middle rank of men, who by silently and slowly obtaining great wealth, became also entirely free, and at length even the once abject slaves became so.

The English, a nation wholly mixed, partakes in some measure of the languages of all, but the Anglo-Saxon and the Normanic-French, are the great foundations upon which it is built, and though we have had monarchs from Spain, Scotland, Holland, and Germany, yet these have never changed our language, nor influenced our manners, both of which are so strongly marked as belonging to a great and free nation, that perhaps they never can again be altered. Puissant now, indeed, is the name of the British empire, an empire which is known and feared in every quarter of the globe. Arms and commerce give the British islands unprecedented advantage. She boasts colonies far greater than even ancient Greece, and she holds a power that even Rome must have respected in her proudest day. As uniting, in so imminent a degree, prowess, learning, arts, and commerce, she is unrivalled. Though we have had almost constant foreign wars for nearly eight centuries, and internal, or civil ones, on various accounts; though we have colonized to so great an extent, yet we have at least fourteen millions of subjects, and though our wars are so expensive,

and so extensive, yet we can, and do raise forty millions of taxes yearly. How little could a Phœnician, a Grecian, or even a Roman have supposed such circumstances possible! What would they have thought, could it have been related to them, that the British islanders would send forth greater navies of war, and more numerous fleets of merchantmen, than all the nations of the world united!

I remain, sir,
Barming Parsonage, Your most obedient servant,
 1808. MARK NOBLE.

SOME THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP.

*"Slight and precarious are the ties that vice doth bind;
 But virtue leaves a lasting friendship in the mind."*

Of all the passions which have at different times warmed the human breast, that of friendship is in itself one of the noblest, and originates in the most benevolent and disinterested of sentiments. By friendship is not to be understood that extensive signification, which indiscriminately includes all as friends with whom we are in habits of intimacy, whether arising from connection in life, or that attractive impulse which gives us more confidence in the society of some, whose ideas concur with our own in points which are not in themselves virtuous, and which we can freely communicate, than with others, where our inclination is overawed by superior virtue, and with whom we are restrained by the fear of lessening ourselves in their estimation. Although the acknowledgment of a man's possessing some particular vice could not give him friends, still there are not wanting those who would be disposed to judge more favourably of him on that account, from the consciousness of being under the influence of the same bad quality themselves; and who would lay hold of that circumstance to court his acquaintance, that they might

have his example to screen them, and be under the less restraint in exercising their own vicious propensity. Those of bad character will naturally flock together, that they may be the less check upon each other. But intimacies formed on such grounds will always be precarious, and easily interrupted; for good faith and honour can have little influence where vice is the only cement.

Nothing is consistent with, or in any manner related to, friendship, but that which is in itself strictly virtuous. A person who, under its title, inspires confidence in the breast of another towards himself, and encourages him to unbosom himself in particulars which are not virtuous, unless he is actuated by the motive of rendering him this important service—of representing to him, in true colours, the pernicious and fatal tendency of suffering such ideas to have a place in his mind, is a secret, and a most dangerous enemy, who, in the first place, ensnares him by flattering his predominant passion, engages his other faculties by humouring this, lays reason and discretion dormant, and then pursues his advantage, by rendering the influence he has obtained over his whole soul the instrument whereby he strengthens and confirms him in bad habits, and makes immoral thoughts familiar to his mind; thereby destroying the spring of that sensibility which alone can guard him from the encroachments of evil. Thus the name of friendship is only assumed as a disguise to cover vice; and its sacred purity violated for the worst of purposes.

In a virtuous mind, such actions of another as come within the circuit of his observation, and which are the result of sentiments conformable with his own, will strike an impression which, in the course of intimacy, will rise into esteem. On the basis of a mutual esteem of this kind, real friendship is founded. It is that benevolent sentiment which springs up in our breasts at viewing good actions in others; it is that tribute of respect and admiration which carries its own proof, that we are actuated by the same generous motives, and it seldom fails of procuring us with others the same esteem and good will which we ourselves feel. The same virtue that we respect in others, will in ourselves be respected. Thus esteem

unites us in the close bonds of friendship. It is this which raises the human character so high above the level of the inferior creation; it is the result of the proper exercise of those superior intellects with which man is endowed, which teaches him to discriminate between the different motives that produce other's actions; and upon this observation is grounded that sentiment, which is of such great importance to the law of life, and which adds such a value to its enjoyments. And, but for this principle of humanity, what were the satisfaction of life? Were the favours that we mutually bestow on each other to be portioned out only according to the interest we have at stake, or the advantage accruing to ourselves from conferring them, what confidence could we have in each other? What certain rule could be drawn to guard us against treachery? But it is the sentiment of friendship which interests us for the welfare of others, where we ourselves have not the least expectation of advantage, which makes us as sincere in promoting the success of our friend as our own, and which gives us the inclination not only of watching for his personal safety, but of apprizing him of his danger when he tends towards any particular vice, and, on the recurrence of the desire in him, to give it salutary checks, which each time will lessen its impulse, and perhaps at last entirely extinguish it.

A friend is our chief enjoyment in the days of prosperity, and in adversity our sweetest consolation.

May, 1810.

J. S.

HISTORIANS.

No. IV.

MR. PULTENEY.

He was a professed *whig*, and as such he opposed the minister, *but* he never intended that this opposition should be carried farther than to retrieve the nation from those measures,

3 G—VOL VII.*

which, as a *whig*, he thought to be *wrong*, and which he blamed the minister, who had risen upon the *whig* interest, for pursuing. *Tindal.*

Nor did Mr. Pulteney confine his displeasure at the minister to his person only, but all his measures; so that some are of opinion that *he opposed* Sir Robert Walpole often, *when the measures he pursued were beneficial to the public.*

Biographical Dictionary.

He spoke with freedom, fluency, and uncommon warmth of declamation, which was said to be the effect of *personal animosity* to Sir Robert, with whom he had been formerly connected. *Smollett.*

Mr. Pulteney was at the *head of the opposition* in the House of Commons. *Tindal.*

His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature, and disturb our reason.

Though he was an able *actor of truth* and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice. *Lord Chesterfield.*

He long lived in the very focus of popular observation, and was respected as the chief bulwark against the encroachments of the crown. *Biographical Dictionary.*

He shrunk into *insignificancy* and an *earldom*, (*Both*): He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it. He was fixed in the House of Lords, that *hospital of incurables*, and his retreat to popularity was cut off; for the confidence of the public, when once great and once lost, is never to be regained. *Chesterfield.*

This character shall be dismissed with the comment of *Mrs. Macauley*:

“The fall of this great man is one of the most remarkable instances which shew that the Almighty Ruler of the universe will not suffer defective characters to be instruments in so glo-

rious a work as the breaking the yoke of tyranny, nor permit men, who are without the principle of virtue, to enjoy for any length of time its never-failing rewards, or even to carry its externals to the grave."

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

He was much below shining, but above contempt in any character. *Chest.*

Openly avowed in a court of justice the purchase and sale of a borough. Looked for an immediate consolation, for the loss of an only son, in consultations and empty bargains for a place at court, or in the misery of balloting at the India-House. *Junius.*

Generous and humane disposition.

Introd. to Lady Russell's Letters.

He had no amiable qualities. *Chest.*

The ministers deputed him to the court of Versailles. "His patrons wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions; their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility." *Junius.*

In short, he was a duke of a respectable family, and with a very great estate. *Chest.*

MR. FOX.

Mr. Henry Fox fought surprising battles with the first demagogues of the age. *Smollett.*

Great skill in managing, that is, in corrupting the House of Commons.

He had not the least notion of, or regard for, the public good or the constitution, but despised those cares as the objects of narrow minds, or the pretences of interested ones; and he lived, as Brutus died, calling virtue only a name. *Chest.*

This secretary of state and the whig Pelham form a very amiable pair of political portraits. * *

ON THE PRACTICE
OF THE
COURTS OF COMMON LAW.

*Si qua tamen iurgandi olim tibi forte cupido,
Accensa in venis exarscrit, ex tibi pravam
Commoda quæ possit restinguere fabula bilem.*

Menage.

IN considering the nature of the beginning of a suit, that is, the *bill*, supposed to be filed in K. B. and the original supposed to be sued out in C. B. as well as the formal parts of the pleadings dependant on them, we conclude from their *obscurity*, that though these, and the formalities of the subsequent proceedings, might in ancient times have been material, they are at present utterly useless ; and yet they are followed with the greatest exactness, though they tend only to multiply proceedings, and increase expense.

With respect to the *bill* supposed to be filed in the King's Bench, it is thereby asserted that the defendant is *in custody of the marshal*, &c. which is *fictitious* ; also, that *pledges* are given by the plaintiff to prosecute, &c. which is altogether *untrue*. Nor does it appear that ever any process issued requiring *pledges*, or that ever any *pledges* were really found in the court ; yet with these the *declaration* is concluded, and the *memorandum* at the beginning of the issue, with the *imparlance* before the plea, &c. depends on, and refers to it, as most of the subsequent pleadings do in some respect or other ; and yet what is this *bill* but a mere formal thing, grounded on fiction, and indeed never filed but *ex necessitate*, in the case of a writ of error.

Touching the *original out of Chancery* (which is said to be sued out to warrant the *capias* in the *Common Pleas*, as the filing the *bill* warrants the *bill of Middlesex* in the *King's Bench*), it is just such another formal, useless, and unnecessary process. These proceedings render the beginning of a

suit obscure, difficult, and needlessly expensive; and clearly shew that the two greatest courts of law in the kingdom owe their authority to mere formality and fiction, when it might be easily remedied by only declaring the *bill of Middlesex*, or *latitat* in the one, and the *capias* in the other, to be the original or leading process, and then the formal proceedings with all their obscurity would be done away. See Boote's Suit at Law, p. 38.

Here we see how time works a change in things; for in the place of an original to *give* the court its *jurisdiction* to proceed in the *cause*, it is now only sued out to warrant the judgment *after* it is given, and instead of the original being to warrant the declaration and the judgment, as it was originally intended, the *judgment* is now a *warrant* for the original!

Of making up the Issue in the King's Bench.

The *memorandum* is to shew when the *bill* was filed, or *supposed* to be so; and the *imparlance*, when the plea came in, but of what *necessary* use is either? The Court of *Common Pleas* has neither one nor the other—it is full of *falsities*, and serves only to lengthen the issue, and consequently to increase costs.

Of making up an Issue in the Common Pleas.

The *issue* in the *Common Pleas* was anciently transcribed from the several rolls used in this court, but it is now made up by the attorney, who only copies the pleadings in course and order, and after all the award of the *venire*. This is joining the issue in a very simple and plain manner, without any need-
less or intermediate entry.

The *venire* was originally the only process that issued for bringing in a jury to try the cause, and the writ itself is a full and instructive precept for that purpose. The *habeas corpora* and *distringas* never issued but through necessity.

The manner of *essoining* is become obsolete and forgotten, and there can be no reason why the *venire* alone should not be at present a sufficient process, with the *nisi prius* therein, to summon a jury, and go on to trial. If one writ can be

saved, and if by disuse, or otherwise, every cause is removed for the necessity of *two* writs, why should not the *venire* alone, as it originally was, be established as the only one for the summoning a jury on? And why should any thing be retained that has no tendency but to perplex the proceedings and multiply the costs?

Motions of Course.

In the progress of a cause, many interlocutory applications are made to the court, which are merely matters of course, and are never refused—they depend generally on affidavits of fact, or on facts, that cannot be disputed, and no cause can in common be shewn against them—for the purpose of encouraging, as it is said, the younger practitioners at the bar, every one of these motions must be signed by counsel. Some of them are *absolute* in the *first* instance; against others it is presumed that cause may be shewn, though it is seldom expected. For those, which are absolute in the first instance, *one guinea* is the *quid. hon.* for a signature, or for simply naming the parties, and stating the motion in two or three words, which are frequently not heard by the court; for those, which are *rules to shew cause*, half-a-guinea is paid; and for *both*, an apparatus of paper and stamps, and office-fees.

Justifying Bail

Is a *motion of course*, which must be signed by counsel. It is considered as a *rule to shew cause*, because the bail may be opposed, and the opposition is called *shewing cause*. Why might not a note, under the hand of the attorney, give authority to the clerk of the papers to name the cause, and call the names of the bail, as well as the signature of counsel, who is not permitted to assist the bail? And why might not the attorney's note, in other motions of course, do as well as the counsel's signature, and a few words of course? This would save a considerable expense in *every* cause. * *

* * * Correct at the peril of C. B. Cook's Court, 16 April. Page 174, after the four pounds the *doubling* may cease, "for he then makes an affidavit of the debt, and applies to the court for leave to *levy* for the remainder of the debt and costs."

"The sheriff's books are always accessible on *paying* five shillings for *opening* the office."

P. 177. The villainous practice of attornies is admitted, but any of the parties on a bill, (the acceptor excepted) may stay the proceedings of plaintiff on *payment of the debt*, and *his own costs*.

The *distringas* C. B. will find applies to the *Common Pleas*.

ON THE UTILITY OF THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES.

TO the Latin and Greek languages we owe not only the knowledge of times past, the achievements of heroes, and the actions of other virtuous and illustrious men, who have long since ceased to exist, and which still fire the ingenuous bosom, but that they are presented to us in colours more glowing than any pencil could produce, in the very habit and costume in which they thought, spoke, acted, and lived. The honeyed words of NESTOR, the settled anger of ACHILLES, the patriotic feelings of HECTOR, and the piety of ÆNEAS, must ever remain unknown to the mere English scholar, as they existed in the minds of the divinest of poets. An ancient painting or piece of statuary may be copied by a modern with tolerable exactness, yet not sufficiently so to satisfy the curious and inquisitive in these arts, but to transmit the character of the *εἰκὼν ἀνθρώπου*, from one language to another, would require a faculty which belongs not to man. A literal translation is to-

tally inadequate to this; and when more is attempted by the ablest linguist, or sublimest bard, new and exotic beauties may be introduced, but those of the original invariably disappear. VIRGIL evidently made HOMER his model, and copied so closely, that had his genius been less, he probably would have been reputed, "*de pecoris grege servilis*," yet the one is all majesty, the other mellifluous simplicity. What cause can be assigned, but that the languages, although far more nearly allied than ours with either of them, admit not of a reciprocity of beauties. HORACE, speaking of PINDAR, tells *Julus*,

PINDARUM quisquis studet æmulari, I—

Ule, ceratis ope Dædaleâ

Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus

Nomina ponto.

The Roman language has not the sublimity of the Greek, and HORACE, although he had few rivals among lyric poets, well knew that this "*facile princeps*" was inimitable. The mere modern linguist can have no idea what the Greek lyric is. As well may he endeavour to gain an idea of the Alps, by contemplating a mole hill, or, among the Cimmerians, to collect the image of the sun from a taper, as to conceive adequately of this truly noble and divine versification. Was any thing of the kind presented to him, his eyes, dazzled with the brilliancy, would probably reject it, as the owl the beams of the sun.

————— κῆρυκας ὡς

ἄκραντα γυρεύετον

διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θύειν. Pind. Olym.

But these celebrated languages, which have rescued from oblivion so considerable a portion of mankind, which exhibit in the truest and most appropriate colours the manners and transactions they describe, and which cannot otherwise be looked upon than as the source from which our most valuable knowledge of antiquities proceeds, cannot be less deserving the attention of ingenuous minds on account of the facts they contain, than the peculiar excellencies of their style and composition. Such a mind will, with HORACE, rather lament

that more has not been handed down to us, than grudge the trouble of exploring what we have. Many an hero, he says, has lived before *Agamemnon*, yet all are enveloped in obscurity, and have died unknown, because there was no historian to celebrate their deeds. Enough, however, remains to us, to inculcate the most useful lessons of morality. We are instructed what to emulate and what to shun. Who, that observes the precept, "*nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ*," can help revering the virtues of *LEONIDAS*, of *BRUTUS*, and of *LUCRETIVS*, or being penetrated with horror at the deeds of a *NERO* and a *CALIGULA*. We learn too the important lesson, that according to the behaviour of men, posterity, the only impartial judge, will admire or condemn them. But before I take leave of the Greek language, I must further observe of its native force and expression, that the very sound of the words often in a manner conveys the sense, which, combining therewith, rivets the attention of the auditor, by a strength and effect peculiarly its own. Whatever idea or passion is intended to be excited, the smooth and easy flow, or ruggedness and abruptness, or some appropriate structure of the sentence is, I may almost say, usually made subservient to the design of the poet, and adds powerfully to its effect. The Latin writers, it is true, have sometimes not unhappily attempted this species of beauty. Nor have the English altogether failed in a few instances, but those which are at all admissible, are "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*." In Greek they abound every where, and are striking in the highest degree. For instance, the pattering of mules over a mountain is thus described, Πολλὰ δ' ἄναιτα, κάτωτα, πᾶσαντά τι, δόχμιά τ', ἔλθον.

I will select another passage.

Τεῖμε δ' ὄρυγα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη, κ. τ. λ.

Hère Neptune is represented riding over the waves. Superbly grand and beautiful is the language of HOMER. All is smooth and soft, and the earth is gently rocked; but this is not a passage in which HOMER sleeps.

It may further be observed as an argument for cultivating

3 H—VOL. VII.*

the Greek and Latin languages, that our own has within the last few centuries borrowed so largely from them in respect of grammar, words, metaphor, and allusion, and construction of sentences, that, to understand it with critical accuracy, requires their aid and assistance. Without this, it is true, we may know it by rote, and so as to answer necessary purposes, but not as philosophers or proficients, or as literary men, or even men of leisure ought to know it. Here too it is right to make the requisite concessions to prevailing custom, fashion, or prejudice. Among persons who are not of the very lowest order of society, and still more among such as aspire to the rank of gentlemen, the odd and awkward singularity is, to be without at the least some smattering of a classical education; and he who is so deficient must feel every time he converses the mortifying sense of his inferiority. I know not whether HORACE's excuse will afford him much consolation, who partly admits that a rich man has a right to be a fool if he pleases. But further, if our object is not to be eminent orators, or eloquent writers, a competent proficiency in classical erudition, is still attended with these very important advantages, that it puts us on our guard against the tricks and delusions, and commanding influence of distinguished talents, and superior literary acquirements, when directed to selfish, mischievous, or erroneous purposes. It enables a man to judge calmly and dispassionately in the midst of contending factions, and to resist, with equal firmness, the encroachments of ambition and the clamorous impertinencies of the multitude. Had PLATO sufficiently attended to this, he need not have resorted to the harsh expedient of expelling poets from his commonwealth. It would have answered the same purpose, if he had made the poetic art a branch of national education. For no artificial texture of words or argument, can easily mislead or unduly affect those who are but moderately skilled in the mystery of producing it.

A good classical education then is an engine of great power. It may be employed with decisive effect, either as offensive or defensive armour, or against the stratagems of an enemy. Considered as an ingenious art, it ranks with those of the first utility, and most high'y ornamental, nay, it is at the very head

of them. As a source of amusement, it is inexhaustible, and dignified beyond all others. Merely in the light of an accomplishment, it is indispensable. Who that is wise would grudge the midnight-oil in the pursuit of it? What labour so not honourable to youth? What crown so graceful to grey hairs? The virtues are in its train. Riches and honours hover around it. There is no one who is wise, be his possessions more or less, who would not sell all that he has to purchase the field, in which is hidden this divine treasure.

York, April 5, 1809.

GRAVISONUS NUGATOR.

MEMOIRS OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K. B.

[Concluded from P. 323.]

WE must content ourselves with a few lines from the speech of Sir Gilbert Elliott, on moving the first charge against Sir Elijah Impey, 12th Dec. 1787.

"In delivering my opinion of my honourable friend, (Mr. Francis,) I am not so madly vain as to think it can add any thing to his honour—it is not for him, sir, it is to do myself honour, that I say here what I have often said elsewhere, that of all the great and considerable men whom this country possess, there is not one in the empire who has a claim so much beyond all question, who can shew a title so thoroughly authenticated, as this gentleman, to the admiration, the thanks, the reward, the love of his country, and of the world. If I am asked for proof, I say, the book of his life is open before you; it has been read; it has been examined in every line by the diligent inquisition, the searching eye, of malice and envy. Has a single blot been found? Is there one page, which has not been traced by virtue and by wisdom? Virtue, sir, not of the cold and neutral quality, which is contented to avoid reproach by shrinking from action, and is the best ally of vice; but virtue fervent, full of ardour, of energy, of effect.—Wisdom, sir, not the mere flash of genius and of talents, though these are not wanting; but wisdom informed, deliberate, and profound. I know, sir, the warmth imputed to, nay possessed by that character. It is a warmth which does but burnish all his other virtues. His heart is warm, his judg-

ment is cool, and the latter of these features none will deny, except those, who have not examined, or wish to disbelieve it."

Having given the evidences in favour of Mr. Francis, we should act partially and unfairly, though without a personal motive of any kind, if we did not state, per contra, what has been said of him by a person, who, after making a great noise in the world, seems now to be lost and forgotten, and who certainly must have known whether what he said of him was true or false. In the *Appendix*, No. XI. to the fifth *Report* of the select committee, in 1782, there is a minute of Mr. Hastings, communicated to Mr. Francis, on the night of the 14th of August, 1780, in which he says—

"My authority for the opinions, which I have declared concerning Mr. Francis, depends on facts, which have passed within my own certain knowledge. I judge of his public conduct by my experience of his private, which I have found to be *void of truth and honour*. This is a severe charge, but temperately and deliberately made, from the firm persuasion that I owe this justice to the public and to myself, as the only redress to both for artifices, of which I have been a victim, and which threaten to involve their interests with disgrace and ruin. The only redress for a fraud, for which the law has made no provision, is the exposure of it."

These *insinuations* were immediately followed by a challenge from Mr. Francis. They met on the 17th of August, and he was shot through the body for his trouble. Whatever might be the artifices employed by the cold, plotting treachery of Mr. Francis, to circumvent a man, so artless and free from guile as Mr. Hastings, *homo simplex et incautus*, it is plain from the event, that Mr. Hastings was not the victim of them.

Mr. Francis left Bengal in December, 1780, passed five months at St. Helena, and arrived in England in October, 1781, when nobody would speak to him, but the King and Edmund Burke. It appears, by one of his speeches, that his Majesty was very gracious to him. Since that time his parliamentary life has been before the public. One of the principal incidents in it was the resentment, truly unqualified, which he expressed in the House of Commons, on the 10th July, 1784, at the conduct of Lord Thurlow, then chancellor, who

had declared in the House of Lords, "that it would have been happy for this country, if General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Francis, had been drowned in their passage to India." His observations on this curious reflection were delivered in the true spirit of a Philippic, and with a fury, which, considering the relative situation of the parties, astonished every body. But, what is still more curious, no man was ever so much courted by another, as Mr. Francis was afterwards by Lord Thurlow, who probably had taken time to repent of that idle speech above mentioned. They lived much together in society, and, long before Lord Thurlow died, they were very good friends.

The merits of Mr. Francis's conduct in India, and the steady part he took in India affairs, as long as he had a seat in the House of Commons, have been generally acknowledged, but especially, and most emphatically of all men, by Mr. Fox. On the change of the ministry, in 1806, as soon as the death of Lord Cornwallis was known, there was no doubt in the mind of any man, not in the secret of the last coalition, that Mr. Francis would be appointed to succeed him. Mr. Fox, it is to be presumed, had his reasons for preferring the Earl of Lauderdale, who in a publication, three years later than that event, with great candour, has declared that "he secretly felt ashamed of his imperfect knowledge of the subject he was called upon to discuss; a feeling, to which he was perhaps more sensibly alive, from the recollection that he had been selected, by the partiality of one, who is no more, to fill the first situation in the management of the East India Company's affairs."

On the 29th of October, 1806, his majesty, at the recommendation of Lord Grenville, was pleased to invest Mr. Francis, with the expensive honour of the Order of the Bath. A wiser man would have preferred some profit to so much honour, or have contrived, by the usual courses, to have united them; and especially, as he professes, and has publicly declared that, since 1770, he has never received a shilling of the public money of England, in any shape, or on any account. This is but a slight sketch of the subject, and a very hasty view

of the person. The public life of such a man, so well acquainted with the principal persons of his time, and intimate with many of them, conversant in all the transactions of his country, and mixed in some of them, though barren of events for the Gazette, would be interesting and instructive, if it were undertaken and executed by himself. The history of an ardent mind in perpetual action or pursuit, never succeeding, but never courting repose or yielding to despondence, could not fail to communicate a projectile motion to other minds in parallel directions, and to similar objects. They would see that success is not necessary to happiness, much less to honour, and that he, who contends against adversity and persists without hope, cannot be wholly disappointed.

Human virtue should be encouraged to believe, what this man's life has proved to be true, that, in some shape or other, though not in prosperity, there is a reward for perseverance in doing right.

*"Tho' still by folly, vice, and faction, crost,
He finds the generous labour was not lost."*

The approbation of posterity would be no recompense if it could not be anticipated. The posthumous praise, the Statue, and the Monument, are incentives to others, but are lost upon the dead. He virtually and immediately receives the tribute, who is sure it will be paid to his memory ;

*"Enjoys the honours destin'd to his name,
And lives instanter with his future fame."*

NOTES ON ATHENÆUS.

BY GRÆCULUS.

No. XXX.

"The wit and genius of those old Heathens beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads, was to get upon their shoulders."

THE ancients, as we find in this book iv. p. 133, used various means to stimulate their appetites. In this page C. Alexis for

επι read εδι, *ne quidem*. Nicander in D. is in great need of reform. In F. Diphilus, l. 1, for ενδ' read ηνιδ'.

Page 124, A. Alexis, for αν before ουου read ην, or ιαν, and

λεγε.ς. Αγαπ

Φαιης—

for

λεγεις, αε' αν

Φαιης—

The remainder is in a bad plight.

It was a saying amongst the Greeks, and it is an adage in Erasmus, that wine will make old men dance against their will. See C.

Page 135, B. fin. for τρωσας read τρωξας, in C. γ'ιλομην for δ'ι, and in D. fin. σηγος for σηγας.

Page 136, C. init. for εψιπειτης read εψιπειτης, and in E. τυρω δι κ' μαζη σπηδειν for τυρωδι κ' μαζη στερηη.

Page 137, B. for ανδεις insert αυτας, and in E. εδι for επι before Αζις.

Page 138, D. a Sybarite, seeing the manner in which the Spartans lived, said he was not surprised at their superior bravery in battle, for any one in his senses would rather die a thousand times than live on such vile fare.

Page 139, E. fin. read εφ'ιτπων for αφ', and in F. και before κινεσθαι.

In pages 141, 2, &c. will be found a full and curious account of the *Laconic* or Spartan suppers—Λακωνικα δειπνα, P. 142, F.

Page 143. F. Celebration of birth-days amongst the Persians.

Page 146, E. for υπεβολης read υπεβολην, and in the last line of E. insert τ' before εχι.

The splendour, profusion, and expense of modern feasts, bear no comparison with what we hear of the ancient. See the entertainment prepared for Antony, page 147, F. as well as what precedes and follows. Page 148, F. for τρωων read τρωων.

June 3.

BON MOTS AND ANECDOTES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE MIRROR.

BY C. HERBERT.

Danda est remissio animis; nec in eadem intentione æqualiter retinenda mens, sed ad jocos revocanda. SENECA DE TRANQ.

ACCORDING to the definition of J. Faber, his majesty's attorney-general is *Diabolus Regis*, the *King's Devil*, by comparison with the devil in scripture, who is used by the King of Heaven to torment mankind.

Mr. Coleridge, in the *Friend*, has claimed the original idea of the *miseries of human life*; but the *Menagiana* mentions a book on the same subject, of a much more ancient date. *Petrus Hadus de miseria humana*, printed in 4to. at Venice, 1558.

A man, who had many dangerous enemies, consulted the oracle to know whether he should abandon his country. He received for answer—*Domine stes securus*. Shortly afterwards they set his house on fire, and he barely escaped with life. Reflecting on the answer given by the oracle, he discovered, but too late, that he ought to have understood, *Domine stes securus*.

M. Servien wished, for the sake of appearances, to have a library before he died, and employed M. Menage to purchase him one, but while he was in treaty with the widow of M. Rigaut, Mons. Servien departed this life.

M. D——'desirous of making his will, consulted M. Menage on the prefatory words necessary on such an occasion. After getting the usual formula, he began thus—"In the name of God—I shall soon have done, for I've very little to leave."

Pope Paul III. said one day to Cornelio Musso, who wished to be made a cardinal, that he was informed he was a bastard. Cornelio replied—"Your holiness has made so many asses cardinals, that you may very well make a cardinal of one mule."

The Marquis del Carpio, a grandee of Spain, giving the holy water to a lady who presented him with a skinny, ugly, hand, ornamented with a fine diamond, said, loud enough to be heard, *Quisiera mas la sortija que la mano*; i. e. I had rather have the ring than the hand.—The lady, taking him instantly by the golden collar of his order, said, *E yo el cabestro que el asno*: i. e. And I the halter rather than the ass.

A French woman, who understood a little Italian, and wished to say to an Italian lady, *Je n'ai pas tant de merite que vous*—said, *Non sono tanto meretrice come vuestra signoria*—which is, as if she would have observed in English, *I am not so meritorious as you*; and had said, *I am not so meretricious*.

Epitaph on a Physician :

Hâc sub humo, per quem tot jacuêre, jacet.
i. e.

A grave for him is here provided,
Thro' whom so many of us lie dead.

Aristotle says, that when a man sneezes, he always sneezes twice, and this is his reason—because he has two nostrils. Very stupid.

The Spanish have a proverb, which says, that he who never wrote a verse is a fool, and that he who has written two, has written too many.

Remarks of Pascal.—They, who are capable of invention,

31—VOL. VII.*

are few ; they, who cannot invent, are in much greater numbers, and consequently more powerful. Hence it arises that when the inventors seek the praises due to their merits, they are treated as visionaries.

It is not to be regretted that the minds of men are fixed by vulgar error—for example, that which induces them to ascribe the change of weather, the progress of disease, &c. to the moon ; for though it be false that the moon has any thing to do with these matters, yet it cures the curiosity of mankind, and prevents their anxious curiosity to learn what they cannot know, which is one of the maladies of the human mind.

If you wish to have your works printed without errors, never write the MS. well ; for, if you do, it is given to the apprentices, who make a thousand blunders ; whereas, if it is difficult to read, the best workmen are put upon it.

It has been said that after eating a pound of meat, we weigh less than we did before, and it is fully proved, if the accusation in the following anecdote be true :—M. Menage heard a mistress of a house grumble very much at her servant for letting the cat eat a pound of butter. The servant made the best excuse she could. They weighed the cat, and she only weighed *three quarters of a pound* !

☞ See the *Moyen de Parvenir*, chap. 86.

An Epitaph written by Messrs. de Port Royal, and seen in the cemetery of St. Severin :

*Tous ces morts ont vécu ; toi qui vis, tu mourras—
L'instant fatal est proche, et tu n'y penses pas.*

Madame de ——— said she knew no office at court more difficult to fulfil than that of *maid of honour*.

[To be continued.]

ENDYMION THE EXILE.

LETTER XXIX.

IF I am not heartily ashamed of my honest landlord, *John Bull*, then am I as soused a gurnet as the fat man in the play. Would you believe it, Ambrose, honest John cannot even travel now-a-days, without sporting sentiment! Morbid reflections on men and things, which he is pleased to call philosophical observations, have mounted his stage ever since he and *Kotzebue* first compared notes; but one might expect his stage-coaches would have escaped the malady. No such thing, sir, I assure you. When he has bargained with his bookseller for a tour, he first packs up his shirts and shaving apparatus, then lays in a plentiful stock of what in plain old English, is called canting and whining, and if in the prosecution of his tour he be not mistaken for an itinerant field-preacher, it is certainly not the fault of his talents or his style. Now sentiment, Ambrose, is no bad thing in its way. It is uncommonly appropriate in the mouth of a white-slipped swain, in *Gesner's* pastorals, and bestows a prettyish sort of an *exit* on a slim actress, after her papa has requested her, in rather too absolute a style, to marry the man she dislikes. Nay, I will go a step further. Comedies being works of fiction, I have no great objection to a *moralizing farmer*; I can even stomach an *honest attorney*. But when upon the sober stage of real life, a man travels, and publishes his travels, it is my humble opinion that he should paint men, women, children and houses as he finds them. Such, however, is not the fashion now predominant. Disclose your adventures in octavo, briefly, humorously, and to the point like *Doctor Moore*, and nobody reads you. Croak in quarto, bowingly and benevolently like ****, and lords themselves, who have gone over more ground than harlequin, shall attest your excellence.

You tell me that *Guyot*, the bookseller, wishes *me* to publish my travels. Alas! my friend, I am the last man in the

world for his purpose. I dont think that I ever uttered a sentiment in my life. Yes, I beg your pardon. When *Mirabeau* died, I perfectly well remember my ejaculating "*Its what we must all come to,*" and even in that I was anticipated by one of *Peacham's* myrmidons. Money, however, will do much. Let *Guyot* but remit me five hundred pounds, and I will cook him up a *quarto*, whose lettered prize shall amply repay the booby purchasers for the large blank margin that envelops it. Yes I will travel, and I will scribble. I will use my quill as my predecessor of *La Mancha* did his lance, and thus, with my weapon always at rest, and therefore never in repose, will I tilt at law, physic, and divinity, squeezing sentiment even out of china oranges, and extracting the sun-beams of philanthropy, from a Covent-Garden cucumber. I own that to accomplish this last, I have much to do, and more to undo. Confirmed habits are devils incarnate. You will, therefore, suppose me to have undergone a huge moral change. You will take it for granted that I have vaulted into some kettle, simmering with sentiment, in order to be boiled into benevolence, and that some German *Taliacotius* has fitted me with a new drivelling nose, which an adroit adulation thrusts into society, and guarantees from tweaking. And now for a specimen of my travels.

"The sun had not yet attained his meridian altitude, when I quitted my apartments in Piccadilly, to make my purposed tour into the city. In London a string of vehicles, denominated hackney-coaches, are to be met with in every principal street, which, if you ascend, the driver carries you to whatever place business or pleasure may call you: but he expects payment for this at a given ratio of so much per mile. The process to be used is as follows:—You stand still upon the foot pavement, and eying the vehicle you prefer, you ejaculate, '*coach,*' in as loud a voice as you are able. Some people repeat the substantive, and exclaim, '*coach, coach,*' but the practice is dangerous, for it may imply a call for two coaches, which if you make use of, you are liable to pay a double fare. I had the prudence to confine myself to one, and had no sooner uttered the word than the driver addressed

the words *yait, yait*, to his horses, and drew up to the pavement. A lame man at a little distance was witness to our manœuvres, and instantly hobbled towards us with his hat in his hand, opened the door, and let down the step. I entered, and he closed the door, after inquiring where my honour would please to be driven to. I said to Covent-Garden market, and I and my honour being inseparable, we both rode together, leaving the lame lacquey behind us. In my journey I passed through a spacious quadrangle, called Leicester-Fields, which may perhaps take its name from a golden man in the centre, bestriding a horse of the same metal. It was in this square that the invisible girl long continued to interest and amuse the inhabitants of this huge metropolis. It is said that the *Duke of York* discovered the secret, though why that should be, I cannot imagine; for certainly his girls of late have been every thing but invisible. Before I arrived at Covent-Garden, the merciless driver had thrice lashed his steeds: a method used by this ingenious people to make their cattle quicken their speed. I am in hopes to see the cruel custom abolished. Horses have their rights as well as men. If Nero made his horse a consul, it is a proof, that by proper training, horses may emerge from their present abject state. I will not go so far as to assert that they have souls, though I firmly believe, with *Corporal Trim*, that negroes have. Sir Ambrose Anti-clip assures me that his steeds require no further hint than two stamps upon the footboard to set them in motion. In the midst of these reflections, I arrived at the place of destination, where I alighted, and satisfied the driver for his trouble, by paying him a shilling, which he forthwith put into a leather bag, having first bit the coin to satisfy himself that it was good. It is impossible to express my sensations at the noise and clamour, which now assailed my ears from every quarter. This appeared to proceed from two causes: the gabbling of the buyers and that of the sellers; for a market here is composed of persons of both descriptions. Here they sell fruit, vegetables, crockery ware, and flowers. I have been informed that the gardeners of the gentlemen within ten miles of London, steal their master's fruit, and send it hither for sale; insomuch,

that it has been jocularly observed that the best garden is Covent-Garden. I cannot understand how men can reconcile it to their conscience to buy fruit, which they suspect to have been stolen. A peach must lose half its sweetness by having been handled by a thief. We are, I allow, told on grave authority, that 'stolen waters are sweet—' But waters are not peaches. I should have loitered much longer in this motley rendezvous, but I was anxious to get a sight of the two figures over St. Dunstan's church, before the clock had chimed three quarters, so I abruptly quitted a spot which the courtesy and hospitality of the inhabitants had contributed to endear."

* * * *

What think you of this, my friend? If this is all, why I must confess there is no great difficulty in the task, and there is no knowing where my ambition will stop. I'll travel half the world over, giving to the natives of each district moral qualities they never dreamt of—

"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."

I'll post away to Egypt to prove that an Arab is a very honest fellow, stopping in my way at the Point at Portsmouth, to do justice to the injured character of the ladies who frequent that spot. I'll mount the Pyramids, and take my oath that the prospect resembles that from Richmond Hill. I'll dive into the interior of Africa, and boast of the fertility of the soil. I'll shake hands with a Jack Tar, and swear that he never chews tobacco. In short I'll jumble Jew and Gentile in the press, like guineas in a miser's purse, till all asperities are worn down. The American shall lose his tomahawk, the Scotchman his fiddle, and the Irishman his pike, and they shall all walk forth hand in hand upon my polished page, bowing and smiling, as though that adroit caperer, *Lord Chesterfield*, had just been initiating them in the mysteries of the *minuet de la cour*.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

“Beaucoup de personnes lisent, mais il y en a fort peu qui sachent lire. Si l'on est prévenu en ouvrant le livre, tout ce qu'il contient est inutile ; on fait penser l'auteur soi-même, ou on ne le lit que pour se moquer de lui.”

On the Revival of the Cause of Reform in the Representation of the Commons in Parliament. By Capel Lofft, Esq. Barrister. 8vo. pp. 34. Bone and Hone.

THIS pamphlet is so closely printed to give it a circulation as universal as its interest, that we have, in thirty-four pages, what would, in a splendid style of typography, have occupied full a hundred.

What is here written was to have been said at a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, May 1, 1809, but the time did not suit. Mr. Lofft, a man not more full of accomplishments as a scholar, than of benevolence and good-heartedness as a Christian, has for a long series of years made a reform in parliament his prayer, and we strenuously recommend his pamphlet to the perusal of all men, though we are free to confess that we see no fair hopes of the consummation, which he and other upright men so devoutly wish. There is not a sufficiency of virtue and honesty in the country to bear such a pure state of things—the idea is, amidst the luxuries of the day, quite *Utopian*—beautiful in theory, but utterly impracticable! When the people are unanimously resolved on *reform*, the business is done, without any other resolutions, county, or shire. Let every man begin with himself, and the reform is at once full and perfect; but if, instead of this, he will idly and unfairly waste his diligence on the reform of his neighbour, it is never to be expected, were it just to require it—*Medice, cura teipsum*.

In better times, when the nation was not without a *whole place, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot*,

a reform was tried with the support of a most powerful party, as it respected rank and property, but the people would not come in, and the measure fell hopeless to the ground. On that occasion Sir Philip Francis gave a pamphlet to the world, entitled, "*Resolution and Plan* drawn up in 1793, and laid before the *Society of the Friends of the People*, in 1794," from which master-piece of political wisdom, every word of *Sir Francis Burdett's* argument, appended to his notorious letter, is taken without a single one appearing to acknowledge the source of his information. "*In foro fama set justitia.*"

As a taste of the quality of Mr. Lofft's political writings, we shall give an extract, touching *corruption* and Mrs. CLARKE, which will shew our author with his spirit shining through him—the spirit of piety, charity, and justice :

"It used to be said, 'See how extensively *corruption*,' (then called *influence*,) 'prevails.' How can you expect to shake it? Yet it has been shaken; and in a moment it has fallen from the pinnacle of power. It remains to chase it, not merely from its high places, but from its dens and caverns. It remains to keep it out:—not keep it merely from the sight of the public, and render it less glaring and offensive, but keep it out really and permanently. Any minister, you may be sure, will be sufficiently ready to shut it out from your eyes; will indulge you with not seeing *advertisements* informing you that you are to be sold and barter'd, that seats in parliament, commissions in the army and navy, are to be purchased by money or by influence: depend upon it, even *without* a reform in parliament, ministers will take care that you shall not see this as a commerce between officers and dignitaries, ecclesiastical and civil, and the *Lais* of the hour. But will any thing short of an effectual *parliamentary reform*, secure to you that this commerce shall not be again; that the errors and the crimes incident to human nature, when placed in situations peculiarly corruptive, and hedged in by flattery and luxury from advice and reflection, shall not operate: or that when they do operate you shall have a miracle of indiscretion, again to bring them to light; another prodigy to maintain and pursue the investigation calmly, disinterestedly, and intrepidly, under every discouragement; another of zeal to urge the enquiry, in the vain hope of discrediting the enquirer; and another of voluntary acquiescence in the public sentiment, to perform for the people that which the House of Commons did not perform? Do not expect to be always saved by miracle: rather than by wise precautions, and constitutional barriers against *corruption*. And indeed it is sufficiently apparent that the eyes of many which had

been long shut are opened; and that such weak and dangerous expectations will be no longer cherished.

"Another encouragement results from this, that the late discoveries, like a flash from Heaven, have torn the veil from secret misconduct. I have no wish or disposition to bear hard upon persons 'fallen from their high estate.' I have no desire to throw opprobrium on a woman, then most unhappy, perhaps, when the weak and the vicious envied her supposed happiness. That woman has manifested no ordinary force of mind; and may it enlighten and conduct her to a more honourable and happier life!

"This only I will say—that the complicated and extensive discoveries, which have thus suddenly burst forth, are a kind of adumbration of the final day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

"Corruption, therefore, will now happily be less disposed to flatter itself than formerly that the public eye will never behold it in its undisguised deformity. To the seductions of influence and splendour, the salutary prospect of their contraries can be now opposed. And the very buyers and sellers of boroughs, the barterers of boroughs and places for each other, may be now expected to eling less to their traffic; and to contemplate the extinction of it with at least diminished repugnance.

"Add to this what was always true: that scarcely a venal borough exists where profligacy, disease, poverty, contempt, and ruin, are not seen stalking after the heels of corruption;—wages of corruption these, which are death, and worse than death. What then of the corruptors, whose guilt is so far greater; and whose shame, misery, and ruin, is frequently not less!

"Are there not many, even of the corruptors and corrupted, who are now thoroughly sensible that had they originally preferred peace and reform to war and corruption, they would have served their own interests better? And of those who have made such a shameful booty of the nation, that no honest gains, no general prosperity, no equal happiness and public security, could have been so lucrative to them;—such persons will then be happy and to be envied, when the plunderer of a wreck, or the incendiary of a city, is enviable and happy." P. 10, 11.

A variety of occurrences has delayed this pamphlet to the 5th of April, 1810, up to which time Mr. Lofft has taken in and commented on every event that fell within the scope of his subject. They, who can travel with him, will feel their opinion supported, as it were, by a bulwark, while they, whose politics run another way will, in spite of their difference, find themselves compelled to love the writer for the benevolence of his heart—a charm that glorifies all his writings, and without

which the wits of man are, as we think, little better than the tinkling cymbal or the sounding brass.

The Caledonian Comet. 8vo. Dwyer. 1810.

WE saw a certain, we know not what, pleasing fascination about the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, but appetite did not increase by what it fed on, as we experienced no wish for any more. We were also feelingly alive to the description of a battle at the close of *Marmion*, but we thought that the same string was played on till it wearied the ear with idle sounds; and now that the threat is executed, of a third dish dressed with the old sauce, the *Lady of the Lake*, we cannot but cry out, *Ohe jam satis est*, and acknowledge that this little satire is well-timed, and just in the application of its severity. One *Lay* was well, like the morning-gun in the *Critic*; but when we have *three*, we are apt to exclaim with *Puff*—“What the plague! *three* morning-guns! aye, this is always the way—give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it!” A taste was quite enough of “the obsolete trash of *Border Minstrelsy*,” which, as Dr. Johnson says, “our ancestors had wisely thrown away, and which is of no value, but because it had been forgotten.” *Cal. Com.* p. 22.

This writer, who exhibits a pleasant wit, and much taste and judgment in his little poem, has prefaced it with these remarks:—

“The author of the following trifle was in hopes that some able writer would have come forward to check the progress of false taste, which has so long prevailed in works of literature. The mysterious horrors of those *romances*, which, a few years ago, to the surprise of all men of sense, made a great noise, produced so many ridiculous imitations, that the evil has at length cured itself; they seem to have sunk into the utmost contempt, and are now abandoned even by the manufacturers of novels for circulating libraries, who probably find private scandal a more saleable commodity. At present the *old ballad* style of poetry, appears to be equally in fashion, and requires a stronger corrective, as it has obviously misled men of real talents and knowledge. There can be no occasion to apologize for the trifle now presented to the public, as the same motives which render it our duty to support the national interests,

ought to induce us to be attentive to the credit of the national taste. The author would have introduced in his text the names of several other living poets, whose talents do honour to their country; but that he was afraid of exposing himself to the charge of having adopted the policy on which he has animadverted in the following lines, as one of the means to make a work circulate." P. iii. iv.

The poem then opens with some just animadversions on the unaccountable folly which possessed the minds of the age, with respect to *Master Betty*, &c.

"Common sense beheld, with shame,
The town misled in Fashion's name,
Explor'd the wonderful decoy,
And found 'twas but a manag'd boy,
Who, parrot-like, could prate his part,
The pupil of laborious art;
His tones and gestures all by rule,
The ritual of the scenic school,
Transmitted down from age to age,
As heir-looms of the mimic stage:
Such was the subject of renown
With this capricious easy town." P. 8.

This is made a parallel case with Mr. Walter Scott's, and his "magic trash, and border frays."

"So from the regions of the north
A writer suddenly burst forth,
Whose works the silly crowd admire,
And slight the masters of the lyre,
To whom those honours should belong
That mark the genuine sons of song,
And Taste must sigh when'er they grace
The pigmies of a bastard race.
The shade of Milton now in vain
Points to his noble Epic strain;
Dryden, with all his force and fire,
In dull oblivion may expire;
Pope, who pursued great Dryden's course,
With purer taste and kindred force,
The lofty and the tender Gray,
That glowing Pindar of his day,
Must now in silence yield to fate,
Decreed by Fashion out of date,
E'en he whom ev'ry age shall deem
The orb of Poesy supreme,

His faded honours deem'd to hide,
May sink beneath his Avon's tide,
Neglected or forgotten quite,
'Mid flashes of this Northern light." P. 8, 9.

After some praises of living authors, in which we do not entirely agree, he continues thus :

" Yet when th' intrinsic worth we weigh
Of him who thus the crowd can sway,
We find descriptive skill, 'tis true,
But nothing excellent or new,
Nothing, in purpose, or in plan,
To aid our views of life and man,
Nothing that Reason ought to prize,
To make us happy, good, and wise,
Nothing of spirit, int'rest, pow'r,
To soothe a dull and weary hour.
And though the vast historic field
A host of characters might yield
To grace the proudest Epic page,
In many a clime and many an age,
Not e'en within his native place,
Long famous for a noble race,
Who themes present of bold emprise,
Heroic, loyal, just, and wise,
A worthy model could he find
For glory's course to train the mind,
But forms a Ruffian merely brave,
A compound else of fool and knave
(Who, such the wisdom he can boast,
At midnight roves to fight a ghost,
Or, to be more precisely right,
To shed the blood of elfin knight),
A wretch so truly mean and base,
So void of all a hero's grace,
He scorns each tender sacred claim,
A noble rival to defame,
And stoops, in vile pursuit of gain,
To deeds we view with high disdain ;
Nay, on such monstrous deeds to think
Must make the heart with horror shrink,
Such is the hero of his tale,
A subject fitter for the gaol,
Or rather for the penal string,
Than for the heav'nly Muse to sing.
'Tis strange, indeed, that e'er the Muse
Should such an odious hero choose,
Unless to form a proper mate
For Fielding's Jonathan the Great.

His fable too, absurd and wild,
Can hardly gratify a child;
Perplex'd, disjointed, and obscure,
More fit to puzzle than allure;
And if we chance the clue to keep,
It only winds us into sleep.

Taste must proclaim his uncouth rhyme
The refuse of contemptuous Time.
Turrets, portcullis, rusty arms,
Dwarfs, wizards, his poetic charms;
Hostel and wassail, ruffians' brawls,
And donjon keeps, and mould'ring walls,
Banners, 'scutcheons, squires and knights,
A tedious round of feasts and fights,
A labour'd show of heralds' lore,
And all repeated o'er and o'er,
Till patience can endure no more. }
But still, amid this musty roll,
Discreetly scatter'd through the whole,
We find a heap of ancient names,
Of force to catch weak lords and dames,
And make them spread the works that praise
Their boasted sires of former days,
Works adding to the nurse's store
Dull echoes of dull tales of yore." P. 12—13.

He concludes with candidly allowing the powers of Mr. Scott, while he deeply deplores his misusage of them.

"Such is the Poet and his lay,
The new-blown bubble of the day;
Of pow'r's a lamentable waste,
The bigot of a barb'rous taste,
Traditionary dull and tame,
Though gifted with a native flame;
Who could have reach'd a noble height,
Had taste and judgment track'd his flight,
A Ballad-monger now at best,
In motley trappings quaintly drest,
And, like the boy that mock'd the stage,
An idol of fantastic rage,
Of Fashion once the fav'rite theme,
And soon the phantom of a dream." P. 16, 17.

This well-managed exposure, reflection, and a third offspring of the same breed, dressed out, as before, in "*the refuse of contemptuous time*," have made converts of us, and whatever our ingenious author may hope, we cannot but

think from his perseverance in these rhymes, "*quand on en fait métier et marchandise*," and his garret-work editions of authors, that Mr. Scott's

"aim,

Is more for *fortune* than for *fame*."

Practical Sermons. For the Use of Families. By the Rev. Theophilus St. John, L.L.B. Volume the Second. 8vo. pp. 432. 8s. Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe.

WE have perused this volume of Sermons with unusual satisfaction. The language is nervous, and awakens attention; the periods are often melodious, and always strong and full; but the matter is entitled to still higher praise. The author has chosen some subjects which are seldom introduced into the pulpit. His discourses on recovery from sickness; the new birth in baptism; on kneeling in public worship, &c. &c. &c. attract attention by their novelty, and extort approbation by the singular felicity with which he has treated them. Mr. St. John possesses a peculiar mode of arresting the affections. We give the following as a specimen: it is from the sermon on kneeling in public worship.

"I am ashamed to speak of decorum, when I am considering myself in the more immediate presence of Him, to whom 'every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess,' to be the king of all the earth: but probably the illustration I am about to produce, may not, in some minds, be without its weight.

"Transport yourselves in imagination into a *theatre*—suppose one of those dramas to be represented, which amuse the fancy, interest the affections, and overpower the heart. See one of the principal characters urgent to avert some impending evil—bear him with the most impassioned supplications deprecating its effect—behold him preparing to fall prostrate on his knees, declaring that, until his petition be granted, his knees shall be fixed to the earth, during which he has sat, carelessly and indolently, down upon a seat* Would you endure such a viola-

* In Hamlet we read—

Help, angels, make assay!

Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
Be soft, as sinews of the new-born babe!

Enter Hamlet.

Now might I do it pat, now *he is praying*.

tion of decorum? Would you not, on the contrary, interrupt the representation with loud and vehement expressions of displeasure? Christians, consider what it is you supplicate of God—to be delivered from the guilt of sin, and the punishment of hell; and consider to whom you make your supplications; to Him ‘who ruleth all, God blessed for ever.’ Our church calls upon us, individually, to ‘kneel before the Lord our Maker.’ Now, how can we repeat the expression, without applying it to ourselves, to our own behaviour, and our own devotion? Can any thing be more ridiculous in appearances, more offensive in reality, than uttering with our lips, ‘O come, let us worship, and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker;’ and then, instead of worshipping Him on our knees, sitting down on our seats? I am solicitous to rescue the Church of England from the imputation of this egregious inconsistency: I am inexpressibly anxious to reclaim many of you, my brethren, from a custom which outrages decency, and insults devotion. Our addresses to Heaven are not to be made with the fear of slaves, or the suspicion of strangers, but with reverent love, and humble obedience, and cheerful hope. We are, in every act of public devotion, to excite reverence, and confirmed piety; we are to appear to men as acknowledging the power, and imploring the protection of the Almighty.”

From this quotation, which is a fair specimen of the author's manner, our readers may conclude that these Sermons are well adapted to the parlour and the closet. They are not decked with meretricious ornaments, although there are many expressions highly figurative; their merit is of an higher order: they are insinuating, persuasive, and awful. A former volume, by this author, has been received by the public with very flattering approbation, and this now before us, will, we doubt not, obtain a general perusal, and, whenever it is perused, be thought entitled to the highest praise.

It is evident that when Hamlet enters he perceives the king upon his knees: but had he prayed as is the custom of the generality of the members of the Church of England, it would not have been easy to have discovered, that he was in the act of supplication.

In the *Gamester*, Mrs. Beverley, kneeling, anxious for her husband, supplicates, “Then, hear me, Heaven, look down with mercy on his sorrows!” Beverley rejoins, “I would kneel too, but that offended Heaven would turn my prayers into curses.” Would Mrs. Siddons have received her accustomed and merited acclamations, had she sat upon a seat, instead of kneeling on her knees?

BRITISH STAGE.

We acted a play, written by one of the actors, and I admired how they should come to be poets, for I thought it belonged only to very learned and ingenious men, and not to persons so extremely ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every body writes plays, and every actor makes drolls and farces; though formerly, I remember, no plays would go down but what were written by the greatest wits.

Quevedo's Life of Paul, the Spanish Barber.

DRAMATIC SWINDLING.

MR. EDITOR,

IN a recent memoir of Mr. JOHNSTON, the author of *Chrysal*, it is thus written:

"He wrote a tragedy, which he presented to the MANAGER of one of the *thâtres*, in order to know whether it was likely to succeed in representation. The *crafty manager* perceiving it to be a very excellent piece, and knowing that our author was unused to transactions of this nature, informed him, according to his *practice*, (a very ancient one, and *one which, I understand, is not yet altogether obsolete*,) that it was of no value, and returned it; previously taking care to make a literal copy, which afterwards being *clipped, and a little altered*, was produced under another name, and, in the theatrical phrase, "*was received with unbounded applause*," and, having had "*a very great run*," filled the pockets of the managers. Against this shameful imposition, Johnston remonstrated, but with what success I am uninformed."

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to ask you and your theatrical friends, what truth there is in this imputation? I have heard it said that Mr. SMERIDAN, when in the *best* employment of his time, used to "*convey, the wise call it, steal*,"* from

* Merry Wives of Windsor.

the plays left in his custody, and appropriate the materials. A similar charge was made against * * on the appearance of * * * ; and I suppose there have been others, which have met neither my eye nor my ear. To Mr. ARNOLD I do not impute the habit of stealing *brains* ; but, if he does, he is a miser, and *hides* all he steals !

Let this matter stand fair, Mr. Editor.—Speak the truth, and shew no favour.

I am,

Wrekin, May 14.

A CATAMARAN

RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES.

THE value of money was not so different two centuries ago, as not to make the change in theatrical receipts and expenses, very extraordinary, when compared with those of that period. I shall give an instance of a *bespeak* on a very singular occasion. In “*A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons, attempted and committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex, and his Complices, against her Majesty, and her Kingdoms,*” drawn up by Lord Bacon, at the request of Queen Elizabeth, I find these passages—the evidence is against Sir Gilly Merick :

“That the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them, the play of *Deposing King Richard the Second*.

“Neither was it casual, but a play bespoken by Merick.

“And not so only, but when it was told him by one of the *players*, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it: there were *forty shillings* extraordinary given to play it, and so *thereupon* played it was.

"So earnest he was to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his lordship should bring from the stage to the state, but that God turned it upon their own heads."

I have only farther to observe that *Richard the Second* is called *old*—it is not now in my power to say when it was written; but it was published in 1598, and the Earl of Essex suffered in 1601. * *

CORNEILLE.

BOILEAU thought Corneille the most majestic of authors, ancient and modern, with respect to sentiment and style; but his admiration of this great poet was restricted by the due limits of rational criticism. He thought the fertility of his mind and the vivacity of his genius were sometimes ill-directed, from a defect in his judgment. His genius, he observed, seemed in his early writings, tender and pathetic; instances of which are seen in his *Cid*, and in his *Illusion Comique*; but his talents seemed most inclined towards the grand and marvellous; and love, which he looked upon as a degrading passion, seems casually introduced into his plays, or as it were by surprise. He abjured at length the tender affections, lest they might enervate the general vigour and energy of his composition. In the character of Geronte,* the father of the liar, the tragic rather than the comic muse seems to have guided his pen, when he describes the father loading the son with reproaches for his duplicity. In short, Corneille seems to have made verses rather under the influence of enthusiasm than of taste; as he frequently abridged excellent passages in subsequent revisions, and left the less excellent without the benefit of correction.

* Le Menteur, act v. scene iii.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK II. ODE XVIII.

Non ebur, neque aureum &c.

SAGE elephant, thou'rt safe, I hold
No ivory, save one tooth-pick case;
My paper boasts no edge of gold,
My stationer is *Henry Hase*.

My stucco is of Gallic grey,
One convex mirror shines on me;
My pillars spurn the gaudy sway
Of anti-christian porphyry.

Unbent by heaps of sordid gain,
No plunder'd heirs my fraud bemoan;
I bear no golden fleece from Spain,
To patch a *Joseph* of my own.

Yet honour and the lib'ral arts,
To Fashion's dome my steps invite;
And, when the god of day departs,
I kiss the Muse by Dian's light.

Thro' life's low vale I take my way,
From wealthy friends no wealth I borrow,
Content to see the passing day
So us'd as not to mar the morrow.

Whilst Avarice counts his bags of gold,
And Mammon's dome salutes the sight,
New morns succeed the waning old,
Day urges day with ceaseless flight.

See tow'ring o'er *Threadneedle-street*,
A mausoleum rear'd by Soane,
Where dutiful directors meet,
Thy loss, dead bullion, to bemoan.

The mansion swells behind, before
Old *Lothbury* laments in vain;
The *saint* who lost his skin of yore,
Now mourns the loss of half his lane.

Oh! say what means that deaf'ning din,
A thousand Babel-voices shout,
Bears leagued with bulls rush roaring in,
And limping lame ducks waddle out.

Hence speculation upward springs,
Nor heeds the law that rules the ball,
Who mounts aloft on paper wings,
But mounts, like *Icarus*, to fall.

Earth labours with a motley freight,
From Gallic's king to Afric's slave,
But soon or late impartial fate
Bestows on all one equal grave.

To bear poor souls to Pluto's tribe,
One doit is Charen's modest gain—
Ten thousand pounds will never bribe
The rogue to row us back again!

In earth our splendour to enshrine,
 Like sightless moles we downward toil ;
 For this, pale Avarice digs the mine,
 And ruddy Labour ploughs the soil.

Ye monarchs, doom'd at last to die,
 Where now is all your golden store ?
 Where now ?—but, if you won't reply,
 'Twere waste of words to ask you more.

J.

BOOK I. ODE XXVI.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus &c.

BELOV'D by the Nine, I leave care till to-morrow,
 And cull pleasure's roses, while yet in their bloom ;
 The winds that blow round me shall dissipate sorrow,
 And bear the blue devils to Pharoah's red tomb.

Thy emperor, Gaul, may astonish the nations,
 While Neptune forbids him to Britain to roam ;
 He's free to sow discord in German plantations,
 Then marry, the better to reap it at home.

Ye Muses, who bathe in clear fountains, and dwell in
 The regions of rhyme with Apollo above,
 Oh ! aid me to sing of my favourite Ellen,
 And warble in chorus the accents of love.

Come, weave me a chaplet to deck her straw bonnet,
 Tho' small the applause that your labour secures,
 For sure, if there's faith in my sight or my sonnet,
 Her roses and lilies are brighter than yours.

J.

THE GENTIANELLA.

When glows at noon the solar beam,
Thou open'st slowly to the view,
(Sweet subject of the poet's theme,)
Thy velvet petal's purple hue.

So when maternal fondness seeks
The couch where infant beauty lies,
Joy blushes on its dimpled cheeks,
And sparkles in its laughing eyes.

But if, or wintry blast alarms,
Or cold and cheerless be the night,
Shrinking, thou foldest up thy charms,
Impervious to the longing sight.

So when, alas! by Fashion led
No soft maternal feelings move,
The little cherub drops its head,
And sickens at a hireling's love.

Instructive flower! thy beauty's flame,
Those beauties clos'd as 'twere in scorn,
Proclaim—"the shade which follows fame,
But leaves to weep the wretch forlorn."

Yet be it thine, when social mirth
Imparts a charm we know not why,
To tell the cause which gives it birth,
Daughter of Love, 'tis thou art by!

Sweet flower, like thee when droops the heart,
At the chill thought of mortal wiles,
"When nothing can a charm impart,"
It opens to lov'd woman's smiles.

J. C.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF CAMPBELL'S
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

1.

How hard the slave's imperious lot,
Forc'd from his home, his parent cot;
To other climes his course he steers,
And tho', with eyes bedew'd with tears,
Borne on his voyage with speedy sail,
He weeps his grief o'erburthen'd tale,
Yet pleasures still his thoughts illume,
Thy prospects, *Hope*, avert the gloom.

2.

The hardy seaman ploughs the wave,
Nor fears to meet a wat'ry grave;
While dangers on his voyage attend,
He trusts in *Hope*, his early friend;
Tho' storms arise, and lightnings glare,
And peals of thunder rend the air,
His manly soul can front them all,
Inspir'd by *Hope*, he braves the squall.

3.

The lover doom'd by fate to part
From her who holds his willing heart,
And drooping takes the farewell kiss,
Feels all the luxuries of bliss;
For less reserv'd the maid appears,
In pity views his sighs and tears;
And silken *Hope* unto him shows,
Th' approaching end of all his woes.

JOHN ADAMSON.

 EVERLASTING BEAUTY.

"DEAR Chloris, all the blooming grace
 That now adorns thy matchless face,
 Thy bosom's whiteness, (seat of joy!)
 Ev'n age itself will ne'er destroy."
 Thus Strephon fondly said; nor knew
 His flatt'ry was obliquely true:
 For Chloris paints; and, doubtless will,
 When age comes on, look blooming still.

PUNCH.

 AN OVER-DRIVEN HOY.

A scholar, in a Margate hoy,
 Set sail: the sea was calmish;
 But soon rough waves the vessel buoy,
 Which made the ladies qualmish.

The student, starting from his sleep,
 Cry'd, with an oath,—“Confound me!
 I'm driven to the Ægean deep,
 The *Cyclades* surround me.”

J.

 EPIGRAM

ON MR. MATHEWS'S BUMPER BENEFIT.

DEAR MAT, when your benefit comes round again,
 (I hope you'll forgive me the hint,)
 Remember the mountains of gold you attain,
 And call yourself *Mat of the Mint*.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

1810.

- May 21. Hamlet.—Harlequin Pedlar.
 22. Every one has his Fault.—Turnpike Gate.—*Mr. Macken's night*.
 23. Lear; (*Kent*, *Mr. Fawcett*, first time).—High Life below Stairs.—Deserter of Naples.
 24. King John.—Tom Thumb.
 25. Macbeth.—Personation, or fairly taken in.—Love à la Mode.
 26. Henry VIII.—Escapes.
 28. King John.—Harlequin Pedlar.
 29. English Fleet.—Poor Soldier.—*Mrs. Dickens's night*.
 30. School for Scandal.—Personation.—Devil to Pay.
 31. Isabella.—High Life below Stairs.—Deserter of Naples.
- June 1. Cabinet.—Tom Thumb.—*Mr. Bellamy's night*.
 2. Fontainebleau.—The Day after the Wedding.—Love à la Mode.*—*Mr. Jones's night*.
 4. Macbeth.—Jubilee.—Deserter of Naples.
 5. Henry IV. First Part.—Animal Magnetism.—*Mr. Blanchard's night*.
 6. School of Reform.—High Life below Stairs.—*Mrs. Johnston's night*.
 7. The Widow's only Child.†—Escapes.

* Not being able to find Cooke, Mr. Jones was obliged to give his friends, *The Waterman*—a very different sort of gentleman.

† This veteran in the service of the republic of letters is now to be numbered with those of whom Seneca de brevitate vite says, "*divertius cupiditas illis laboris, quam facultas*." No author, that has written himself so high as Mr. Cumberland appears, in the *West Indian*, and in the *Observer*, has so written himself down in many of his other works. During his long life, he has for a time been lord of the ascendant in public favour, and shortly after, by his own persevering industry, consigned to almost hopeless oblivion. As a dramatist, he is inferior in genius, wit, and humour, to Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Colman, but he is, in general literature, superior to them.

June 8. Foundling of the Forest.—Blue Devils.—Killing no Murder.—Mr. and Mrs. Liston's night.

June

them both touching the mastery of learning, and the skill of composition, which have sometimes stood him in good stead, as in his *Sailor's Daughter*, where, though he failed in the ignoble trial to rival Mr. Cherry's *Soldier's Daughter*, on the stage, every reader of sense gave his merits the preference. We have in our day so many last appearances, that we are fearful of being positive, but we should think, and for his own sake, hope, that this is the last of his litter—a litter of various qualities, good, bad, and indifferent; and, as we are in a litter, (speaking without a figure,) the last is commonly a poor little wee-thing indeed.

The plot and characters of the *Widow's only Child*, are mere nullities, and the piece (humourously called a comedy) was heard out with less opposition than was due, in consequence of the style of the writing, and the admit distribution of the sermon in the dialogue. *Marmaduke* (Mr. Fawcett), a man proud of his blood, and *Lord Fungus*, a sort of fellow-creature, with none to be proud of, are neighbours in the country. The former having quarrelled with his brother, who is dead, neglects, in their poverty, the *Widow Montalbert* (Mrs. Weston), and her only son, *Frederick* (Mr. C. Kemble), who in the first act returns from Cambridge, an accomplished scholar. *Lord Fungus*, who affects a love of literary men, is inclined to take him into his house, and while this matter is pending, *Frederick* and *Caroline*, Lord F.'s daughter (Miss Norton), fall extemporaneously, all at once, desperately, in love with each other. This event destroys the hopes of *Lord Spangle*, another *Tom Shuffleton*, (Mr. Jones), to whom *Caroline* had been promised by her father, and the nuptials of the happy couple are merely delayed by a duel between *Frederick* and *Spangle*, when the ball of his lordship hits *Frederick* on the left breast, but O! filial piety ever to be admired! a miniature picture of his father, always worn next his heart, saves his life! This ingenious stratagem, worthy of a young lady, or indeed of an old one, is on a par with the forced mistakes made by *Marmaduke*, when *Ned Hartley* (Mr. Murray), a Mr. *Hamony*, sends him with a polite message from *Lord Fungus*, which he construes into a challenge. To make every thing smooth, *Marmaduke* has, by this time, been prevailed on by *Isaac* (Mr. Emery), his steward, to take his nephew into favour, and give him all his

what

June 11. King John.—Harlequin Pedlar.

June

vast estates, saving for himself nothing but "a nest egg in the stocks."

The first and second acts contained the tolerable parts of the play—exhausted there, the remainder was all dull and uninteresting. If we had occasionally a bit of good old stuff, it was not in form or quality that of which the good old plays are made. The acting of Mr. Emery in the old steward, is entitled to great praise. The character of *Marmaduke*, poorly drawn, and without motive for action, could receive no support from Mr. Fawcett. Mr. Davenport would have played it as well. *Lord Fungus*, a chip of the old block, *Dudley*, professes himself profoundly ignorant, and yet uses precisely the same polished diction as the rest. *Caroline* had no character. *Lady Fungus* (Mrs. Davenport), none; but Pope says, "*most women have no character at all*," and we must not quarrel with nature. *Frederick Montalbert* is a very singular being—a *Cantab*, learned, sensible, and moral!—Mr. Cumberland, however, is fond of anomalies, videlicet, his *Benevolent Jews*, &c. Mr. C. Kemble did every thing in his power for this part, and rendered it much assistance in the early scenes; but in the latter, it was in no condition to benefit by any human aid in the shape of acting.

The *Widow's only Son* is so short, that we were dismissed after the five acts, prologue, epilogue,* and all, to enjoy the fresh air, while it was yet day-light—this is its principal merit. The prologue, however, as spoken by Mr. Jones, talked very bravely of "*long-mate wit*," and with more truth than courtesy, called Mr. Cumberland's contemporaries, blockheads.

"You've heard the *green heads*, now, with candour, hear the *grey*."†

But with all this seeming promise from years, we could have preferred something between the two, for these extremes almost meet,
and

* Miss Norton.

† This is an *Alexandrine*, and by the way of a little hint, even as we traverse the barren sands, take the origin of this sort of verse: "*Alexandre de Paris a été le premier qui ait fait des vers François de douze syllabe: ce fut ainsi qu'il fit un poème de l'histoire d'Alexandre le Grand: et c'est de là qu'est venu le nom de vers Alexandrins*." This Alexander, who gave name to the verse, lived about the end of the twelfth century.

- June 12. Hamlet.—Mother Goose.
 • 13. Speed the Plough.—Escapes.—*Mr. Emery's night.*
 14. Lear.—Turnpike Gate.—*Mr. Brandon's night.*
 • 15. Road to Ruin.—Rosina.
 16. Isabella.—Mother Goose.
 • 18. Macbeth.—Mother Goose.
 19. Maid of the Mill.—Prisoner at Large.—*Mr. Taylor's night.*
 • 20. Enith.—Tom Thumb.—*Miss Norton's night.*

and verify the poet's assertion, "*once a man, twice a child.*" Mr. Cumberland is, however, marked and distinguished from this herd by education and refinement. Long habit, study, and good taste, have fixed his style, and at the latest hour of his being it will be no more possible for him to write vulgarly, than it is for our *Arnolds* and *Dickens* to write elegantly. Still we condemn the present production, as, *guessed a comedy*, it is very bad. It holds the same rank amongst good dramas, as the *Erechoid*, amongst good epics, which poem he published in parts to be continued, if it met with patronage—a condition agreed to by the public, who kept him to his bond, and saved all further labour.

It is to be lamented that this old man had not some candid *Gil Blas* at his elbow, to tell him when his powers began to fail, so that being cautioned in time he might have made a good end on't;—but there is perhaps still something to fear from the self conceit, tenacity, and impotence, of age, therefore that he may not continue to be cajoled either by his friends or himself, and yet do worse, we give him this public warning to desist, and we call in our great English moralist to treat him with a portion of salutary and grave advice on the subject.

"*Nothing is ended with honour which does not conclude better than it began.* It is not sufficient to maintain the first vigour; for excellence loses its effect upon the mind by custom, as light after a time ceases to dazzle. He that is himself weary, will soon weary the public. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the stage, till a general hiss commands him to depart."

LYCEUM.

LYCEUM.

1810.

May 21. Clandestine Marriage.—Three and the Deuce.

22. West Indian.—Adopted Child.—*Mr. Melvin's night.*

23. Hypocrite.—Honest Thieves.

24. Duenna.—Critic.—*Mr. Horn's night.*

25. School for Scandal.—Rosina.

26. Hypocrite.—Sylvester Daggerwood.—Ella Rosenberg.

28. Clandestine Marriage.—Poor Soldier.—*Mr. Spring, book-keeper's night.*

29. Inconstant.—Midnight Hour.

30. Cabinet.—Citizen.

31. Know your own Mind.—Weathercock.

June 1. As you like it.—Of Age To-morrow.*

June

* On this night the *colonels* and the *drill sergeant* closed their account, (see Vol. VI. p. 249—251,) and what was ridiculously styled, the *Drury-Lane Company* is now all abroad. They will never quarter again under the banners of that precious triumvirate Sheridan, Grivilla, and Arnold, who have shared amongst them the surplus profits of their labours, while the poorer orders of the *harsh-and-come-company* have been deserted, and left almost to perish in their need.

This concern commenced on the 25th of September last, and notwithstanding the miserable management, and the pitiful accommodation of the house, has, we hear, netted considerable profits. When we used the word management, we ought to have said no-management of Mr. Drill-sergeant Arnold, for as none of the *Drury-Lane* heroes paid him any sort of respect, there was none; and we can only ascribe the success of the season to a belief prevailing, that the establishment was intended to afford a temporary relief to the distresses of the late unfortunate company. We shall now mention the principal novelties of the term, and we doubt not that it will appear most level to the comprehension of every one, that nothing but charity drew houses at the Lyceum.

In this theatre, which, with respect to properties, cleanliness, and propriety, loses greatly by a comparison with any of the minor theatres, we have had the following exhibitions of the wit of our native *Muses*. *IMPRIMIS*.—Mr. Arnold's *Britain's Jubilee*,† in two acts, produced

† See critiques on all these pieces in their proper places.

produced in honour of his majesty's jubilee; and the *Maniac*, an opera, in three acts, in honour of stupidity. What he has further done has been to introduce a few *pic nics*, or amateur players, who have strutted their hour one night and been heard no more. To speak of his well deserving, which a man might find breath enough to do, if he had not a moment to live, we shall say that his engagement of Mrs. Edwin, and his revival of the *Hypocrite*,^{*} are two teeth in his cap. From these acts, we might have suspected him of a little taste, but that suspicion sleeps the moment we recollect his own productions, and that he engaged *Monsieur Francesco Antonio Montignani*, (alias *Mr. Muggins*,) the celebrated mime and grotesque dancer!

Mr. Cobb's comedy, the *Swiss Arrivals*, was followed by as sudden a departure; Mr. Dalles's farce of *Not at Home*, sent the people away without satisfaction; and Sir J. B. Burgess's *Riches* would, had they attempted a run, have ruined the house. If Mr. Peacock's *Hit or Miss*, had been submitted to our final judgment, we should have played *Exile* with it, and repeated the last word, for, to use the language of *Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*, we think it "*à chef d'œuvre de mauvais goût, et de mauvais ton.*" However the people crowded to see this thing, and so they did to see Mrs. Mountain's *Maniac*, and *Mr. Muggins*, the jumping monsieur, with the *Swiss* name, from *Liège*. What shall be said to it? Either this enlightened age is fast declining into gothic darkness, or their motive has been charity.

HAYMARKET.

1830.

June 11. A bold Stroke for a Wife.—My Grandmother.—The Children in the Wood.*

June

* With these entertainments, the little theatre in the Haymarket, commenced its summer season. The house has not, in this year of the wardens, been either repaired or beautified, but it enjoys, through the good sense of Mr. Colman, an advantage of a very superior nature, just as much as the improvement of the brain is superior to the exterior embellishment of the skull that contains it. If the provisions made be not excellent, it is the fault of the market, and not of the caterer, for every thing of the best to be found has been stored. With the promise of some creditable novelty, we now find this company

June 12. John Bull, (*Dennis Brulgruddery*) Mr. Stapleton, from Portsmouth.—Killing no Murder.

June

pany numbering in its list, Mr. Bannister, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Liston, Mr. Jones, Mr. Holland, Mr. Grove, Mr. Farley, and Mr. Taylor. Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. C. Kemble, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Liston, and Mrs. Mathews, with many others of serviceable inferiority.

Mr. Bannister has been five years absent from this theatre—that is, as it were, from his native land. At the return of one, whose attributes the town well recollect to be impressive pathos, as well as inextinguishable laughter, the heartiest greeting prevailed, and the eyes and muscles of every one were prepared to pay tribute to his power. In *A bold Stroke for a Wife*, whose preposterous and ridiculous plot should have long since reduced it to a two-act farce, his *Colonel Feignwell*, the very essence of the piece, is sufficiently praised, when we say that we perceive but little falling off in the performance. This failing, merely respects the activity of body, or we should rather say of legs, but in the richest bits of this motley character, the *old steamer*, and the *Dutchman*, the defect contributed to perfection. There is nothing in mimicry equal to his *Pillager*. He is never himself, however, unless he is *somebody else*; for in his real character, the *Colonel*, he is quite in disguise. His *Walter*, a chef d'œuvre of natural pathos, never produced more effect on an audience, although the close observer must, in his loco-motion, have remarked a want of alertness proportioned to his anxiety, although the exertion of his limbs was occasionally greater than his mind could well support. This was particularly noted in the conflict, in which he was almost as much out of breath as *Oliver*, whom he had killed. This is what we must all suffer from the stealing foot of time; but Mr. Bannister may bear many greater inroads before the town will call upon him to yield his *Feignwell* and *Walter* to any rival known or thought of.

Periwinkle is one of those parts in which we happily lose sight of Mr. Mathews himself, and through his characteristic dress, and ray imitative powers, see nothing but the old silly antiquary. Mr. Liston's *Obadiah Prim* (first time), was exceedingly comic, but seeing the nature of the character, we cannot think that the mirth was always excited with judgment. In *Gabriel*, in the farce, his drollery was irresistible, and without fault. The *Sir Philip Modelove* (first time), by Mr. Farley, was clumsy, and far inferior to his *Sonfrance* in

My

June 13. *Wonder*, (*Don Felix*) Mr. C. Kemble, first time these eight years; *Violante*, Mrs. C. Kemble, first time these ten years.—Music Mad.—Citizen.

14. Heir at Law.—Peeping Tom.

June

My Grandmother. Mrs. Gibb's *Ann Lovely*, herself as lovely as ever, was an exquisite piece of acting.

In *My Grandmother*, we had a *debutante* in *Florella*, from the Southampton theatre. Miss H. Kelly, sister of a very clever actress, well known on our boards. This young lady has a pleasing figure, and is exceedingly pretty—"her face is her fortune," and good fortune it is to have such a joyous, fascinating countenance, for it covers a multitude of little defects. In the frame, she was a picture of loveliness, but when she started from the representation of canvas, her perfections as an actress were much diminished. She needs study and the cultivation of the graces, and her voice, which possesses sweet tones and some compass, is very open to improvement. It always grieves us to speak what we think of Mr. Jones in some parts, as we see his commendable industry, and lament that he has not always wings to raise him to the pinnacle of his ambition. He appeared for the first time in *Vapour*, but with all his bustle and activity, it was a cold, uninspiring performance. Mr. Mathews's *Gossip* occasioned great merriment, and he was very happy in his song, but Mr. Jones is nearly as much Mr. Lewis, as Mr. Mathews is Mr. Suett. It is, as Tom Dibdin would say, suet without plums. This observation, however, seems invidious, as well as idle, for we ought to be content to praise the best we have at present, without looking for disadvantageous comparisons amongst the dead, whom we can never recover.

One more novelty yet remains to be noticed. Mrs. Brereton, from the Southampton theatre, in *Helen*, in the *Children in the Wood*. This part is so very trifling, that we must see her in some character more considerable both in quality and quantity, before we can undertake to do her justice. She appears to be a middle-aged lady, with an expressive countenance, and a good voice. In the little she had to do, we saw no want of feeling or propriety. We say nothing of Mrs. Davenport's *Winifred* or *Mrs. Prim*, because the parts cannot be better played, and every body knows it.

Mr.

- June 15. Seeing's Believing.—Inconstant, (*Old Mirable and Oriana*, first time, Mr. Mathews and Mrs. Brereton).—Prize.*
16. Love laughs at Locksmiths.—Children in the Wood.—Tom Thumb.
18. Bold Stroke for a Wife.—Critic.
19. Rule a Wife and have a Wife.†—Mrs. Wiggins.—Weathercock.
20. Wonder.—A Day after the Wedding.—Of Age To-morrow.

* Mr. Liston played *Label* for the first time. We shall make no more comparisons between Mr. Mathews and the late Suett, for we now see that, if he does not satisfy us with the richness of his predecessor, Mr. Liston, with all his comicality, can in similar cases be still more deficient. *Caroline's* bravura was admirably executed by Mrs. C. Kemble.

† They, who have seen Garrick and the players of the golden time, may have beheld some exquisite painting in the histrionic delineation of the character of *Leon*, which may induce them to think meanly of the *Leons* of the present day, but our memory can make no comparison to the disadvantage of Mr. C. Kemble's personation of the part, which took place on this night for the first time. In asserting the dignity of the husband, he was particularly successful. Mrs. C. Kemble in *Estifania*, exhibited some acting, very much to the life, on the other side of the question. The *Copper Captain* of Mr. Jones is active and humourless. He, who wishes to please, will please, they say, and Mr. Jones has certainly this recommendation, of which his unfortunate countenance makes him lamentably needful. *Cacafogo* was played by Mr. Stapelton, who made his first appearance on the 12th of June, in *Mr. Brulgruddery*. He is a dry actor, and in merit and form seems a compound between Fawcett and Blanchard, neither up to the former, nor down to the latter. His *Cacafogo* is poor, but we are inclined to think him capable of better things. Mrs. Brereton, in *Margaretta*, confirmed our opinion of her as an actress of feeling and judgment. The tag at the end of this play, *first learn to rule, then have a wife*, is something like advising a man not to go into the water, until he has learnt to swim.

Mr. Mathews's *Mrs. Wiggins* is an excellent piece of comic acting.

LYCEUM.*

1810.

June 4. Love in a Village —Hit or Miss.†

5. Up all Night.—Id.

7. Love in a Village.—Id.

8. Up all Night.—The Castilian Minstrel.‡

June

* This is a kind of *crambe repetita*, of which we had the first dose under the title of *English Opera*, from which we were rash enough to expect some improvement in the public amusements; but we were soon cured of this fever, when we found that Mr. Arnold was to be a principal writer of this said *English Opera*, with the melancholy privilege, as manager, of playing his pieces as often as he pleased. This reduced the entertainments to something inferior to those of *Astley's Amphitheatre*, or *Sadler's Wells*, and brought them very nearly on a par with those of the *Surrey*, and *New Theatre, Tottenham-Street*. However, they have began again, and we are, for our sins, doomed to continue our register, that is, to “suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.”

† The better part of the actors in old Drury having beat a march, the drill, or rather recruiting, serjeant Arnold, has been obliged to scour the country, and, not being more nice than fat Jack, he has unloaded and pressed the bodies, wherever he found them hanging out. To keep a record of the acts of such heroes is indeed as piteous as it is to see amongst them the first comic actor of his time, without any exception. But Mr. Dowton and we must console ourselves with *ainsi va le monde*—the best and worst are all jumbled together under the same reign, and the historian may grieve with disgust, but he must, with the achievements of Nelson; and the struggles of Fox, mingle those of Margaret Nicholson and Mr. Gaol Jones.

The opera of this evening was *Love in a Village*, which introduced to these worthy boards a young lady with a lisp, in *Rosetta*, “being her first appearance on any stage;” Mrs. Henley from the Glasgow theatre, in *Deborah Woodcock*, who is even coarser than Mrs. Sparks; and Mr. and Mrs. Turpin, from the Liverpool theatre, in *Hodge and Madge*, to one and all of whom we have no other objection than that they are out of their sphere in the metropolis, being articles quite unfit for the first market.

‡ The *Castilian Minstrel* is “a new grand pantomime ballet,” composed by Mr. D'Egville, and brought out under his direction. The overture and music by Mr. Bishop. The title speaks the scene of

June 11. Duenna.—The Castilian Minstrel.

12. O this Love! or the Masqueraders.*—Id.

June

of action, and as for the story, it is fashioned as usual of *love and a dance, distress and a dance, and happiness and a dance*. The taste and skill of Mr. D' Egvile are every where displayed in it, and his light-footed band, with Miss Luppino at their head; describe the conceptions of his fancy in all the fascinating gyrations, and airy evolutions of the dance. We conjure the manager of this place to employ nothing but *heels*—to see them in motion, and to hear nothing after an *English Opera* by Mr. Arnold, is quite refreshing.

* Since the commencement of our *chronicling*, we have experienced no surprize equal to that, which we felt on seeing, in the morning papers, a detailed plot of this opera. We candidly confess that, without this assistance, our readers would have been told that there was none, as to us and others as well able to judge, it appeared to be a most inconceivable jumble of insipid dialogue and song, kept up by three couple of witless lovers running about without character or motive. However, our country cousins have a windfall, and are better off than we were. Here, under his own hand, is what the author meant us to have understood :—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Florimond	Mr. Phillipps.
Marinelli	Horn.
Baron Romanza	J. Smith.
Tornado	Dowton.
Benvolio	Smith.
Lummati	Oxberry.
Daub	Knight.
Montalvi	Marshall.
The Countess Belfora . . .	Miss Grilietti.
Lauretta	Mrs. Orger.
Signora Luminati	Henley.
Rosaline Montalvi	Miss Kelly.
Signora Rotunda	Mrs. Bland.

FABLE.

"The Count Florimond, during a runaway expedition in his youth, conceives an invincible passion for the Countess Belfora, who, to indulge

June 13 to 20. O this Love!—Castilian Minstrel.

indulge a romantic fancy, had at that time assumed the habit and character of a peasant girl. She rejects the suit of her young admirer, whose merit nevertheless leaves a deep impression on her heart. Her friend, Signora Lauretta, with her uncle, Hector Tornado, a fierce Tyrolean, who, at the age of five and forty, is seized with a most inveterate spirit of heroism, are visiting Signor Benvolio, near Milan, where they are to meet young Luminati, a professed suitor of Lauretta, and his mother. On their way Lauretta is assailed by the attendants of the Baron Romanza by mistake, for Rosaline Montalvi, whom he had carried off from her father's house, and who afterwards escapes. She is rescued by the Count Florimond and Marinelli, a young man of high spirit, but fallen fortunes, who is travelling in the habit of a friar, to avoid being recognized in his decay.

"A sympathy hence arises between Marinelli and Lauretta, and Florimond, by the same event, again meets with the Countess, who is, however, concealed by a veil, and who, having contracted an engagement with the Baron Romanza, is at first prevented from inviting a renewal of his suit. Tornado in the mean time rescues Rosaline herself, in the disguise of a Savoyard. The Countess also meets with Rosaline's father, as a wandering harper, and on discovering the Baron's conduct, writes to him to dissolve her contract.

"Signora Luminati, affecting virtue, and her son, Leo, a spoiled booby, on arriving at Milan, encounter Daub, an English refugee, who, from having been a sign-painter at home, now imposes on travellers as a great artist. Daub engages to take young Luminati's portrait for Lauretta, and for that purpose touches up an old William Tell, which is sent to her. Tornado, in the heat of his Quixotism, seizes on this as an affront, and endeavours in vain to get Luminati to fight him. His cowardice, however, entirely loses him the favour of Tornado, and Marinelli being recognized by Benvolio, an affluent vine-planter, as the son of a man who was the source of his opulence, the latter insists on a rich repayment of his debt of gratitude. By this means, and Tornado's admiration of his courage, Marinelli becomes the successful candidate for the hand of Lauretta, and Florimond eventually finds a relenting mistress in the Countess.

"A variety

"A variety of incidents occur in the Baron's pursuit of Rosaline; and Daub's courtship with the landlady of the Angel, whose sign he replaces with a brilliant production of his own. On being released by the Countess, however, the Baron at once evinces the strength of his affection for Rosaline, appeases her champion, Tornado, and silences the reproaches that assail him, by introducing her as the Baroness Romanza."

It is reported that this is the production of Mr. Kenney—but we are slow to believe it. It seems incredible that the author of *The World*, *Raising the Wind*, &c. could possibly write a thing, in which there is nothing worthy to be called dramatic, in situation, incident, plot, or character, and in which the writing is inferior to any pointless vulgar effusion from the pen of Mr. Cherry. We regarded Mr. Kenney as one of the few *hopes* of our drama, but, if report have not belied him, he is sunk amongst the many, in whom there is no cheerful dependence.

The music, for its novelty, taste, science, or sweetness, will add nothing to the fame of Mr. Bishop, nor will Miss Grilietti* (her first appearance here) increase her reputation by leaving the concert-room for the theatre. As bad an actress as Mrs. Mountain, she falls short of her in that style of singing most pleasing and effective on the stage. Poor Dowton! That the most natural and exquisitely comic actor should be doomed to perform such an unmeaning caricature as *Hector Tornado*, is enough, as a friend of ours observes, in similar cases of distress, "to make one call for razors for six!" This is no theatre for such a man. We advise him by all means to run away—run, and leave us, content (rather than see such disgrace) to stay behind, and curse and *chronicle* on.

The

* This lady is almost another Mr. Muggins turned into a *Monsieur Montignani*. We speak of her name, and not of her vocal talents, which are considerable. Nothing is now to be done without an *ini*, an *etti*, or an *elli*. *Turnerelli*, the sculptor, is, as we understand, *Turner* by name, and an Irishman. Though his genius was as great when he was rightly called, he found himself without patronage, and by the advice of a friend added an *elli* to his patronymic, which soon obtained him the success, to which his merits before entitled him in vain. To the same cause we must ascribe the present change, and cease to wonder that plain *Grii*, the daughter of a baker at Bath, is now *Miss Grilietti*. Theocritus had reason to say that *νομα πολλανι τερπει*, a name is often catching!

The last act was saluted with frequent cries of *off! off!* an exposure which, we should have thought, a previous perusal of the opera, by any manager or young gentleman just breeched, would infallibly have prevented.

This falling off of Mr. Kenney, and the decay of Mr. Cumberland and Mr. Morton, make our prospect melancholy indeed. How much we regret the present disappointment may be measured, by referring to the encouragement, even to flattery, which we have always been ready to bestow on Mr. Kenney, because it seemed to us that his plays were not the unlicked offspring of a head, suddenly inspired by the intoxication of vanity or liquor, but the product of study, and it was our sanguine hope that his judgment and genius had been less easily exhausted.

SURREY THEATRE. After the murder of Shakspeare and Gay, Mr. Elliston has made an attempt on Farquhar. In *Macbeth* and *Macheath*, his tragedy and singing were as consistently and honourably displayed as they deserve in those admirable pieces, reduced from the pinnacle of dramatic wit to its greatest debasement, burletta; but that he, who was really a clever comedian, should have the detestable taste to turn the *Beaux Stratagem* into a lopp'd, rhym'd, sing-song burletta, and after playing *Archer* in the former, now gibbet himself in that character in the latter, is altogether incredible, save that in weak persons, who have foolish advisers, all things are credible. Such, however, is the case, for we saw it; and, notwithstanding that he is one of the most vain, impudent little fellows we ever met with, we are willing to allow him his merit; and to confess that we saw his voluntary degradation before a set of *riff raff*, of which sort the audiences in this quarter are always composed, with serious regret and much pity. The modern dramatists cannot, it seems, do enough to sink the stage, but Mr. Elliston must turn Goth, and, making his inroads, mutilate or destroy the noblest monuments of human genius. Be this the *curi sacra fames*, or the effect of any other *fames*, even hopeless starving, it is an abomination, and should be so treated by the public—it is the steep-down gulph of barbarism.

SADLER'S WELLS. The most splendid success has attended this little theatre, since its late management. Mr. C. Dibdin has found head, and Mr. Grimaldi has contributed legs, which have kept the machine moving, and run away with the applause of crowded houses every night.

VAUXHALL. These delicious gardens, the delight and envy of strangers from every quarter of the civilized world, opened on the King's birth-day with many improvements. 4,000l. have been laid out on this place, the boxes in which are now all newly painted, and, amongst other ornaments, are exhibited a variety of new transparencies—Victory—Wellington—Cochrane, &c. The vocal performers are as usual, Mr. Dignum, Miss Feron, and Mrs. Bland, to whom are added Miss Acres and Mr. Terrail, very promising singers. Mr. Dignum sang a new song, descriptive of the improvements in the gardens, "*I don't know tho'*," and several others. The fireworks were more splendid than ever, and the whole scene was a species of fairy vision, from which the throng with reluctance tore themselves away, long after the sun had dim'd the lustre of the illuminations.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Cumberland is a great mover in the attempt to procure a *third theatre*. While this matter was pending at Whitehall, Mr. C. met Mr. Kemble, when he presented him with *The Widow's only Son*, saying—"Tho' we are rivals, Mr. Kemble, I will shew you that I am too generous to wish the entire ruin of your house—there, take that comedy!"

The British Press of the 11th June, tells us, that "*The Widow's only Son*," will be reserved till next season"—that is, *read this day three months*.

On the 11th June, Mr. Kelly had a benefit at the *King's Theatre*. *The Honey Moon*—a scene by Catalani—*Psiche*, with the corps du ballet. On the 13th he found it necessary to advertise that the pressure at the doors was so powerful as to do away the office of money taker, and to render his *great house* a small *benefit*. To prevent this, he conjures the defaulters of both sexes to send him his due, and we hope that they will have honour enough to attend to his appeal.

G. T. rebellion. A riot has taken place for many nights, and for what we know still continues to occur, at the *Surrey Theatre*. It is a contention respecting Miss Giroux and Miss Taylor, two rival *columbines*, and the row is kept up by the miscreant Jews, and other refuse of society. The parties wear the initials of their favourites, G. and T. in their hats, and afford Mr. Elliston the great gratification of making many speeches to assure them of his labour in vain to make that house *respectable*.

Drury-lane Theatre. Mr. Sheridan has got the bill through the Lords for rebuilding of Drury. The exhibition, on this occasion,

was very ludicrous. Mr. Sheridan stood behind the chancellor, and cheered all those who spoke for him, and shook his head at those that did not. The Duke of Norfolk was not satisfied, and said he should like to have the *patents* laid on the table—at which Sherry's face *burnt blue*. However, he carried this point, and who ever doubted that he would; but touching the *money* to be raised, it is possible that same query may arise!

New Theatre, Tottenham-Street. In addition to the attraction of Mrs. Paul, the manager of this pretty little theatre has engaged Mrs. Harlowe, of the Drury-lane company, and has produced, in his own altered shape, *The Padlock* and *The Prize*. In the latter Mrs. Harlowe played *Caroline*, and with very good effect in the *extra caricature* of the performances at this house, which are very diverting. *Lenitive* was acted by Mr. Herring, an odd fish, being *lively*, and by no means *mute*. Mr. Lee, in *Heartwell*, sang "*Beware of Love*," in very good style. We advise the manager to give him more to sing and less to say. The *Label* of Mr. Fitzwilliam shews some comic humour. No change has been found necessary in the pantomime, which is excellent, through the graceful and grotesque exertions of Hollingsworth, Madame Louis, Laurent, his son, and Fairbrother.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. On the 18th of June, after *The Blood-Red Knight*, which was then played for the *fiftieth* time with unabated admiration and success, *The Erroneous Fortune-Tellers, or Harlequin's Judgment*, was performed. This is a new comic pantomime, the fertile invention of Mr. Astley, jun. to whose genius the ground-work of all the powerful attractions at this theatre is owing, and what he so ingeniously imagines, Mrs. Astley as admirably puts into execution. We speak of her heroine in the *Spectacle*. In the pantomime Mrs. Parker takes the lead, and is well supported by Messrs. Crossman, Bryson, and Southby. The latter piece exhibits the new scenes, and is replete with surprising metamorphoses, ingenious tricks, and whimsical fancies. These exertions have their reward. Not to except the regular theatres at any period of the winter, we never witnessed any place of public amusement attended by a more elegant assemblage of persons. This is not on one, two, or three nights, but every night in the week is the circle at this house filled to an overflow of noble and fashionable spectators. The singular merits of *The Blood-Red Knight*, and the total exclusion of all improper characters from the lower boxes, may account for the marked distinction and preference bestowed on this theatre.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow. This theatre opened in Dec. under the management of Messrs. Bartley and Trueman. The company is well selected, and of the first provincial celebrity. Bartley's skill, as a manager, is equal to his ability as an actor, which cannot be surpassed on this side the Tweed. The pieces were judiciously cast, and got up with the utmost correctness. Madame Catalani performed here seven nights, and receipts were near 1,000*l*. DONALD.

THEATRE ROYAL, NORWICH. As I observe our theatre has not for some months made its appearance in your pages, I shall now venture to solicit room for a few remarks on our performers. *Fitzgerald* unquestionably possesses a greater versatility of talent than most actors whom it has often fallen to my lot to see. He is an old and a deserved favourite. His Jews and Irishmen are among the very best imitations of their kind. *Vining* is our present hero. He is quite a stripling, and neither his figure nor his voice will permit him more than a limited range of business. He has spirit, vivacity, and imagination enough—perhaps too much. His arm's and legs are in perpetual motion. But when a little more experience shall have mellowed his style of acting, he may become a very respectable performer. I only hope he does think himself so now. *Bennett* is a useful actor, there is a great deal of real nature in his painting, tho' the colouring is frequently too broad. His country louts are excellent, but I would remind him that there is no absolute necessity for their *all* being *bandy-legged*. *Bellamy* is another of our comic actors, and a very respectable one he is—there is great richness and true comic taste in many of his representations, but I would suggest to him that the broad grin which is so constant an appendage to his countenance, might occasionally be dispensed with. *Nurse* is our best singer—he has a good toned voice, and very correct taste. His acting is "poor indeed." *Faucit* is a mere ranter, I don't recollect to have seen him play one part well, except it was the country loby in "*Love laughs at Locksmiths*." *Beuchem* is an imitator of his old master Brunton, and his predecessor Powell, but at a very long distance. *Smith* gives out his words with such dreadful hardness and monotony, that it really is quite painful to hear him delivered of a speech. We have no other actors worth notice.

Mrs. *Faucit* stands pre-eminently great at the head of our actresses. She possesses every advantage of person, countenance, and voice, necessary to form a really-excellent performer. She is the actress of nature, and her appeals to the heart are most powerful. Miss *Greville* stands next to Mrs. *Faucit*. Her figure is neat, but the expression of her face is not remarkably fortunate. She is a pretty singer and a tolerable actress -- certainly an improvable one. Mrs. *Jones* is very clever in old women, and Mrs. *Binfield* a correct and pleasing singer. Such, Sir, is the *Norwich Company* in the opinion of one who frequently visits its representations, and I believe the picture will be allowed by impartial judges to be a faithful one.

Norwich, June 1, 1810.

W. L.

THE THIRD THEATRE.

(Continued from P. 400.)

THE following Notice, to the Drury-Lane company, has been stuck up in the Green-room of the Lyceum theatre.

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

By order of the proprietors, the performers are informed, that the Drury-Lane patent, under the sanction and securities of the Lord Chancellor's order, will be the authority under which the company engaged, or to be engaged, will be called upon to perform for the ensuing season.

By Order of the Proprietors,

Friday, April 27, 1810.

R. PEAKE, Treasurer.

It was immediately torn down by the performers, who consider themselves as disbanded, that is, no longer the *Drury-Lane company*, and utterly refuse and deny the power and authority of Mr. Sheridan. His innumerable arts to suppress this spirit have all failed. They are further resolved never again to embody under the pitiful management of Mr. Arnold, who has pensioned himself, Colonel Greville, Mr. Sheridan, and his needy relations and dependants, on the produce of their labours, to the exclusion of many unhappy suf-

ferers of inferior rank in the late establishment, who must have starved, had it not been for the private bounty of their brethren.

Under these circumstances, in this day of *petitions*, they had at the levee, on the 9th of May, one presented to his majesty by the Lord Chamberlain. It states the nature of their situation, how dispersed and distressed, and exposes the hopeless condition of depending on the energies, resources, and promises, of Mr. Sheridan. As to the new theatre, with respect to which he had so long been vapouring, they say, "a most formidable uncertainty presents itself, that it ever can, or ever will be built." If this be the case, and it is probable almost to the absence of doubt, they put in their claim to the right of building another theatre, and promise that it shall have these two recommendations—first, that its size shall afford the advantages of "*seeing and hearing*;" and, secondly, that its profits shall, as far as they will go, leave none of their co-partners in misfortune, without relief and protection. The petition was signed by thirty-two performers; and Mr. BRAHAM appears at their head, as the high priest of this covenant.

This, and the threat of a further *exposé* more at length, made Mr. Sheridan bestir himself, and, on the 15th of May, behold a short letter from him in the Morning Chronicle, where he cunningly *conceals himself*, under the title *FACT*. Here we are told that there is "not one syllable of truth in the allegations of said petition." And on May 16, the committee for the subscribers to the petition, Messrs. *Wroughton, Johnstone, Dowton, Russell, Mathews, and Decamp*, give him the retort courteous, by publicly stating that "there is not one syllable of truth, in all that *Fact* has advanced." Now the parties are at issue. Of the two governments, the monarchy of Mr. Sheridan, and the *mobarchy* of the thirty-two players, we should prefer the latter; but merely because we are convinced that none can be so pernicious and destructive to prosperity as the policy of the former.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Romance in three volumes, intitled "THE SPECTRE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF GRENADA," is in the press.

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. XXXI. An Oxford man having pub-

lished what he called "*A Reply to the Columnics of the E. R. against Oxford*," in their review of Strabo, the northern critics have here sat in judgment on the *reply*. The article shews too much temper, otherwise we think they have made out a very fair case. Speaking of the respondent's literary talent, they make it a question "if mere natural dulness, unaided by punch, ever before produced such writing," p. 183.

In the article "*Rose on the Influence of the Crown*," they have recanted the political sentiments of No. XXX. which, with the assistance of Mr. Hunt's powerful exposure in the *Examiner*, subjected them to so much ridicule and contempt. They have done this sneakingly, however, still observing the principle on which they so frequently review, that is, adopting as their own all the instruction offered, and then affecting to despise their instructors.

Lord Erskine's Speeches are of course reviewed by himself, or his *amicus curiæ*.

Cambridge.—The members' prizes this year. For senior bachelors—*Utrum majori prudentiâ, eloquentiâ, fortitudine, patriæque amore, M. T. Cicero, an Comes Clarendiarus, temporibus gravissimis, rempublicam administrârit?* For middle bachelors—*Utrum in optimâ republicæ formâ intuendâ plus valeat ingenium an experientia?*—than which there never was a thesis or question more absurd and ridiculous.

Smedley, one of the masters of Westminster School, has in the press a poem called *Erin*, which he publishes by subscribers. One of the verses has given much offence to the scholars—it runs thus:—

“ — full forty years I've taught *dull youth*.”

A new edition of Bishop Earle's "*Microcosmography; or, a Piece of the World discovered; in Essays and Characters*," is in the press. This curious and entertaining volume was originally printed in 1628, and contains a variety of allusions, illustrative of the manners of our ancestors at that period. To the re-impression about to be published, will be added notes, and an Appendix.

Mr. Brewster, already known in the literary world as the author of the "*Meditations of a Recluse*," has another volume in the press, intitled, "*Meditations for the Aged*."

INDEX

TO THE

SEVENTH VOLUME

OF

THE NEW SERIES.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE.

	Page		Page
ANECDOTES and Bon Mots	264, 349, 432	Index	477
Athenæus, Notes on	23, 101, 186, 256, 346, 430	Invention	13
Ansonianus, Remarks on	177	Legal Fictions	339
Bacon, Lord, vindicated	104	Literary Intelligence	79, 160, 239, 320, 475
Bailiffs and Bail	261	Milton, Pedigree of	17, 89
Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Tasso	99	Money and Paper	270
Book-making	343	My Pocket Book, the Author of, to Miss F.	254
Carr, Sir J.'s, Epitaph	297	Naudé's Remarks	167
Cleveley, Robert's, Memoir	163	Patin, Guy	406
Correspondence	80, 82, 162, 242, 322, 402	Patriotism, Essay on	106
Debtor and Creditor, Law of	173	Poets and the Critic	335
Doddridge, Family of	189	Politeness, on	191
Dresden, Sketch of	9	Practice of the Courts of Common Law	420
Edgeworth, Miss	23	Preface	4
Edwin, Mrs.	83, 188	Printing	180, 274
Endymion the Exile	25, 83, 195, 258, 362, 435	Queries	185
England, during the Conquests	249, 329, 409	Rae's, Mr. Memoirs	405
Francis, Sir Philip's, Memoirs	323, 429	Scott's, Walter, Picture	320
Friendship, Thoughts on	415	Scrapiana	7
Greek and Latin Languages, Utility of	423	Silks, Laces, and Straw-Hats	95
Historians	11, 190, 417	Sonnet, Ansonianus on the Structure of	14, 96, 199
Hoaxing	8	Tibullus	253
Hunt, Leigh, Memoir of	243	Valentia, Lord, Life of	5
		Verse, Greek and Latin, the corrupt Pronunciation of	267
		Wright's (the Printer) Death	320

REVIEW.

	Page		Page
Burgess's, Sir J. B. Riches . . .	314	Norris's, Mrs. Enphronia . . .	292
Caledonian Comet	443	Parke's Rudiments of Chemistry . . .	212
Corpalence, cursory Remarks on . . .	286	Porter's, Miss, Don Sebastian . . .	29
Dallas's Net at Home	127	Rebellion, or All in the Wrong, . . .	372
Dramatic Romances	368	Shee's Elements of Art . . .	115, 362
Fernandez, Aventuras de Gil Blas . . .	34	Spirit of the Public Journals . . .	284
Francis's, Sir Philip, Reflections on the Abundance of Paper . . .	301	Steele's, Sir Richard, Correspondence . . .	356
Hassell's Speculum	130	St. John's practical Sermons . . .	446
Hunt on Methodism	275	Substance of a Speech, &c. . . .	210
Left on Reform	439	Vaccine Scourge	213

STAGE.

Actors, disgraced themselves . . .	40	Cumberland's Widow's only Son, . . .	457
Alexandrine	459	——— Generosity	471
Allen, the Player	379	Dangle in his Senses	40
Aristophanes	219	Davenport underacts himself . . .	54
Arnold's Quackery	64, 236	Deal Merchants	393
——— Maniac	232, 236	Dibdin's, Tom, <i>Bon Mot</i> . . .	394
——— Management	310	Dickens, Mrs. in <i>Lorenza</i> . . .	229
A third Theatre	474	Distressing Case	294
Bannister's Return	463	Downton's Dr. Cantwell . . .	144
Beaux Stratagem travestied . . .	476	——— Liberality	393
Bellamy's sensible Expression . . .	229	——— Hubert	234
Brandon's Contrition	60	——— Mr. Advice to	469
Brereton's, Mrs. first time . . .	464	Drill Sergeant and Colonels, theatrical	65
Bristowe's, Miss, Cordelia . . .	305	Drury-lane Company, Character of . . .	398
Budget of Blanders	148	Dulwich College	379
Burdett in the Tower	389	Dwyer and Mrs. Jordan . . .	237
Burgess, Sir J. B. . . .	155	Edwin's, Mrs. City Madam . . .	156
Castilian Minstrel	466	Egerton's Ghost	54
Castle of Andalusia, revived . . .	228	Ellis and etti	469
Chapman, Master, his Arthur . . .	391	Elliston's Delirium at Manchester . . .	311
Chit Chat, theatrical	66, 157, 236, 310, 393	——— Goose-Quill	319
Cinderella done up at the Lyceum, . . .	63	——— a Monk and a Barber . . .	374
Cobb's sudden Arrivals	61	——— Degradation	394
——— affords three hours happiness . . .	26	Favouritism, its Evil	368
Cooke ungenerously treated by Mr. Bull	57	Free Knight; or, The Edict of Charlemagne	140
——— his Promise	60	Friend of the Family	314
——— Epitaphs	298	Gags	66
——— Henry VIII. . . .	388	Good-natured Man, altered . . .	393
Corneille	456		
Covent Garden, its Defects . . .	374		

	Page		Page
Green Heads	459	Memoranda Dramatica—	
Greffulke's Budget	142	Oratorio	68, 238, 313
G. T. Rebellion	471	Olympic Pavilion	68, 158, 313
Harlequin Pedlar	57	Old Drury	158
Harris, jun.'s, Mistake	52	New Theatre	159, 311
Henley, Mrs.	466	Bannister's Budget	312
Henry VIII. revived	388	Covent Garden, Description of	73
Hit or Miss	230	Third Theatre.	315, 397, 474
Hook and Dudley's Epitaph	298	Covent-Garden Fund	310
Hosier's Irony	159	Astley's Amphitheatre	394, 472
How to Tease and how to Please,		Surrey Theatre	394
damned three times	305	Sadler's Wells	470
Hypocrite revived	476	New Theatre, Tottenham-Street	395, 472
Illustrations	42	Vauxhall	471
Interpolations	391	Moliere, Strictures on	218
Jealous Wife, Remarks on	139	Modesty, Affectation of	216
John, King, revived	390	Monopoly	399
Jordan, Mrs. her Epitaph	297	Reasoning on it	400
Kelly, Miss, in Breeches	63	Montignani, Francesco Antonio,	
Miss H., first time	464	a grotesque Dancer	392, 394
Kemble's extempore Speaking	53	Morton's How to Tease	305, 310
at the O. P. Dinner	56,	Mountain, Mrs. her Maniac	235
59		Musical Morning Party	396
Visit to the Chamberlain,		Native Muses	61, 305
66		Octavian, by a Pic-Nic Amateur	65
Mistatement	67	O'Keefe, poor and blind	228
Lear	305	O this Love! or the Masqueraders	467
Character	374	Old Clothesmen of Literature	63
Wolsey	388	Opera Riot	156
John	390	O. P. Epilogue to a Westminster	
Mr. C. Poor Tom	305	Play	52
Falconbridge,	390	O. P.'s quiet	54
Kemble, Mrs. C. her Jealous Wife		O. P. Deputies	56
139		O. P. King	55, 59
Kenney's, Mr. O this Love	469	Provincial—	
Larive, Anecdotes of	39	Croydon	70
Laughter-Makers	347	Glasgow	473
Malone's Exchange no Robbery,		Edinburgh	313
380		Newcastle	71
Mathews in George Transient	62	North Shields	72
Touchstone	64	Norwich	475
Maw-worm	145	Sunderland	68, 315
Cypher	231	Shrewsbury	69
Massinger's City Madam	145	Worthing	70, 160
Mania, or the Swiss Banditti	232	Placards in favour of Brandon	55
Memoranda Dramatica—		Playwriters, modern, destroyed	396
Covent-Garden	52, 139, 228,	Pocock's Hit or Miss	230
305, 387, 457		Powell, Mrs. her Milwood	392
Haymarket	462	Printing Songs	142
Lyceum	61, 143, 229, 310,		
392, 461			
Lyceum, E. O.	466		
King's Theatre	67, 156, 239		

	Page		Page
Private Boxes to be opened	55	<i>Small-Beer Chronicle</i>	466
Raymond's Lake	156	Sparks, Mrs. her Inflammability	157
Receipts and Expenses	449	Stapleton's, Mr. first time	465
<i>Reconciliatory Dinner</i> , its Disgrace,	59	Sudden Arrivals; or, Too Busy by	61
Reynolds's Free Knights	140	Half	448
Riches, or the Wife and Brother	145	Swindling, dramatic	37
Shakspeare	152	Theatres	293
on the Alterations of	41, 376	Theatricals, musical	314
Sheridan's Faculties in a Bottle	57	Time's a Tell Tale	509
Treasurer	400	Town insulted	466
Bill	472	Turpin, Mr. and Mrs.	54
new Boots	394	<i>Venus Mammosa</i>	131
Siddons, Mrs. attacked by Mrs.		War and Love	228
Galindo	67	Webb, first time	60
Return to the Stage	387	Weston's, Mrs. first time	457
Catherine	389	Widow's only Child	216
Constance	390	Wit, a Source of it stopped	139
		Young's Mr. Oakly	466
		Young Lady	

POETRY.

Anacreontic	137	Last Letter	135
Arithmetic	49	Lesson	303
Burdett, Sir Francis	381	Loves of the Plants	50
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, on	455	Magdalene of the Isles	225
Epigrams	224, 386	Mathews, Mr. Lines on	227, 456
Epitaphs	227	Meeting	385
Everlasting Beauty	456	My Godwin	183
Gentianella	454	Nautical Quibble	51
Grimaldi, Stanzas to	383	On her asking me why I loved her	48
Happy Couple	138	Phoebe	223
Horace in London 44, 45, 46, 302,	451	Pistolling Privy Councillors	134
Hoy, over-driven	456	Rival Roses	48
India, to a Young Lady embarking		Rural Felicity	299
for	220	Sonnet on W. Adamson	304
Inscription	386	War and Love	384

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